

COMPLETE — A NEW NOVEL BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

# Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

NOVEMBER 1952 20 CENTS

THE MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD  
DUKE OF EDINBURGH

.....  
"I ALMOST LOST MY HUSBAND"

See page 7  
.....



CANADIAN TALENT & BEAUTY SERIES

June Callwood — Writer

# With Camay, your skin comes "out of the shadows"

AND INTO THE LIGHT OF NEW LOVELINESS!



**Take this Camay bride's beauty tip—and you'll have a clearer, fresher skin with your First Cake of Camay!**

LIFE ISN'T really living . . . without attentions and compliments and romance. So why should a girl let a dull skin hide her beauty and stand in the way of her hopes and marriage plans?

It's a shame to let your beauty be lost in shadows! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and a fresher, clearer complexion will be your reward—with your very *first cake* of Camay!

For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty

soap in all the world than Camay! Camay—so gentle and mild! Camay—so free with its rich, creamy lather. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

**Head to toes beauty treatment!**



The daily Camay Beauty Bath takes all of your skin "out of the shadows!" It brings arms, legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Buy the big, Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more economy, too!

The recently wed MRS. HERBERT HENDLER, a lovely Camay bride, reveals: "Camay freed my skin of shadows! A change to regular care and Camay brought me a clearer, brighter complexion so soon I was thrilled!"



Made in Canada

## Camay the Soap of Beautiful Women



# Chatelaine Centre

A MEETING PLACE

FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE DOING THINGS AROUND CANADA



Relaxing in the living room of her Toronto home is Mazo de la Roche, familiar to readers in many lands and languages as the author of the "Jalna" books. For her latest novel, "A Boy in the House," see page 20. It's all there, complete in this issue.

## Foreword by the Author

Many thousands of readers who enjoyed the "Jalna" books will be just as pleased as we are to see Mazo de la Roche's latest novel in Chatelaine this month. "A Boy in the House," which appears on page twenty, breaks a Chatelaine precedent. This is the first time we have ever published a complete-in-one-issue novel.

"The history of this short novel is rather an unusual one," says Mazo de la Roche. "The story came into my mind a good many years ago—in fact, before I ever had written a line concerning the Whiteoak family. The central figure, the Boy, I had seen many times. With his limp, his wistful eyes, he continued to live in my imagination. The day came when I wrote a short story about him. I sent it to the Atlantic Monthly which had already published stories of mine. It was rejected. But, in rejecting it, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, the then editor of the Atlantic, wrote to me saying that he greatly liked the story but felt that it was not really a short story. He advised me to put the MSS away for a time and then to rewrite it as a novel.

"I did not submit the MSS to any other magazine as I much respected Mr. Sedgwick's opinion. I put it away but never forgot it. Since then I have written many novels but always have intended to write this story of Eddy in the longer form. Now I have done it."

## Winner on One Try

"The Miracle of Donny Morton," in our May issue was one of the most appealing true stories that ever crossed an editor's desk, and we were backed up in our opinion in the most soul-satisfying way for an editor—with a landslide of appreciative letters from Chatelaine readers.

But this is not the last page in the Donny Morton story. A letter from the Canadian Women's Press Club came along to inform a rejoicing Chatelaine staff that the Donny Morton story had carried off first prize for the best Canadian magazine article by any woman writer in the past year. Other Chatelaine articles honorably mentioned were Eva - Lis Wuorio's "Paris," Helen O'Reilly's "The Mystery of Migraine," and "The Fabulous Lillian Foster," by June Callwood.

Alma Edwards Smith, our winner, is a Regina housewife, married to a



professor of English at the University of Saskatchewan and mother of three little girls. To her, the most miraculous part about "The Miracle of Donny Morton" is the fact that it was her first try at a magazine article.

Mrs. Smith, who appears in this candid snap, writes, "the news has helped build up my morale—which was sagging sadly because of polio which I have been fighting for the past month.

Sylvia, our eight-year-old, had a mild case, and I followed with a much more severe one. But I have pretty well won the battle now."

From everyone at Chatelaine and from our readers—congratulations, and a sincere wish for a speedy recovery.

## Family Full of Cover Girls

Last year when Chatelaine writer, June Callwood announced she would be producing no more stories for a few months because she had a more vital project on the way, we sent her a beautiful big baby book.

The project turned out to be a bouncing baby girl, name of Jennifer. Between diaper-changing and bottle warming, June gleefully set down the daily doings of her infant daughter. Chatelaine sent photographer Ken Bell around every month to snap mother and child—and the resulting picture-story, "My Baby's First Year" appears on page 30.

Naturally when Chatelaine decided to run its series of "Talent-and-Beauty" cover girls, it seemed only logical to include mother-writer June Callwood, and who could—or would want to keep Jennifer out of the act? Hence this month's cover.

At home June Callwood is Mrs. Trent Frayne, wife of free-lance writer Trent Frayne. Frayne, who believes his wife is inclined to be a bit daft about her children, sternly took it upon himself to red pencil "My Baby's First Year"—and didn't change a word. Confidentially, June says, he is more than a little partial to his daughter himself.

## It's a Brunettes' World

One medium where brunettes really put their fair-haired sisters in the shade,

is TV. According to Irene Kent, make-up expert at CBC-TV, shown here working on Patsy O'Day in our feature, "Chatelaine Plans New Futures for Three Women" on page 12, blondes come out looking grey instead of golden.

Gals with big eyes and mouths are treated kindly, but big chins and long noses have to be camouflaged with a darker base. The skinned-back hairdo sharpens features too much, but fluffy coiffures are out too.

TV demands an entirely new make-up technique. White powder exaggerates skin irregularities and comes through in



blotchy patches on the screen. To avoid this, a heavy pancake make-up with a yellow base is applied first.

"Pancake isn't hard on the skin," says Irene. "But cleanse well afterward,"—and here's a tip that applies even to those of us who never expect to look a TV camera in the eye—"Don't use too much water when you apply pancake. Pat—don't rub it dry. When you take it off use cream first. ♦



#### Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Bacillus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus hemolyticus (4) Pneumococcus Type IV, (5) Streptococcus viridans.

### Prompt Action . . . can often help head them off or lessen their severity

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, snuffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

#### Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel above.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues.

Listerine Antiseptic is so efficient because, used early and often, it frequently helps halt such a mass invasion . . . helps nip the cold in the bud, so to speak.

#### Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: That twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.

(MADE IN CANADA)

## READER TAKES OVER

### "I'm No Prude but . . ."

#### Disgusting?

I am not an old prude, and I enjoy Chatelaine, but the September cover is a disgusting spectacle for a respectable magazine. With all the beautiful flowers, fruits, and other subjects to choose from, all you have to offer is another leg show, on a scantily clad young woman. Will our sex never learn that we can't command respect if we do not respect ourselves? I would cancel my subscription, if it was nearly out.—E. G. Reid, Toronto.

. . . Was shocked by the ungainly display of limbs on your Sept. cover. Let's go back to pretty faces.—Mrs. M. Earle, Winnipeg, Man.

. . . I was immediately impressed by your cover. It's attractive and seems to create a story . . . at the same time getting away from the average cover which merely looks like an ad for clothes.—Katharine C. Houston, Toronto, Ont.

. . . Would you please say to all the people concerned in its production just how nice I think your cover of Marilyn Young is.—Gweneth Lloyd, Winnipeg.

#### Hollywood Puppets

"They never stop acting," say the Hirshbergs, in "Garbo to Gabor." They couldn't be more wrong. The glamour boys and girls wouldn't know how to act if you showed them. Hollywood's sorry alibi is that they give the people what they want. This is a standard excuse for low standards in anything. We give the people what they want—as if they knew what they wanted and could get it for the asking. Chances are that, given the opportunity, people will be grateful for honest-to-goodness acting by real human beings, and come to ignore the stunts put on by stunted minds who measure talent by the girth of a bosom.—P. Pfalzner, London, Ont.

#### Wanted—Girl From Halifax

In your September issue, as in many others, I notice you have fashion models from all parts of Canada and the largest cities. Never do we see a Halifax girl. There was one from P.E.I., but that was all the representation we had. Halifax is after all the capital of Nova Scotia, yet we are hardly ever mentioned. How come?—A. H. Purcell, Halifax Co.

We choose models from all parts of Canada; watch future issues for girl from Halifax.—The Editors.

#### Focus on the Crocus

Thank you for "Afternoon of Love," by Vinia Hoogstraten (September Chatelaine). It is refreshing to find such a story, true to life and illustrating the fact that true romance lasts beyond middle age and is perhaps more real and satisfying than in the earlier years of life.—O. H. R., Eston, Sask.

. . . I enjoyed "Afternoon of Love," a pretty story, prettily illustrated, but where grows the kind of crocus the girl wore at her throat and in her hair? The flowers in the drawing looked more like daisies to me—

If the focus  
Is on the crocus  
As much as  
On the wife;  
The illustration  
Should bear relation  
To the real thing  
In life.

—Helen M. Capper, Toronto.

And they say daisies don't tell.  
—The Editors.

#### Man Bit Dog

Peter Hollis, who wrote "I Hate Pets," in your August issue, must be a very selfish intolerant individual to write as he does about animals . . . If a dog snapped at his ankles, he probably deserved it . . . At least if he doesn't like pets, he need not deride other people for showing them kindness and affection. If he were a dog—and I wish he could be for a while—he'd see things differently.—Dorothy Coleman, Oshawa.

. . . After all these years I have finally found a magazine with the courage to publish an article on "I Hate Pets." I've hated them for years, but with that statement have made many enemies . . . It costs as much to raise a dog as it does to raise a child, but many seem to prefer an animal.—Mrs. F. Capri, Winnipeg.

#### Fan Mail

I just want to express my appreciation of Chatelaine. I particularly enjoy the human interest features, but am glad that you are publishing romance fiction for us "still young and unmarried." I like the articles about Canadian girls who made good in the theatre, music, art, etc., and am delighted that you have restored the handicraft department.—Helen Ferris, Edmonton.

. . . Congratulations on "How Much Time Do You Waste Study-



ing," in September. The advice and suggestions expressed in the article should be of great assistance to students.—L. M. Cordick, Woodstock.

In the September Chatelaine there appeared a very fine article on studying entitled, "How Much Time Do You Waste Studying?"

As a school principal I find the article extremely timely for my high-school students and would like to compliment you on its timely advice and appearance.—Raymond R. Bailey, Morris, Man.

... "Before You Start Your Child to School," by Dr. Donalda Dickie, in August Chatelaine, is an excellent article and a subject far more important than most people realize. We have also been trying to encourage mothers to give some thought to this problem and have produced a child-training leaflet, "Preparing Your Child for School," dealing with the same topic, with particular reference to the emotional factors involved. This leaflet may be obtained free from any provincial department of health.—Dan Wallace, Department National Health and Welfare, Ottawa.

#### Missing Meals

I would like very much to know why you discontinued those Meals of the Month. I was just lost without them and as that was the main reason I bought your magazine you can imagine how disappointed I was. I keep hoping each time that I get a new magazine that you will again be planning all my menus for me. I am sure many others must have found that as helpful as I did.—Mrs. E. H. Donnelly, Windsor.

Any other votes for a return of Meals of the Month? —The Editors.

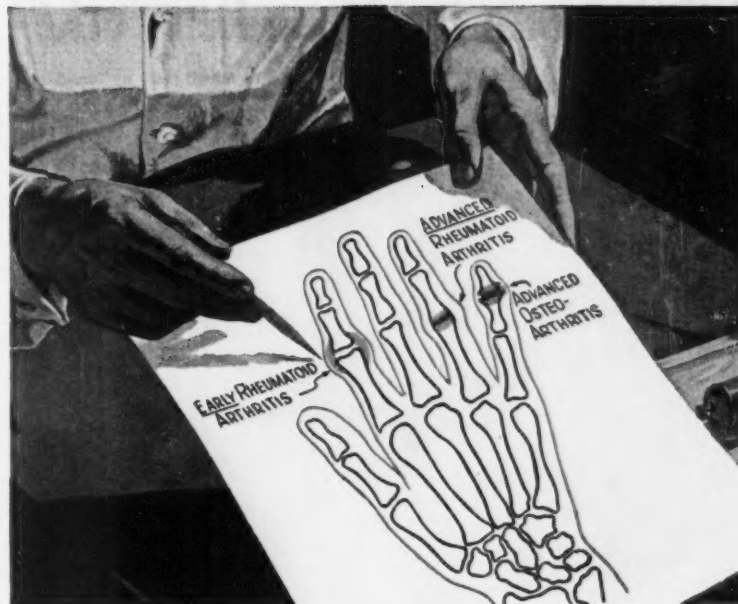
#### Praise for "Orphan"

I cannot find words to express my deep appreciation and enjoyment of "It's Not So Bad to be an Orphan," in Oct. Chatelaine. It is so close to home, and in our realm of knowledge. We have four children by birth, all grown up and on their own, and two small boys, foster sons to whom we are now giving a permanent home. We have had four other foster children in our home for varying periods of time—four and a half years, one one year nine months. And I love them all, but especially the two that we hope to have always, have had them nearly seven years now. You should now have an account from a foster mother similar in style to "It's Not So Bad to be an Orphan." Everyone here is talking about your article in terms of praise and interest. Your magazine is tops.—Mrs. L. M. W., Assiniboia, Sask.

#### Constant Reader

Having been a constant reader of Chatelaine for many years, and an admirer of the very great effort you seem to put into pleasing your reading public, I thought I would like to write and tell you how much I enjoy and look forward to every copy of Chatelaine I receive. Your articles and stories are always very interesting and stimulating, even though one may not always agree with the writers' viewpoints and ideas, they are always educational, and I can't understand why some readers get so emotionally upset over them to the point of cancelling their subscriptions. This is the first time I have written to a magazine, although I subscribe to several.—Mrs. Catherine MacDonald, Hillsdale, Ont.

### WHERE'S JUNIOR?



## ARTHRITIS

TODAY the outlook for most people with arthritis—particularly those affected by the rheumatoid type—is encouraging. This is because medical research has uncovered new facts about this disease, and provided more effective drugs for its treatment.

Such advances are heartening because the arthritic diseases are not only widespread but are second in disabling effect among all diseases in Canada. In fact, The Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society estimates that more than 600 thousand people in our country have some form of this disease.

In the sketch above, some basic facts about the two most common forms of chronic arthritis—rheumatoid arthritis and osteoarthritis—are illustrated. The joint-swelling, which is characteristic of early rheumatoid arthritis, is shown on the index finger. Since the joint itself is not damaged, prompt treatment may bring complete relief.

The effects of advanced rheumatoid arthritis are shown on the third finger. Here an overgrowth of bone has caused a complete stiffening of the joint. Even at this stage, however, patients can often be helped.

The little finger illustrates the enlarged ends of bones and the diminished joint spaces caused by osteoarthritis. It is primarily the result of aging and generally does not cause severe crippling.

Doctors do not consider rheumatoid arthritis simply a disease of the joints. They say that the person who has this condition generally shows signs of disease of the entire body. This may be evidenced by loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional upsets, nutritional deficiencies, and sometimes by other more serious conditions.

Whenever signs of rheumatoid arthritis occur, a thorough physical examination is needed. Only in this way can an exact diagnosis be made and treatment outlined to meet the patient's individual needs.

There is no known cure as yet for rheumatoid arthritis. Medical authorities believe that standard treatment—if continued persistently—can prevent serious complications in 70 percent of cases, and even completely relieve the painful symptoms in many cases. This treatment includes rest, good nutrition, physical therapy, and other measures.

#### Safeguards against Arthritis

1. Keep your weight at normal, or below.
2. Eat a balanced daily diet, and get plenty of rest and sleep.
3. Maintain good posture.
4. Develop a calm mental outlook.
5. Have regular medical and dental check-ups.

To help prevent arthritis—or lessen the effects if it should occur—one should not neglect seeing the doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint. Moreover, it is most important for the patient to realize that relief from any type of arthritis depends largely on close and faithful cooperation with the doctor in all phases of treatment.

Above all, arthritic patients should take an optimistic attitude toward this disease, because worry and mental strain may intensify symptoms. Today it is reassuring to know that the great majority of arthritis cases can be greatly helped.

OPTIONAL COUNCIL USE - METROPOLITAN LIFE GUARANTEE COMPANY

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**  
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 112-L "Arthritis."

Name

Street

City  Prov.

# "I flirted with trouble in New York!"

Says DORETTA MORROW introduced in M-G-M's "BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE" Color by Technicolor



"It was a glorious day when we set out to see the sights of the big city, but there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and I soon realized I was in for trouble.



"My hands and face were chapped raw by the wind..."



"But Jergens soothed my skin again in no time..."



"Made it smooth and soft for our date that night!"



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

## CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...



See why stars choose Jergens Lotion 7-to-1.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

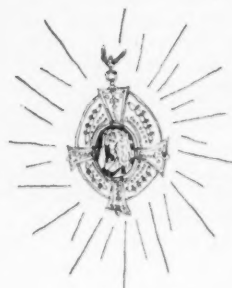
15c, 37c, 65c, \$1.15. Made in Canada

## FASHION

## Memo from Rosemary

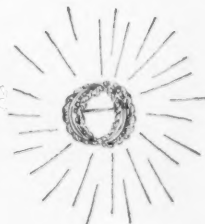
**First-aid for accessories . . .** We're getting such a rainfall of letters from readers lately asking for "what-to-do's" on soiled and shabby gloves, sad-looking costume jewelry and scuffed handbags that we quizzed our way through a panel of experts and came up with some tips on the care and buying of accessories . . .

**Shine-time for jewelry . . .** how often do you clean your costume jewelry? . . . most of us have to admit to "seldom." But jewelry minus original gleam and glitter loses its personality and effectiveness. Although costly jewelry should be cleaned by experts, home cleaning of today's inexpensive and attractive costume pieces is easy and the results are worth the effort.



A good cleaner for synthetic or imitation pieces, with or without stones, is a solution of one teaspoon of liquid ammonia in one pint of boiling water. Dip an old toothbrush into this mixture and rub the brush over a cake of ordinary laundry soap. Work it briskly into the grooves and over all surfaces. To clean rings, dip them into rubbing alcohol and allow them to dry. Chamois will remove any mistiness that might

result. After cleaning gold, polish with a piece of soft fabric or a jeweler's rouge cloth. Chipped gold-dipped chains or pins should be professionally lacquered. Keep pearls (real or otherwise) wrapped in soft tissues and have them restrung twice a year. Powder and perfume are for distribution elsewhere—not on your pretty baubles.



**Glovelore . . .** Last year's expensive suede gloves soiled? Beware of soap and water as the antidote. Send them to a drycleaner who will guarantee a good job. Kid? . . . unless they are marked "washable," off to the cleaner's with them. Doeskin gloves can be sudsed with a special type of effervescent soap and to keep them pliable, make the final rinse a mild glycerine solution. Leather? . . . washability hinges on the tanning process which varies with each maker. Make sure the store will back the glove-maker's guarantee, otherwise let your dry cleaner handle the job. Wash, or have your gloves dry-cleaned often . . . it won't hurt them . . . but penetrating dirt will. A word of caution: once dry-cleaned, a glove can never again be washed. When you buy, be sure of the fit. Glove sizes are measured around the knuckle area. Seven inches means a size seven, but





Ballard

always try them on to be sure. Never *never* iron gloves. When they are almost dry, put them on and hand-press them. Clothespins are murder! Fold freshly washed gloves over the bathtub or any smooth, rounded surface.



Press, don't wring dry, and keep them away from sunshine or strong artificial heat. Always remove gloves carefully—and gently pull them back into shape. Put them away with loving care in a glove case or in a drawer with tissue between each pair and they'll keep looking "counter" fresh.

**Handbag helps . . .** Realizing what a shine will do for a shoe, we keep brush and polish on hand for regular rub-downs—but what about handbags? Accessorywise, they rate with the shoe and require the same care and attention. Let's start off with cowhide, which literally takes care of itself. Most dust and dirt smudges disappear with ordinary art gum; matter of fact, keep a piece of art gum on hand—it will remove smudges from almost all light leathers. Still in the nondressy ranks is English morocco—easy to care for and practical for everyday use. Few manufacturers are turning out genuine patent bags now because they split and crack so easily. Instead, they're using plastic. Some plastics can't be distinguished from the real article. Grubby finger marks wipe off with a damp cloth lightly lathered with soap. Use a good neutral cream to polish and especially now, with the cold weather looming, take care not to open a plastic bag too quickly when you come in out of the cold. Give it a few minutes to "thaw." In the more expensive brackets is the calfskin bag which needs special care. At no time should you get it wet. If it can't be helped, however, and it gets "spotted"

with rain or snow, wash the entire bag with a good English saddle soap. Let it dry and polish with a soft cloth. Some handbags are for special occasions only, and should be treated accordingly! Serious dirt damage to pigskin can't be erased, but before you despair, try an art gum eraser . . . it might help a little. And too much sunlight will fade a snake-skin bag, so horde them for occasional dress use. Most expensive, alligator is one of the hardest types of handbags. Use it often, but don't keep it where it will be subjected to unusual heat or dryness. It thrives on moisture. Use beeswax to keep it clean with a little benzine on the duster. Lastly, when handbags are not in use, wrap them in soft tissues and tuck them away carefully, after first giving them a good inside-and-out cleaning. When you need them again, they'll be fresh and ready.



LESLIE CARON co-starring in M.G.M.'s "THE STORY OF THREE LOVES"

(Color by Technicolor)

*Are you  
rose-petal  
pretty...like  
Leslie Caron?*



**Woodbury  
face powder  
makes you  
prettier,  
too!**

Petite Leslie Caron chooses Woodbury Natural to spice her flower freshness. *Your* skin color will bloom, too, with fragrant Woodbury Powder! A secret color blending process makes Woodbury shades the most exciting ever . . . a just-right shade for *every* skin. A special ingredient makes it cling longer, look smoother . . . never "powdery." The loveliest day is the day you try Woodbury! 23¢, 45¢, 75¢.

**woodbury RED RASPBERRY** lips to make the picture perfect! A pretty rosy red, Woodbury Red Raspberry Lipstick is made to be worn with Woodbury Natural Powder. 6 other exciting rose to red shades . . . all vivid and velvety-smooth. 23c and 55c.



(Made in Canada)

*More beautiful women use Woodbury—why don't you?*

# NOW, TIDE WASHES CLOTHES *WHITER* THAN YOU CAN BLEACH THEM!



Tide alone washes *WHITER*  
than any other washing product  
with a bleach added!

**You have to see it to believe it!**

**IT'S AMAZING WASHDAY NEWS!** Tests prove you no longer have to bleach to keep your clothes dazzling white. Tide alone washes them *whiter* than any other washing product *with bleach added* to the wash water! What's more, Tide gets clothes *cleaner* than any soap of any kind! Canadian women have proved it themselves. No soap known will get out so much grimy dirt, yet leave clothes so free of dulling film. Have *whiter* washes . . . *cleaner* washes . . . get Tide today!

**SO MILD FOR HANDS! SO SAFE FOR COLORS!  
SO THRIFTY, TOO!**

**YES!** With all its cleaning and whitening action, Tide has an amazing new mildness. In fact, *no* other washday product is milder on hands than Tide! **ACTUALLY BRIGHTENS COLORS!** For dramatic proof of Tide's wonderful safety, watch soap-dulled colors come brighter after just one Tide wash. Tide

really cares for clothes and colors just as it does for your hands.

**AND TIDE SAVES YOU MONEY** on bleaches . . . and clothes, too! With Tide's gentle action clothes last longer because there's no chance for too much bleach or too harsh a bleach to weaken fabrics. There's nothing like Tide!



## THE WASH TEST PROVES IT!

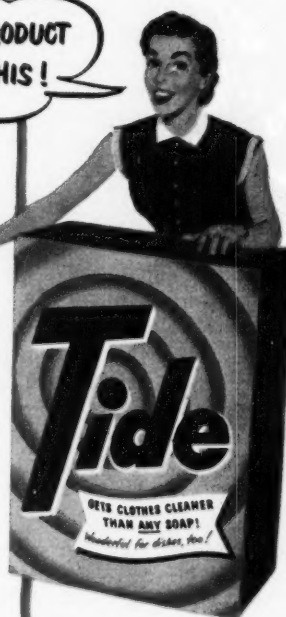
Take any washing product you like—make your suds, and add bleach—then wash a load of white clothes. Wash a second load in Tide suds *alone*. Then compare the two loads! The Tide-washed clothes will be so much *whiter*, you'll be amazed!

**NO OTHER WASHING PRODUCT  
CAN PROMISE ALL THIS!**

Washes clothes  
**WHITER**  
than you can bleach them!

Gets clothes  
**CLEANER**  
than any other washing product  
sold in all Canada!

**MILDER**  
for hands than any  
other leading "detergent"!





*The True Story of*

# ONE WOMAN'S FIGHT TO SAVE HER MARRIAGE

*Anonymous*

*Note: This story of the near breakup and the restoration of a marriage is true in every fundamental detail. The remarkable honesty with which it is written makes it essential that the author as well as her friend "Celia," remain unidentified—The Editors.*

**I**N THIS age of common divorce we have become callous about the breakup of marriage, and altogether too willing to submit to the drastic surgery of the divorce court. I happen to know the intimate story of a marriage that didn't break, although it got into the worst difficulties you can imagine.

In a way it did break—but never officially—and now it is almost mended. When the wounds are healed on both sides it may be a stronger and more meaningful marriage than it ever was. But it will always hold the memory of heartbreak, and sometimes the two people who live with it will have to turn its face around quickly, so that the scars won't show.

You can't shatter a shimmering lustre bowl and put it together again with the iridescence unimpaired. But the bowl, lovingly pieced together, will have the same shape and color and, in time, when the cement has fused into the material it will be useful again.

What really hurts, thinking about my dear friend Celia's story, is that it needn't have happened at all. She admits this herself. If she had known in the beginning what she knows now, none of the misery and heartbreak of her marriage would have happened.

Few, very few, marriages need to break.

Almost every threatened marriage can be mended.

The saving process is simple, wonderful and happy. The mending process is hell.

*Continued on page 91*

*Celia wanted one thing above all — to rescue her tottering marriage. For that she had to face the hardest truth any woman is ever called upon to endure — the truth about herself*

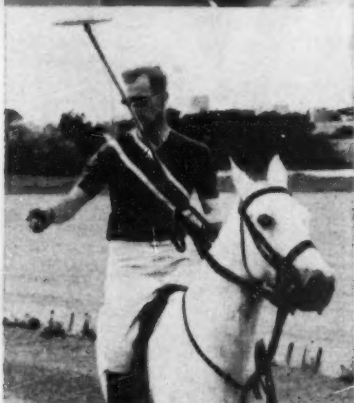




Philip is charming, witty, handsome and he has a tremendous zest for living, but the Prince does not suffer bores with grace.



A born leader, he commanded his own ship in the Navy. He hated incompetence, now rails at outmoded palace system.



A man's man, he throws himself into sports, but he bridled hotly when he was recently criticized for playing polo on Sunday.



He relaxes from the strain of court life by racing his small sailing boat, when he can no longer stomach stuffy regal formalities.



Behind Philip's touchiness lies his resentment of the way his German-born grandfather was dismissed from the Navy in 1914.



He worships his uncle Earl Mountbatten, and Aunt Edwina, resents gossip against the so-called "Mountbatten Dynasty."

# THE MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD DUKE OF EDINBURGH

BY TERENCE HAMILTON

ON A LOVELY Sunday afternoon early in June, if you had happened to be in a particular part of Sussex-by-the-sea, you would have seen hundreds of cars wriggling their way through country lanes and debouching into a big field. You would also have noticed a marquee for refreshments, two goal posts at either end of the field and some grooms walking horses up and down.

The field was Cowdray Park, and Lord Cowdray was to lead his polo team against another side. No admission was charged, but every car had to pay ten shillings parking fee. In this way his lordship kept within the law which forbids charging admittance for sporting events on a Sunday, and also helped to defray expenses.

But why had five thousand people made their way to this remote spot? One reason was the Englishman's love of horses. The other was the fact that the Duke of Edinburgh was to make his debut as a member of the Cowdray Team. Already there was some raising of dowager eyebrows. How different from Prince Albert the Good! What a falling off from the Victorian era when Sunday descended upon the country like a shroud!

However, it was obvious that Philip was not thinking of Albert—or of anything except the game. He knew that he lacked the cunning of the more experienced players, but he proceeded to show himself, as in everything else, to be dashing, daring and impetuous.

Naturally the match was well publicized in the Monday press. There were photographs of Philip on horseback, Philip drinking champagne out of the winning silver cup, Philip being congratulated by Cowdray, and Philip being gazed at by a ring of admiring young girls.

But there were also murmurings and mutterings of criticism. The Consort of Her Majesty the Queen was setting a sorry example to the youth of the nation, and the Free Church of Scotland reminded us, in its official organ, that this was not the first time that he had shown a disregard for the established observance of the Sabbath—nor was it.

Not long after their marriage Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip visited Paris. They did all the proper things—like being received by the President, attending a reception at the British Embassy and generally observing the protocol of royalty. But on Sunday they went to the races at Longchamps outside Paris.

According to the critics this was deplorable. One of the dearest boasts of the British is that they have never succumbed to the snares of the continental Sunday. Yet here were our future Queen and her husband deliberately lending their royal presence and patronage to Sunday horse racing!

It is no secret that Philip resented the criticism hotly. "We were the guests of the French," he said to a friend. "Were we to say to our hosts that we morally disapproved of their habits? What damned nonsense!"

But the Free Church of Scotland was not finished with him. Later on when Elizabeth and Philip visited Rome, they were given a special audience by the Pope at the Vatican. And on the Sunday of the same week, Philip led a British polo team against an Italian side.

"Popery and Polo!" thundered the voice of the Scots Covenanters in the North, who will not even play golf on Sunday and fish only in very remote rivers. Apparently the royal couple should have refused to visit the head of the Roman Catholic Church and Philip should have told the Italian polo team to look elsewhere for a game.

However, I would be wrong to present the Duke as a young man who is the innocent victim of strait-laced unyielding prelates. Stories drifted back from the royal tour to Canada which showed that he suffers from an impatience which, even though it be human, is not completely in keeping with the traditionalism of royalty.

There was the occasion when he and Princess Elizabeth visited Niagara Falls. They donned raincoats at the point where the swirling descending water meets the rocks and sends the spray cascading toward the sky. After various photographs had



**"The truth is that Philip is petulant, charming, virile, vivid, hot-tempered." But you must understand the great family pride in which he holds his grandfather, who was sacked as First Sea Lord, and his heroic uncle — of whom critics whisper "kingmaker."**

been taken of them they took off their rain-coats, whereupon the photographers asked them to put the coats on again as they wanted more pictures. Philip refused, at which there was much grumbling by the cameramen who felt that they had their job to do.

"What in blazes is worrying them now?" asked Philip in a voice that carried through the thunder of the falls.

Perhaps at this point it should be made clear that newspaper reporters are treated with great care in North America—which is not the case in Britain. Newspaper proprietors, editors and political commentators have a high standing in Britain but the reporter on the beat is not held in the same reverence or fear as across the Atlantic and photographers are classed with reporters.

An even sharper incident of the same nature occurred at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal where the royal couple were introduced to the reporters who were going to accompany them to Washington. After three or four presentations Philip realized that he had already met them all before and said: "This is a sheer waste of time," and moved to the centre of the room, leaving Elizabeth to complete the job. Don Iddon, the American columnist of the London Daily Mail, is responsible for this story, and there is no reason to doubt its accuracy.

The truth is that Philip is petulant, charming, virile, vivid and hot tempered. But before we say that these qualities are either admirable or unfortunate we must take into account who and what he was before he moved to the centre of the stage in British public life.

He was born in 1921, a product of the disordered world that followed the vast eruption of the 1914-18 war. His father was Prince Andrew of Greece, one of the younger sons of King George I of Greece and a brother of Queen Alexandra of Britain. His mother was Princess Alice of Battenberg, eldest daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who became a naturalized British subject and entered the British Navy in 1868. *Continued on page 88*



# BUT WHAT ABOUT LOVE

*Stacey had a dream — all about a big house, a rich husband...and love. Then she met Neil, who had a dream too. That's when she woke up.*

BY ANN GIBBONS

"We regret the delay in shipping due to the rush of spring orders and assure you that Morrison Kitchen Products will continue . . ." Neil dictated with something approaching the speed of light, and if the new secretary couldn't keep up with him it was just too bad.

Neil Morrison of Morrison Kitchen Products, Fine Tools For Your Kitchen . . . it sounded more important than it was, since the factory belonged to his father.

Stacey thought, You just talk as fast as you can, Neil Morrison, I can keep up with you, I'll write your old letters. It's a pleasure—it's the first time there was ever anything I could do for you. The efficient Miss Conroy, or whatever her name was now, was away on her honeymoon—Stacey was the substitute she'd arranged to have sent in from the outer office.

They came out even, her last pencil wriggle coinciding with his last Very Truly Yours.

"I'll sign them and finish up the rest of this stuff in the morning," he said abruptly, getting

up and reaching for his hat. "I'm going home now. Not feeling well."

Stacey reminded him that tomorrow was Sunday, and he had an out-of-town appointment for Monday.

"I could come back tonight," she offered. "Or I could bring the late mail over to your place and you could dictate . . . there's quite a lot left. That's what Miss Conroy used to do," she added quickly. You could take such an offer two ways, if you had that kind of mind, though certainly Neil Morrison didn't pay much







Illustration by Michael

attention to girls, at least not in the office.

"Maybe you'd better come over," he told her. "Take a cab. It's the Willoughby Apartments."

Now why don't you live at home with your folks, and them all alone in that big house, Stacey thought reprovingly.

He shook tablets from the bottle in the desk into his hand, and Stacey poured a glass of water from the water jug and gave it to him.

"Mr. Morrison," she said critically, "you don't look so good. Could I be doing anything for you?"

"Miss Devlin," he said unkindly, "I have a common, ordinary stomach ache, and the only thing you could do for it is burn down this damn factory. But if you insist on making me happy, you might wipe some of that goo off your lips. It looks as appetizing as red axle grease."

Stacey sat alone in the office and felt the color rise in her face and turn it bright burning scarlet. Well, she thought, I suppose I *was* getting too cocky. Slowly, she took out her pocket compact and looked at herself. Philo-

sophically, she took out her handkerchief—her best one, she'd chosen it with care that morning—and wiped off the shiny red lipstick.

She wondered what else was wrong with her.

Her hair was neat; now, you couldn't say her hair was untidy. She wore it parted in the middle and brushed down in a smooth bang—as a matter of fact it made her look a little like the young Cleopatra, not that Stacey had thought of it, that and her clear, almond-shaped brown eyes—but maybe it was too long. It took determination to cut *Continued on page 98*

**How Chatelaine Planned**

# NEW FUTURES for THREE WOMEN



Radio singer Patsy O'Day embarked on a set of Chatelaine exercises, new make-up and hairdo to win a TV spot.

*A blonde making eyes at a TV camera . . . a plain Miss Anonymous yearning to be Miss Somebody . . . a middle-aged housewife determined to become a fashion model . . . Each woman made over her life — and what helped them may help you*

By Rosemary Boxer, Beauty and Fashion Editor

## PATSY'S PROBLEM: NOW LISTENERS CAN SEE HER

Our first "problem child" was a young, fresh and unspoiled girl intent upon a career in Canadian television—glamorous new medium now fast obliterating the old Hollywood dream from young Canadian hearts. Hopefuls audition every week. The standards demanded of them are high. They try hard . . . and a few succeed.

We predict a tremendous success in television for twenty-three-year-old Patsy O'Day, seen in the before (top) and after (bottom) photos at the left. She has behind her thirteen years of solid experience and study in voice, music, on stage and radio. But Patsy found she needed other qualifications, too, for TV—trim figure, smarter styling and poise.

Singing lessons began during public school days in Nassau. Her outstanding lyric soprano attracted the attention of the Duchess of Windsor whose praise planted the seed of ambition and helped Patsy through the trying years of lessons and practicing. After her parents died she moved to Canada and enrolled at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto for a year's study and won scholarships for two years more.

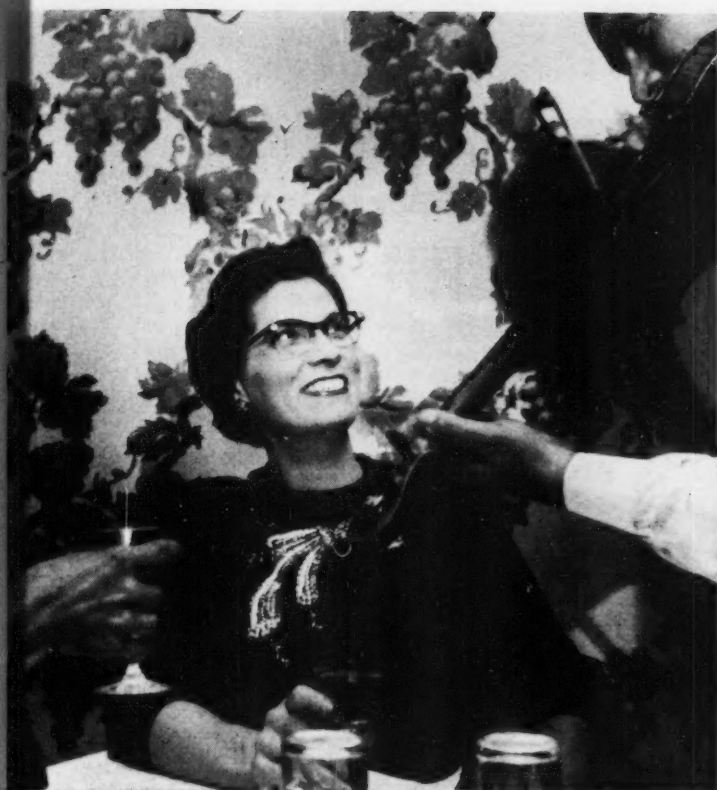
Then came small bit parts in amateur and professional theatricals, numerous odd jobs singing, and finally her first chance to audition before the TV cameras.

Her twin skills as singer and actress brought Patsy an "okay" . . . with reservations. Toronto's CBLT intends grooming her for variety shows, but the keen-eyed cameras revealed certain flaws—too much hair for her tiny face,

*Continued on page 96*







## BLANCHE'S PROBLEM: HER SPARKLE WAS IN HIDING

At first, thirty-year-old Blanche Kilpatrick from Upham, New Brunswick, was sceptical. Chatelaine wanted to "do her over" to prove to other "young thirties" like herself that plain can be prettified.

To us this alert young office worker typified to perfection a great number of women who long to lose their plain cloaks of anonymity and don new and exciting looks and personalities, but just don't know where or how to begin.

We wanted to prove to her and you that it could be done. We think we did it!

Compare the Blanche at her job (right) with the woman listening starry-eyed to a gypsy fiddler in a gay restaurant (left). The Blanche at her job (she's a records clerk in a large department store) shunned make-up simply because she didn't know what would suit her. She was betwixt and between about clothes; they all seemed too young or too old for her, so she settled on prints as the easy way out—and added a conventional and unflattering hair style. Everything about her appearance seemed designed to efface rather than build up her personality—and most of all her glasses, which were definitely wrong for her. Notice how the thin rims played up the length of her features instead of rounding and softening them.

As we took stock and began to plan, the glasses demanded attention before anything else. The stunning new "Coronation" frames delighted Blanche but at first she protested, "I like the fancy frames,"

*Continued on page 96*



*Blanche Kilpatrick dared to try new glasses, new clothes.*



*Mildred Bennett needed a new interest, with her family grown up. Her husband cheered her on.*

## MILDRED'S PROBLEM: SHE CRAVED A GLAMOUR CAREER — AT FIFTY-THREE

We took the photograph below backstage at one of the largest retail fashion shows put on in Toronto every year, where we found a woman who is still amazed at herself.

Mildred Bennett has begun a modeling career—at fifty-three.

The picture at left shows the "before" Mildred with her husband, who likes the idea of his wife being a model and loves the "silly" hats she now wears. When this picture was taken she weighed 170 pounds, was afraid of "too young" clothes, hair styles and make-up.

What decided her in the first place to become the "after" Mildred with an interesting and exciting career was the sudden but inevitable gulf left when her children married and left home. The familiar pattern of family life suddenly shattered, Mrs. Bennett found herself facing a period of readjustment. She realized that she must find something to fill her time and consume her energies as her children once did.

Her thoughts turned then to fashions. She has always been keenly interested in clothes. She sews most of her own and at one time put on fashion shows for her church guild. She once modeled in one of the fashion shows she produced. Then, suddenly, the thought sprang alive—"Why not modeling as a career? Every fashion show needs a 'matron' model—why not me!"

But at 170 pounds and out of touch she needed help, and that was when Chatelaine stepped in.

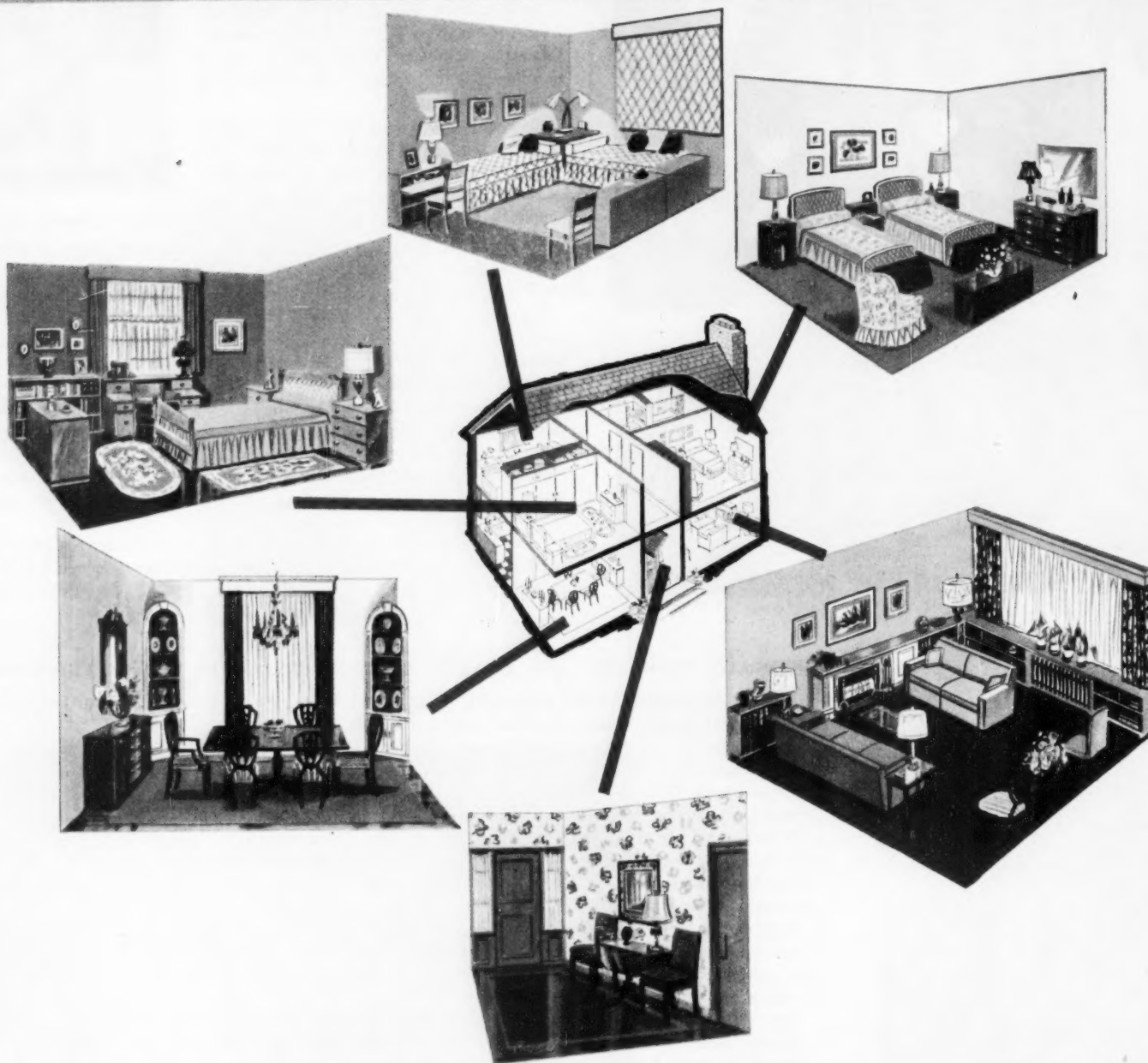
The goal seemed distant then, but we had a determined and co-operative woman on our side.

First things being first, we suggested a simple and nourishing diet—not a

*Continued on Page 97*



Feature finishes  
on pages 96-97



## MAKE YOUR WHOLE HOME HARMONIZE

Lesson 7:  
CHATELAINE'S HOME DECORATING COURSE

*The art of blending color and style from room to room . . . with a special word about the vital role of halls — and flowers*

JOHN RUSKIN wrote, "This is the true nature of home . . . it is a place of Peace; the shelter, not only from injury, but from all terror, doubt and division."

There may be better definitions of what home should be, but I haven't found them. There may be better aims in home decoration than to provide a setting which will encourage this kind of home life, but Chatelaine doubts it.

And to achieve this aim your home must be more than a collection of attractive parts—a handsome living room, a charming guest room. The parts must achieve an effective unity through

close attention to what is probably the most important single factor in all home decorating—inter-room harmony.

We hope, for instance, that you use your entire house—that you have no rooms like the "old-fashioned parlor" which was reserved for such solemn and major family events as christenings, marriages and deaths. And we hope that you will learn to think of your entire house whenever you are planning to decorate the smallest hallway or the highest attic room.

Hallways, of course, play a vital role in achieving inter-room harmony because they



## OVER-ALL COLOR PLANNING

A woman who has a bright sunny house asked Chatelaine to suggest a color scheme to assure true inter-room harmony, and keyed to her new living-room rug. The rug is a warm and vibrant color which we have christened Canadian Carmine — and looking for our cue in nature we found the identical hue in a rose. The rose gave us the color key for the whole house — carmine petals shading to white, yellow stamens, sage green leaves and stems. These colors flow from room to room:

**Living room . . .** as a background for the rug she used grey walls and a white ceiling with slight flesh tones. Her chintz draperies pick up the Canadian Carmine, introduce light and dark sage green and yellow.

**Hall . . .** against a dark sage green floor, the wallpaper and chairs emphasize the Canadian Carmine theme with lamp shades and curtains in white-yellow.

**Dining-room . . .** picks up the off-white of the living-room ceiling for its walls and uses sage green carpeting. The overcurtains are in Canadian Carmine.

**First Bedroom . . .** pale sage green walls and curtains are topped with a ceiling in paler tone. The hand-hooked rug in soft rose, green, yellow introduces new note of blue.

**Second Bedroom . . .** picks up the new blue for its walls. (This is legitimate because this grey-blue mixed with pale yellow, used in the ceiling, produces sage — one of our main colors.) Canadian Carmine accessories.

**Master Bedroom . . .** uses dark sage again for the textured rug with white-yellow walls and ceiling. Curtains are white cotton with yellow fringe and the footstools carry out the Canadian Carmine theme in corduroy.

By CATHERINE FRASER,  
Chatelaine's Home Decorating Consultant  
Illustration by Walter Coucill

lead from one room to another—decoratively as well as structurally. For this reason they receive special attention in this article. So does the selection of furnishings which, as changing needs require their use in different rooms, can upset the decorative harmony of your home unless chosen with this in mind. Flowers receive particular mention, too, for they can be of tremendous help in linking room to room.

The fundamental secret of inter-room harmony, however, is the proper use of color. Color can welcome you from room to room, or bar your way; can by itself give your home unity

or break it into half-a-dozen unrelated and jarring pieces.

Looking once again to nature for our clue, we find that nature accomplishes most of her changes gradually. The seasons change gradually from one into another. You do not see an ice-white landscape one day and a green and colorful one the next. Instead, there is a slow transition that alerts you for what is to come.

Traveling toward the sea you are slowly prepared for that broad blue expanse of water by the widening of rivers, the gradual lowering of the land. Daylight does not spring out of the darkness, nor does night fall as though black glasses had been dropped suddenly over your eyes. Dawn and dusk make the change a gradual one, while the flamboyance of sunset and sunrise provide us with brief intervals of excitement which never last long enough to become overpowering. These moments of brilliance use every color known to night and day, then discard the hues of the twelve hours just ended, and gradually evolve the new color harmony demanded for the next half of the day.

Nature's only sudden changes are her storms, which may whirl up without warning in the midst of a beautiful day; and we usually find such swift changes upsetting.

Remember these tips from nature as you develop the color scheme of your home, so that you will avoid either shocking your family with sudden changes or depressing them with unrelieved monotony. Instead, your home should acquire what the psychologists call a "well-integrated personality."

For instance, a living room having soft hyacinth blue walls and an amethyst rug, with chintz coverings in soft pinks, yellows and moss green, would be delightful. So would a dining room having sand-colored walls, deeper sand carpeting, bright coral corduroy curtains and chair seats—but passing from one room to the other would be about as disturbing as discovering your garden half in spring garb, half in fall dress.

On the other hand, true color harmony can be achieved with variety. The use of a single wall color throughout an entire floor has become popular with our growing awareness of the need for whole-house harmony. This is the easy and often attractive solution, but not necessarily the best one.

The "one-color" color scheme, for instance, can seldom satisfy the varying tastes of individual members of your family, nor the varying demands of north rooms for warm treatment and south rooms for cool treatment. Yet to try to satisfy such varying room-to-room requirements without relating them to each other, could obviously result in complete disharmony.

One example of this "harmonious variety" is illustrated and described in detail in the adjoining color-panel. This particular inter-room color scheme began with a rug about which a Chatelaine reader wanted to create a living room scheme, but which provided an effective color key to the whole house. However, this color scheme mightn't suit your family at all—and here another factor enters, for family "moods" vary as much as those of individuals.

Take the case of two families living side by side in almost identical houses, as so many of us do. The first family is headed by a father who is a man of terrific drive, acquiring increasing business responsibilities. The children are active and enthusiastic, into every community activity. The mother must have the same kind of energy and "go" to keep up with them—yet she realizes home is the place where a family such as hers must be able to relax, calm down, and "re-charge." So she goes to the calm side of nature for her coloring tips—the woods, a quiet lake, the broad expanse of sunny sands.

She must also keep in mind that her living room and two upstairs bedrooms face north; the dining room and one bedroom and bathroom face south. So she makes her living room a soft warm sand color, the dining room opening off it a soft green. Upstairs one of the northern exposure bedrooms is a warm beige (sand with a little pink in it), the other a maize yellow. Opposite, the sunny bedroom she does in a grey-blue that harmonizes with the green of the dining room.

Next door lives a scholarly man who married an intelligent woman—intelligent enough to realize that their children are for the most part serious and hardworking like their father. To provide them with a fresh and relaxing change of atmosphere when they return from school and work, she looks to nature's brighter, gayer side. Summer and autumn provide nature's lighter moments, but since her living room and two of her bedrooms face north she chooses the warmer summer colors.

The living room walls she does in the warm turquoise of a July sky, and her adjoining dining room in white. One of the north bedrooms she does in coral, the other white-yellow—and, across the hall, the south bedroom is a soft lime green.

If you clip out patches of these colors—turquoise, white, coral, yellow and lime-green—and try them against some plain color, such as brown, pine green or navy, you will see how this inter-room color scheme pays an extra dividend. For chintz coverings, plain draperies and carpetings in combinations of these colors may be interchanged from one room to another, upstairs and down.

Thus the importance of maintaining inter-room harmony should be remembered in purchasing all furniture and accessories. When brides and grooms start window shopping they should look for pieces of furniture which will serve their first home and continue to find a place in future homes when both their family and dwelling will be enlarged.

Today's living room rug may someday be moved to a bedroom. Dining room chairs can go on serving in living room and den when a new set is purchased. Small chests chosen for a tiny dining room

Continued on page 38

# BREAKFAST IN



## PARTY BREAKFAST

What a cheerful sight on a leisurely holiday morning is breakfast set forth buffet style! This is when the first meal of the day can be an occasion, the foods special and varied, hearty enough to satisfy until dinner.

Tomato Juice, Assorted Fruit Juices

Ready-to-eat Cereals, Milk, Cream

Fluffy Omelet, Glazed Ham Slices

Rolls, Toast, Coffee Ring

Assorted Jams, Marmalade and Spicy Relishes

Coffee, Cocoa, Tea, Milk



# A GAY MOOD

By MARIE HOLMES, Director Chatelaine Institute

Accessories by Simpson's

Photos by Lockwood Haight: Panda

## FAMILY BREAKFAST

Sure cure for the breakfast dodger is this table, bright with color and laden with the right foods. Everything's at hand for a nutritious meal that'll provide energy for the whole family.

Whole Fruits

Tomato Juice

Whole-grain Porridge

Milk and Sugar

Eggs Toast or Muffins

Marmalade

Coffee, Milk or Cocoa



## BREAKFAST IN BED

Whether you're just being pampered or really convalescing, you'll appreciate this kind of breakfast service. With encouragement any well-trained husband or son can produce it.

Sliced Oranges

Scrambled Eggs on Toast with Bacon

or

Ready-to-eat Cereal, Sugar and Milk

Toast (whole-wheat), Jelly

Tea or Coffee



## ON-THE-RUN BREAKFAST

Take time to get yourself a proper morning meal like this. Dispense with frills and make the most of nearly ready products. They're a real boon to the live-alone and go-to-work folks!

Frozen Orange Juice

Whole-wheat Shredded-type Cereal

Sliced Banana, Milk

Whole-wheat Toast, Jam

Quick Coffee or Milk

More Menus and Recipes on Page 25





Beth Hammond sells shoes—with cheese and puppets.

## She helps you put your best foot forward

By Frank Lowe

**A** DARK, dynamic mother of four who has never punched a cash register in her life is Canada's top shoe salesman. Tiny, tireless Beth Hammond, who sometimes relaxes after a hard day at the office by baking a pie at 3 a.m., does a coast-to-coast selling job as director of the Shoe Information Bureau of Canada.

Her salesmanship tactics include everything from staging a marionette show to wooing the press with her own special hors d'oeuvres concoction. In the process she travels a distance equivalent to once around the world every year. Between trips she periodically lights in her fourteenth floor office in the University Tower Building in Montreal long enough to keep shoe manufacturers posted on what styles are needed and wanted in Canada.

Beth Hammond's original and energetic approach has done a lot to put Canadian shoes back on Canadian feet. In the four years since Beth took on the job, annual sales of made-in-Canada shoes have climbed by about four million pairs—to a total of thirty-three million last year. Boom times and a steady improvement in shoe quality take a lot of the credit—but Beth's job of building better "public acceptance" is credited with playing a vital part. Canadian shoes, which for years were shunned by Canadian women as too plain—or because of plain lack of quality—are now appearing in

*Continued on page 28*

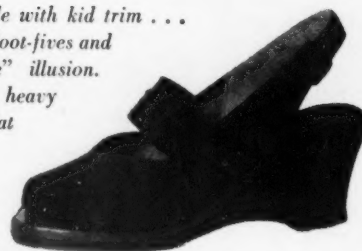
## FALL SHOES

Watch for "naked" patterns, "banded" sandals, and "straps"—latest additions to the vocabulary of trend-setting shoe styles



Fall '52 encores the "louis" heel . . . an instep strap pump in combination grey or tan flannel and matching calf. Flattering to both the tall and the short figure, particularly if legs and ankles are slim. These shoes are style-right with wools, tweeds and, of course, grey or tan flannel dresses! Of all the items in a modern wardrobe, the shoe is perhaps the most intricate to create; calls for approximately 150 to 200 operations per shoe; and takes a month in all to make.

Casual tailored wedge in suede with kid trim . . . at their attractive best on five-foot-fives and over—lending a "tiny ankle" illusion. "Little" women note: avoid heavy welts, extension soles, low flat heels and wide straps. High heels will give you added inches, but your posture must be perfect. For greater foot comfort, change shoes often and wear the right type and heel height for your different activities.



Foot charmers, especially on short stouts, and welcome lifesavers for those with "on-the-toes" jobs, are the spectators with cuban heel—daytime's timeless leather brogue-type pump. They minimize heavy ankles and feet. Styled to suit all shapes of legs and feet. The average housewife walks over seven miles a day. For feet's sake, she should walk in comfort wearing sturdy shoes instead of cast-offs with rundown heels. Housekeeping shoes should be "bests"—well fitted, oxford-types, giving adequate support.



# WITH A FUTURE

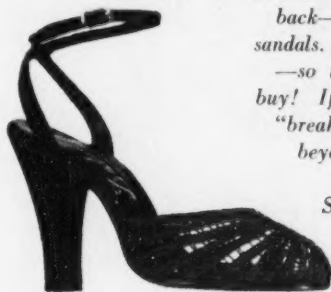
by ROSEMARY BOXER



A banded late-day and evening sandal in suede trimmed with kid, illustrating fashion's favorite "naked" look. Do your shoes really fit? Check them now for these "symptoms." Uneven worn area more in the front? (shoe is too short); uppers bulging over the sole line? (shoe is too narrow); worn toe tip? (too short again). Next time you go shoe-shopping, take along a worn pair of your shoes. From these, the salesman can discover their shortcomings and prescribe the correct type for you.

Shoe expert Beth Hammond says, "The shoe for fall '52 is keyed to the feminine influence—light, graceful and combining flexibility with comfort." Suede cocktail strap shoe with crocheted lace inserts.

Loveliest on "slender legs." Note: If your heels are "pronated"—outflaring at the back—you should avoid open-heel sandals. You can't tell from in front—so take a rear view before you buy! If a shoe fits, it won't need "breaking in." Allow half an inch beyond the length of your longest toe—in your stockings, too. Stand up to have feet measured.



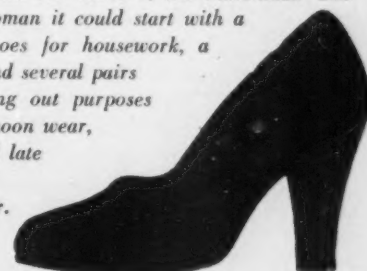
For the more mature foot . . . designed along heavier lines for added support . . . calf and kid with double instep strap. Smart on tall heavy women. Shoe care is easy. Clean suede with a rubber brush. Use patented dressings for colored suedes. Brush your fabric shoes after every wearing and remove spots as soon as detected. Clean patent leather with light oil or cream and polish with a soft cloth. Clean nylon mesh shoes with a dry suds shampoo, keeping the fabric from getting too wet.

Created for walking ease . . . loved by all women . . . the closed low-edge suede with calf trim—to don with city casuals or sport togs. Calf muscles become shortened when high heels are worn continuously and a sudden change to "flats" might cause severe pains in the calves of the legs. Rest leg and feet muscles by wearing different heel heights alternately. Go from low-heel working shoes up to mid-heel suit or walking shoes, and then to dressy high heel sandals.



The dorsay in suede with calf trim, styled for suits or dressier clothes. Popular because they play no favorites . . . they're sheer foot-flattery on all women. A good basic shoe wardrobe will of course vary with the needs of the individual.

For the average woman it could start with a pair of well-fitting shoes for housework, a medium heel for walking, and several pairs of play shoes. For stepping out purposes add a dressy pump for afternoon wear, a sandal for after-five and late evening. Additional needs will include slippers and "seasonal" footwear.





*He strode toward the house, the woman in his arms. Nothing seemed real to him except Eddy—the victim of their violence.*

*Illustrated by Chris Ware*



# A BOY IN THE HOUSE

Complete — First publication of a new novel by

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

*The author of Jalna writes the compelling story of a lost child who unleashed the passions of love, hate and the urge to kill in three people who only sought his love*

LINDLEY had decided that this was the very sort of place he had been looking for. Here was a seclusion he had not thought to find possible within his means, not in these days of senseless noise and ant-hill confusion. Here he would write the book he had been longing for ten years to write.

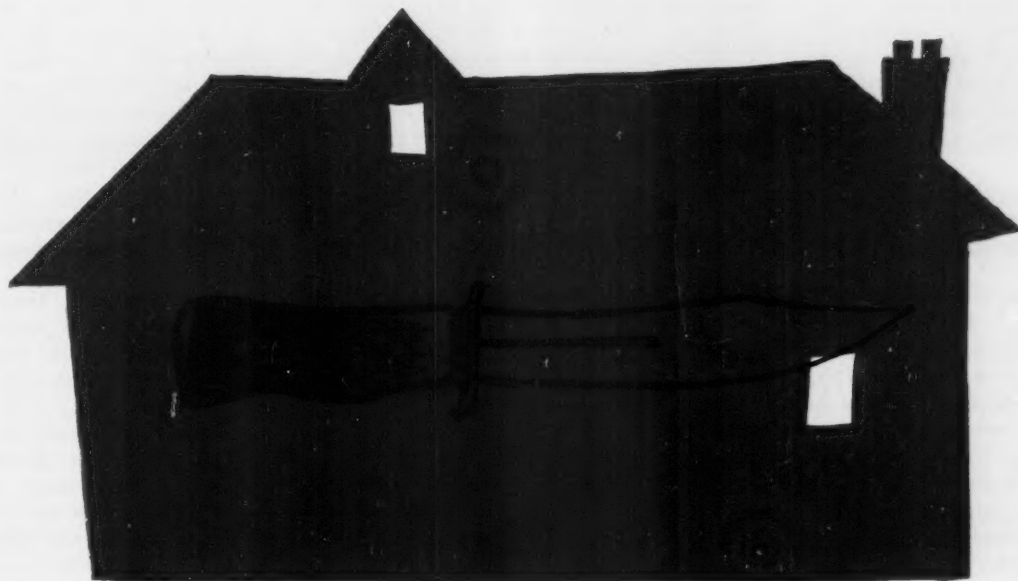
A small legacy had made it possible for him to be independent for a year, or even more, if he were careful. Through a chance acquaintance he had heard of the two sisters who owned the house. He had come to see it and he had taken part of it on a year's lease. When he had been told that only a part was to be let, he had all but refused even to inspect it, but, once having seen it, he had made his decision and was now entrenched, with a supply of paper, in a silence that might be matched, he thought, only in a desert.

He recalled what the chance acquaintance had told him of the sisters. "Rather eccentric," he had said, "and as Victorian as crinolines. I remember their old father. He certainly was a Tartar. Kept his wife and daughters subdued, if ever a man did. Once they lived in fine style but he lost most of his money in bad investments. I

guess it made him bitter. Anyhow these two women have had a hard time. They live absolutely secluded. You couldn't find a quieter place."

Now he was settled, with his few belongings, in his part of the house. He had his own front door, leading into a narrow hall, out of which mounted the white spindled stairway to the rooms above. To the right of the front door was a large, sparsely furnished room. A handsome walnut table dominated it. Here he would write. Lindley almost trembled in anticipation of the moment when he would sit down to write in this room. But, on this second day of living here, he was still too restless to begin work. It crossed his mind that perhaps he would be better off writing in one of the upstairs rooms. He went up the stairs, covered by worn brown carpet, and examined the three bedrooms. He would sleep in the largest, the one with the mahogany four-poster and the marble-topped dressing-table and wash-stand with the huge ewer and basin and intimidating slop-bowl. The floor was bare and the clean pine boards unpainted. The walls were of pale-grey plaster, a lovely room for sleeping and dreaming.

*Continued on next page*



## A BOY IN THE HOUSE (continued)

He remembered his stuffy room in the lodging-house in the city, the monotony of his work in an accountant's office, and his heart sang for joy. He realized now why he could not yet settle himself down to work. He was simply too happy.

Slowly, in a kind of haze, he descended the stairs. At the foot he stood still, staring at the door on his right which connected his part of the house with that part occupied by the sisters. It had been locked, they said, ever since their father had died and they had decided that the house was too large for their needs. Mrs. Morton, the younger sister, had added, with her genial smile, that they somehow felt safer with that door locked. From what? he wondered. Perhaps from the ghost of that disagreeable old man who had dominated their lives? Standing there, with bent head, he tried to recall what else his acquaintance had told him of their lives? Oh, yes, Miss Lydia Dove had been a beauty who had considered no man she had ever met worthy to become her husband. Elsie had, at twenty-six, married the son of a neighbor who had left her widowed and without means only a year later. She had returned to this house and her father's tyranny.

On the other side of the door there was dead silence. What did the two women do to pass the time, Lindley wondered. He rather wished the door were not there. It was a reminder of the existence of other people in the house, and the very silence on the other side of it had strange significance. He was but newly transplanted, he thought, from the noise of the city, and it would take him a day or two to get used to this seclusion.

Suddenly, from the other side of the door, a sound came, the sonorous tones of a clock striking the hour of six. Lindley smiled. It was just the right sort of sound—unhurried, tranquil. Yet it told of the passing of another day.

His front door stood open. He saw that the shadows of the trees were lengthening on the now motionless grass. A small bird began its evening song. He thought he would take a stroll through the grounds before he prepared his supper.

Outdoors it was warmer than inside. The front of the property was occupied by an ugly red brick house and its well-kept lawn. It had been built by a retired grocer who had bought the land old Mr. Dove had been forced to sell when his investments failed. Passing motorists never suspected that another house lay behind. In truth almost everybody had forgotten it, excepting the grocer who lay in wait to buy it, when poverty should force its sale. Mrs. Morton herself did all the shopping. With her shopping-bag on her arm she slipped through the narrow gate, walked the two miles into the village and returned, looking hot and tired, the bag bulging with provisions for the week.

Now Lindley saw her coming along the drive and wondered whether or not he should turn to meet her. He did not want to create an atmosphere of such intimacy with these two women that they would expect a friendly chat at every encounter. On the other hand he did not want to appear unfriendly, and his writer's curiosity made him wonder about them. What were they really like? Were they resigned to their isolation or embittered by it? Well, the least he could do was to offer to carry the heavy



*The two women  
lived in the se-  
questered ruins of  
the past — their  
hostility like a  
banked fire, ready  
to flare into flame*



bag for her, which must have doubled its weight with the miles. She did not see him coming till he was quite near. Then the look of pleased surprise, the return of his smile with one which charmingly lighted her face told him that the encounter was welcome. She gave up the bag with a sigh of relief and stretched her arm. It was a short plump arm, Lindley noticed; and her figure was short and strongly made. She must have been an attractive young woman, with those shining grey eyes, that full-lipped, smiling mouth. But now she was obviously near to sixty and her face had coarsened. She took pride in her appearance however. Her beige linen jacket and skirt were immaculately laundered. Her gloves were freshly white and her thick hair, strongly streaked by grey, was swept neatly back, beneath her small black hat. She glanced up at him with a look that was almost flirtatious.

"How nice," she said, "to be met by a gentleman, and a gallant gentleman who will carry your bag for you."

She had a pleasant contralto voice.

"I suppose," he said, "it was pretty warm in the town. Surely these things should have been delivered for you." He was so incurably kind-hearted that he pictured himself going to the shops with her, carrying that ugly cretonne bag.

She relieved him of that fear. "Oh, I don't mind it at all," she said. "In fact I like it. It makes a little break—and I'm very strong." She straightened her shoulders and stepped out briskly. "My sister will be wondering what has kept me," she added. "You know how it is with people who never go out. The time seems much

longer to them." She spoke as though she herself went out a good deal.

At her own door, which opened into the dining room of the house, he left her, but not before he had a glimpse of her sister hovering inside. He heard her greeting, high-pitched and querulous: "Why, Elsie, whatever in the world have you been doing? I expected you an hour ago. Was that Mr. Lindley who was with you?"

He did not hear Mrs. Morton's answer. He turned away and went along the path that led past the empty stable that looked ready to tumble down, past the empty poultry house which was indeed tumbling down, and followed the path toward the lake. This soon lost itself in the long grass out of which rose a few fruit trees whose gnarled branches still produced fairy white blooms but whose fruit was the succor of worms.

He came at last to the steep bank, below which lay the lake, stretching like a pale-blue sea to the pale horizon. He knew that the sisters had been born in this house and he pictured them as little girls paddling on the sandy beach or sailing tiny boats. He pictured them as young women, walking here with their friends and lovers, feeling free, when they were

here, of their father's tyranny. Their mother, Mrs. Morton had told him, had died when they were children. Did they ever come here now, he wondered. Probably not, for Miss Lydia had been ill and still was weak and Mrs. Morton's energies must be needed for the housework.

"If I keep on thinking about these old girls," he reflected, a bit grimly, "I shall be dragging them into my book . . ."

He remembered his evening meal, and retraced his steps. The shadows were longer and darker. In the waving grass white narcissi bloomed. Lindley picked four, inhaling their sweet languishing scent. He avoided the open door of the sisters' part of the house and from the opposite direction went into his own.

He had no kitchen, and the arrangement was that at certain hours which had been specified, he would have the use of theirs. At these times the two women disappeared, leaving kitchen and dining room to him. He had a cupboard to himself where he kept his provisions and a few dishes and utensils. Now he put the flowers into a small vase he had found and carried them up to his bedroom. They shone out like pale stars against the grey plaster of the walls. They took possession of the emptiness of the room. He stood looking at them for a bit before he went downstairs.

The kitchen was empty and a fire was burning in the wood stove. He took a bacon and liver from their brown paper wrappings and laid a fraction of each in the frying-pan. Soon they were sizzling. He went into the dining room and set a place for

*Continued on page 48*



## LIKE CHICKEN AT YOUR HOUSE?

Four soups, each with the fine flavor of chicken.

**CHICKEN with RICE:** Chicken-rich broth, fluffy rice, tender pieces of chicken. A great all-the-family soup.

**CREAM of CHICKEN:** Rich chicken stock, heavy cream, pieces of chicken, and celery. Smooth, delicious, nourishing!

**CHICKEN GUMBO:** Vegetables, pieces of chicken, with savory seasoning in a tasty chicken stock. An Old New Orleans favorite.

**CHICKEN NOODLE:** A golden chicken broth, lots of egg noodles, and pieces of chicken. A popular "best seller", and a special favorite with the children.



## HERE WE "GO ADVENTURING"!

You'll choose one of these when you're seeking a substantial yet different soup. A delightful way to vary your meals.

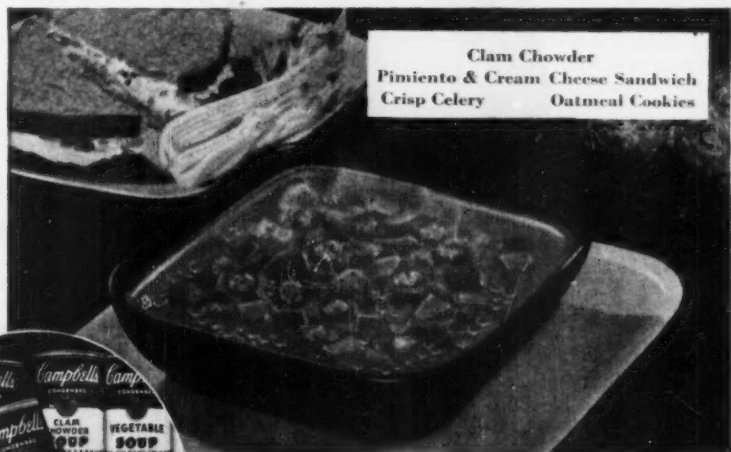
**BEAN with BACON:** An old-fashioned thick bean soup, plump beans, flavored with bacon. A hearty "he-man" soup.

**CLAM CHOWDER:** Chopped clams, potatoes, tomatoes, savory herbs in a tangy

clam broth. You'll like this "soup of the sea".

**PEPPER POT:** Pieces of meat, macaroni, vegetables, and substantial meat stock make this fine Early American-type soup.

**SCOTCH BROTH:** A hearty main-dish soup, prepared with choice mutton, barley and vegetables. A soup—not a broth!—and substantial eating for the hungry.



# Meet Old Favorites Make New Friends

... among these delicious, nourishing Soups  
Use this chart to check your own Soup Shelf

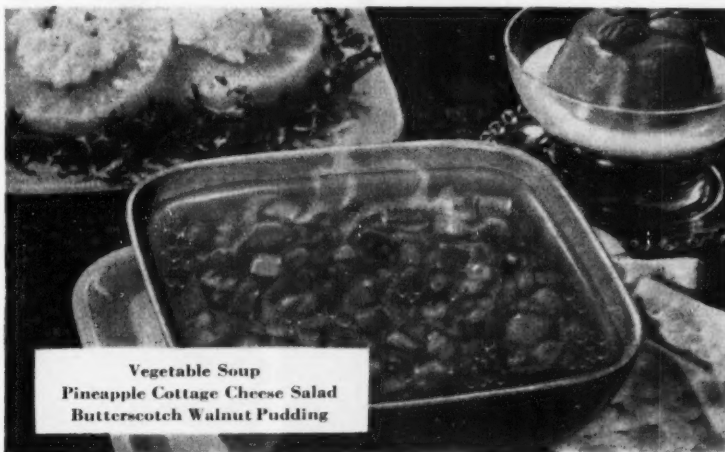


ANNE MARSHALL  
Director Home Economics  
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

Every year more and more millions of women realize how delicious, nourishing and economical soup is as a main dish in family menus. And so I've made up for you this handy "soup-shopper's guide".

I do hope you'll read this page carefully and mark your family's favorites. It will help you stock your own soup shelf. It will also help you decide what soups to try next. Each soup, of course, differs in ingredients, recipe and flavor. That's why soups can vary your menus so delightfully—why a different soup is truly a different meal. Try these menus, too.



## SO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR BEEF!

Here are seven soups, each made with beef stock.

**BEEF:** Hearty beef stock, pieces of beef, fine vegetables and barley. A soup for all who like BEEF!

**BEEF NOODLE:** Deep-flavored beef stock, pieces of beef, egg noodles.

**BOUILLON:** (Beef Broth) Clear broth delightfully flavored with vegetables.

**CONSOmé:** Beef broth, accented with

tomato, celery, carrots, herbs, all strained to a clear amber.

**OX TAIL:** Stout beef stock, meaty ox tail joints, barley and vegetables. This is a robust, English-style soup.

**VEGETABLE:** Fourteen different garden vegetables in a full-bodied beef stock.

**VEGETABLE BEEF:** Vegetables, barley, tender pieces of beef, in a rich beef stock. A "square-meal" soup!

## ALL DIFFERENT... ALL DELICIOUS!

There's goodness galore in these fine soups—all are principally vegetable.

**CREAM of ASPARAGUS:** Smooth purée of fresh asparagus, creamery butter, a garnish of luscious asparagus tips.

**FRENCH CANADIAN PEA SOUP:** Made from selected fine yellow peas in the old tradition of French Canada.

**CREAM of CELERY:** Crisp garden celery is diced, blended with extra-heavy whipping cream. A delicious delicately-flavored soup!

**CREAM of MUSHROOM:** Cultivated mushrooms blended with extra-heavy whipping cream; mushroom pieces.

**GREEN PEA:** Nourishing purée of green peas and fine creamery butter, delicately seasoned.

**TOMATO:** Canada's favorite soup. Luscious tomatoes, creamery butter, gentle seasoning.

**VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE:** A fine, flavorful all-vegetable soup. Luscious garden vegetables, mingled in a delightful vegetable broth.

CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS



*Planning hospitality?*



There's nothing  
like giving folks  
what they want

There are different tastes to be pleased  
when you're shopping for a party.

But one thing's certain.

Most guests will welcome Coca-Cola.

Serve it ice cold, right in the bottle.

Folks like it that way.



COCA-COLA LTD.



## BREAKFAST

Continued from page 17

### FLUFFY OMELET

2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca;  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt;  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper;  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk; 1 tablespoon butter or margarine; 4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored; 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Combine tapioca, salt, pepper, and milk in saucepan. Place over medium heat and cook until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly. Add butter. Remove from heat and allow to cool slightly while beating eggs. Add egg yolks and mix well. Fold into egg whites. Turn into hot, buttered, 10-inch skillet. Cook over low heat 3 minutes. Then bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 15 minutes. Omelet is sufficiently cooked when a knife inserted comes out clean. Cut across at right angles to handle of pan, being careful not to cut all the way through. Fold carefully from handle to opposite side and serve on hot platter. Makes 4 to 6 servings. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### COFFEE RING

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar, firmly packed;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped filbert meats;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shredded packaged coconut; 2 cups sifted flour; 4 teaspoons baking powder; 1 teaspoon salt;  $\frac{1}{8}$  cup granulated sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening; 1 egg, slightly beaten;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk; 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup shredded packaged coconut, toasted.

Combine brown sugar, nuts and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup coconut; mix thoroughly.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and granulated sugar, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Combine egg and milk. Add to flour mixture and stir until soft dough is formed. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll in 18 x 9-inch rectangle. Brush with some of the melted butter, reserving a small amount. Spread with coconut mixture and roll as for jelly roll, wetting edges to seal. Bring ends together to form ring and place on ungreased baking sheet. With scissors, cut 1-inch slices almost through ring, turning each slice cut-side up and pointing outer edges. Brush with remaining melted butter. Bake in hot oven (400 deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Remove to cake rack and while hot drizzle with glaze made by combining  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup icing sugar and 1 tablespoon hot water. Sprinkle with toasted coconut. Makes 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### SPICED RELISH

2 tablespoons lemon juice;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups canned tomatoes;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups canned crushed pineapple; 6 cups sugar; 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons Worcestershire sauce;  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cloves;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon allspice;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon; 1 bottle liquid pectin.

Squeeze the juice from 1 medium-sized lemon and measure 2 tablespoons into a large saucepan. Add tomatoes, pineapple, sugar, Worcestershire sauce, and spices. Mix well. Place over high heat, bring to a full rolling boil, and

boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and at once stir in fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Ladle quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Serve as a relish with roast beef or other meat. Makes about 10 six-ounce glasses.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### ORANGE-JUICE JELLY

(Using quick-frozen orange juice)

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup (6-ounce can) quick-frozen concentrated orange juice; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; 3 cups sugar; 1 cup water;  $\frac{1}{2}$  bottle liquid pectin.

Combine fruit juices and set aside. Measure sugar and water into a large saucepan and mix well. Place over high heat and bring to a full rolling boil, stirring constantly. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from heat. Stir in fruit pectin. Add fruit juices and mix well. Skim, then pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 5 six-ounce glasses.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### OTHER PARTY BREAKFAST IDEAS

If you have holiday breakfast parties often, vary your menus by using different fruit juices and fruits in season; serve muffins or rolls, waffles, sausages or broiled back bacon instead of bacon; creamy eggs instead of omelet. File these menus ready for future party breakfasts:

#### MENU I

Citrus Fruit Cup; Creamy Eggs; Broiled Back Bacon; Waffles and Syrup; Hot Rolls and Muffins; Apricot Marmalade; Grape Jam; Beverages.

Note: Have waffle iron and jug of batter on tray for buffet service.

#### MENU II (any season)

Assorted Whole Fruits; Ready-to-serve Cereals (individual packages); Creamed Chipped Beef and Eggs; Wholewheat and Fruit Bread Toast; Crusty Rolls; Kidney Sauté; Beverages.

Note: Fruit can be eaten as first course or combined with cereal.

#### MENU III (winter)

Sliced Oranges; Grapefruit Halves; Sausage Cakes;

Apple Sauce; Cornbread; Maple Syrup; Cheese; Assorted Breads and Toast; Prune and Apricot Compote; Beverages.

Note: Here cheese with wholewheat bread takes place of cereal and milk.

#### MENU IV (winter)

Sectioned Oranges; Bananas; Berries (Frozen); Baked Apples; Farina Porridge; Whole-grain Porridge; Syrup; Milk; Bacon Omelet; Coffee Crumb Cake; Grape Jelly; Wholewheat Date Muffins or Oat Muffins; Beverages.

Note: For buffet service, keep porridge hot over hot water on candle warmer or hot plate.

#### CITRUS FRUIT CUP

Pare with a sharp knife one large grapefruit and three large oranges. Then remove sections by cutting close to membrane. Sweeten with honey to taste and chill. To serve, arrange sections in individual sherbet glasses,

garnish with maraschino cherries and a sprig of mint. Serves six.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### CREAMY EGGS

Use 1 large egg, 2 tablespoons milk and 1 teaspoon butter, margarine or bacon fat for each serving. Melt fat in heavy frying pan. Beat eggs slightly; add milk and season with salt and pepper. Pour into hot fat and cook slowly over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened to a creamy consistency. Serve at once.

Note: Creamy eggs may also be cooked in the top of a double boiler over hot water.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### CHIPPED BEEF

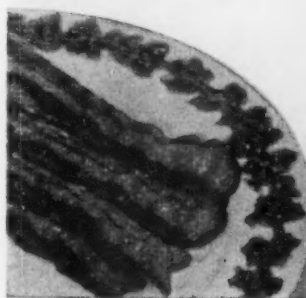
$\frac{1}{4}$  pound chipped or dried beef, thinly sliced;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup shortening;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour; few grains pepper; 2 cups milk; 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced; 6 slices or rounds of toast.

Separate slices of dried beef. Cover with water and let stand for 5 minutes.

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Canadian Breakfast!..



First Course—Libby's of course!  
Only Libby's tomatoes are "gently pressed" to bring you just the pure sweet juice of lush, ripe tomatoes — no bitterness from skin and seeds. And when you enjoy Libby's you enjoy your full complement of Vitamins A and C, of which Libby's is an excellent source. Start the day right with Libby's Tomato Juice.



What a breakfast for a hungry family: An appetizer of Libby's Tomato Juice; a sizzling plate of Swift's Premium Bacon and eggs; golden toast by Bakers of Canada spread with Allsweet; a cup of Maxwell House. Try it tomorrow morning.



Drain. Melt shortening in top of double boiler. Blend in flour and pepper. Add milk slowly and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until smooth and thick. Add beef and sliced hard-cooked eggs. Cook over hot water 10 minutes. Serve on toast. Makes 6 servings.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### KIDNEY SAUTE

Allow 1 veal or 1½ lamb kidneys per person. Buy kidneys sliced ¼ inch to ½ inch thick. Cover with salted water and soak for 30 minutes. Drain. Wipe dry and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Saute in melted butter, margarine or bacon fat for three to four minutes, turning frequently. May be served on toast. Add a little onion juice to the fat in the pan and pour over kidneys.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### SAUSAGE CAKES

Buy shaped patties or form sausage meat into firm three-inch patties about ½-inch thick. Broil or pan fry slowly, browning evenly on both sides and

cooking thoroughly. This will require about 15 minutes.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### CORN BREAD

1 cup sifted bread flour; ½ teaspoon salt; 4 teaspoons baking powder; 1 cup yellow cornmeal; ¼ cup sieved brown sugar; 1 egg, beaten; 1 cup milk; ¼ cup melted shortening.

Sift flour, measure and resift with salt and baking powder. Add cornmeal and mix. Add brown sugar and combine dry ingredients well. Combine beaten egg with milk and melted shortening. Pour wet ingredients into a well in the centre of the dry ingredients and stir together with the fewest strokes possible. Turn into greased and floured pan and bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 25 to 35 minutes.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### COFFEE CAKE

Topping: ¼ cup brown sugar; ½ teaspoon cinnamon; 1 tablespoon flour; 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine; ¼ cup chopped nuts.

Dough: 1 cup sifted bread flour; 4 teaspoons baking powder; ½ teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon cinnamon; ¼ teaspoon nutmeg; 1 cup fine wholewheat flour; 2 tablespoons granulated sugar; 4 tablespoons shortening; ½ cup raisins; 1 egg, well beaten; ⅔ cup milk.

Prepare topping by mixing brown sugar, cinnamon and flour together. Add melted butter or margarine. Mix thoroughly with a fork. Add chopped nuts.

Then sift white flour, baking powder, salt and spices into mixing bowl. Mix in wholewheat flour and sugar. Cut in shortening until mixture is mealy. Mix in raisins. Combine beaten egg and milk. Add gradually to dry ingredients, stirring lightly with a fork. Mix only till moistened. Turn into greased 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan; pat gently to spread the dough in the tin. Cover with topping. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Cut in squares and serve warm.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### BACON OMELET

Allow one large egg for each serving; for each egg add one tablespoon hot water, few grains of salt and pepper. Beat eggs slightly; beat in water and seasonings. Pour into well-greased frying pan placed over moderate heat. Cook slowly lifting with spatula occasionally to allow uncooked portion to run into bottom of pan. When of an even consistency and creamy, cook without stirring until delicately browned on bottom. Sprinkle with diced cooked bacon, fold and turn onto hot platter. Serve at once.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### DATE MUFFINS

⅔ cup sifted bread flour; 4 teaspoons baking powder; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 cup wholewheat flour; ¼ cup granulated sugar; ⅔ cup chopped dates; 1 egg, beaten; 1 cup milk; 4 tablespoons melted shortening.

Sift white flour, baking powder and salt. Add wholewheat flour and sugar. Mix chopped dates with dry ingredients. Add combined egg, milk and melted shortening. Stir just until moistened. Spoon into greased muffin tins, filling ⅔ full. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Remove from tins at

Salt brightens the flavour of food at the table, in the kitchen. Pie-crust, doughnuts, muffins, all need salt.

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Premium  
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**BRILLO**  
soap pads  
Shines Aluminum Fast  
—MORE  
SHINES  
IN EVERY PAD!

once and serve hot. Makes 8 medium  
or 12 small muffins.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### OAT MUFFINS

To 1 cup cooked oatmeal add  $1\frac{1}{2}$   
cups scalded milk. Blend thoroughly.  
Add 2 well-beaten eggs and 1 tablespoon  
melted butter or margarine. Combine  
 $1\frac{3}{4}$  cups sifted pastry flour or  $1\frac{3}{4}$   
cups sifted bread flour with 3 teaspoons  
baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and 2  
teaspoons sugar. Sift into mixing bowl  
and add milk mixture stirring only until  
blended. Bake in greased muffin tins  
in hot oven 425 deg. F. for about 15  
minutes. If desired  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped  
dates or raisins may be added. Mix  
them with the scalded milk and oat-  
meal. (Makes about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  doz. small  
muffins.)

**Note:** This is a good way to use up  
leftover oat porridge.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### WAFFLES

Mix 2 cups sifted pastry flour, 3 tea-  
spoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
and sift into mixing  
bowl. Beat 3 egg  
yolks, add 5 table-  
spoons melted butter  
or margarine and  $1\frac{1}{2}$   
cups milk. Pour into  
first mixture, stirring  
only until blended.  
Fold in 3 egg whites  
beaten until stiff but  
not dry. Pour this  
batter from a medium-  
sized jug onto hot  
waffle iron. Directions  
for preparing the  
waffle iron should be  
followed as outlined  
by the manufacturer.

**Note:** This waffle  
batter may be pre-  
pared some hours  
before or the night  
previous to a break-  
fast party but should  
be stored covered in  
refrigerator.

*Approved by  
Chatelaine  
Institute*

#### PRUNE AND APRICOT COMPOTE

Completely cover 1  
to 2 cups dried prunes  
with warm water. Let  
stand in covered  
saucepan. Prepare  
same quantity of  
dried apricots in a  
separate saucepan,  
soaking them in warm  
water to cover for  
several hours. Cook  
prunes and apricots  
separately in the liquid  
in which they were  
soaked. Bring to  
boiling then turn to  
simmer, allowing fruit  
to cook until plump.  
The time depends on  
the dryness of the  
fruit. If desired add  
1 to 2 tablespoons  
sugar to each fruit  
during cooking. Add

1 to 2 thin slices of lemon to each. When  
cooked, combine and chill. Yield: 6 to  
8 servings.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### WHOLEWHEAT NUT BREAD

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup sifted bread flour;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tea-  
spoons baking powder; 1 teaspoon  
baking soda;  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt;  $1\frac{1}{2}$   
cups wholewheat flour;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown  
sugar, firmly packed;  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup chopped  
nuts; 3 tablespoons melted shorten-  
ing;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sour milk.

Sift together into mixing bowl the  
bread flour, baking powder, baking soda  
and salt. Stir in wholewheat flour and  
brown sugar; then mix in chopped nuts.  
Add melted shortening and sour milk  
together and stir quickly to combine  
with dry ingredients. Pour batter into  
a greased  $9\frac{1}{2}$  x 4-inch loaf pan and bake  
in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for  
about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours.

**Note:**  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup raisins may be substituted  
for chopped nuts if desired.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### OAT GRIDDLE CAKES

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sifted bread flour; 1 teaspoon  
baking powder;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt; 1  
egg;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups cooked oatmeal;  $\frac{1}{2}$   
cup evaporated milk;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water;  
2 tablespoons melted bacon fat;  
butter or margarine.

Put griddle on very low heat to pre-  
warm. Sift dry ingredients into mixing  
bowl. Beat egg and stir in oatmeal and  
remaining ingredients. Add egg mixture  
to dry ingredients and stir with a few  
swift strokes until blended. Blending  
should take only about 20 seconds and  
the batter may be slightly lumpy. Test  
the griddle by letting a few drops of  
water fall on it. If the drops break into  
small beads and evaporate quickly the  
griddle is hot enough. (A lightly greased  
heavy skillet may be used in place of  
griddle.) Drop batter by spoonfuls onto  
griddle. Cook on one side until top is  
bubbly and underside is golden brown.  
Turn and cook and brown on the other  
side. Serve as soon as possible with  
syrup. Makes 12 griddle cakes.

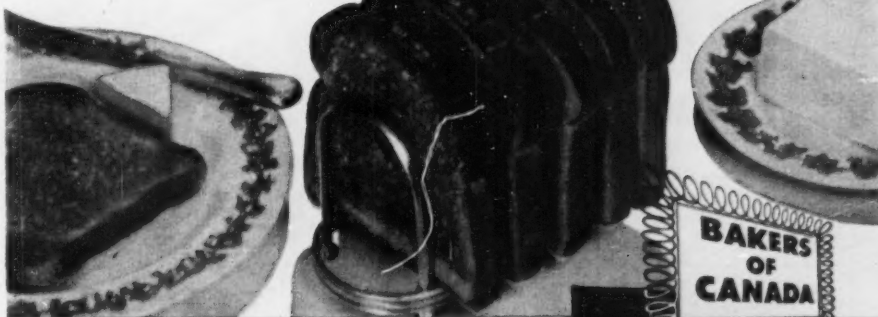
*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

...for a REAL  
Canadian Breakfast!..



**Tempting  
Golden Brown  
TOAST**

Nothing takes the place of the  
mouth-watering goodness of golden  
brown toast made with bread by  
Bakers of Canada. Each taste-  
tempting bite is an invitation  
to enjoy more and more. So be  
ready for the familiar call . . .  
**MORE TOAST PLEASE!**



Golden brown toast by Bakers of Canada topped with  
Allsweet margarine highlights the breakfast. Start with  
Libby's "gentle-press" Tomato Juice follow by delicious  
Swift's Premium Bacon and the "Good to the Last Drop"  
flavour of Maxwell House Coffee . . .

**BAKERS  
OF  
CANADA**  
BUY IT BAKED  
OVEN FRESH  
DAILY

## BEST FOOT FORWARD

Continued from page 18

stores on New York's Fifth Avenue.

It was just after the war that shoe manufacturers decided something would have to be done to put Canadian shoes on a better footing with the Canadian public. Frank Millington, managing director of the Daoust-Lalonde Company in Montreal called together fellow manufacturers and set up a board—an all-male board—to tell Canadian women just how good the Canadian-made shoes were. Although well-intentioned and hard-working, the board lacked the showmanship needed to catch the public's eye. Millington called in Beth Hammond.

The hiring conference must have set a record for brevity. "All I can remember is asking if they wanted to know how old I was," Beth recalls. "Mr. Millington looked embarrassed and said 'no' and the next thing I knew I had the job!"

Her job, Millington told her, was to prod manufacturers into making new lines, publicize the industry and per-

suade Canadian women that Canadian shoes were just as good as the U. S. kind.

Beth entered public relations without any previous experience in that field itself. But as the daughter of a homesteader from Tisdale, Saskatchewan, she had boundless energy and enthusiasm, and, as a former newspaperwoman, she knew what made a publicity story.

In fact, she had just retired after ten years as women's editor of the Family Herald and Weekly Star. The Hammond neighbors in the tree-shaded residential suburb of Montreal West thought this meant Beth was finally tiring under the strain of being a wife, mother of four energetic children, and a career woman. But that thought was quickly scuttled when this tiny dynamo of a woman whose hair shows grey only when mussed, rolled up her sleeves and tackled the biggest job of her career as head of the new shoe bureau.

Her first job was to mastermind a fashion show in Montreal. With an almost completely male audience and using glamorous models, how could she keep the men's eyes—and minds—on shoes? Beth beat this one by getting rid of the models and turning the shoes into marionettes. A miniature stage was

built and experienced puppeteers were hired. Then, to the music of "Happy Feet," the latest in shoes came romping on, tapping and bowing as though endowed with a life of their own.

The idea proved a resounding success and produced yards of newspaper copy. The Canadian shoes even kicked their way into the front page of Footwear—mouthpiece of the U. S. shoe industry.

### Feet First

Beth Hammond next invited the fashion editors of Montreal papers to a party and when they arrived ordered them to take off their shoes. Then they were told to pick out, among shoes scattered around the room, the pair they liked best. After they had put on the shoes of their choice, the fashion writers lined up behind a curtain with only their feet showing.

Each editor in turn had a look at the newly shod feet of her colleagues, and tried to guess who was wearing what. Then as identities were revealed Beth provided a running commentary on how personality traits affect choice of shoes—and the writing women gobbled it up for column after column.

Armed with her press clippings Beth asked her two hundred shoe manufacturers who were backing the new venture for a budget—which now has been raised to fifty thousand a year. She then set up an office and started barn-storming the country, preaching the gospel of Canadian shoes for Canadians from Halifax to Victoria.

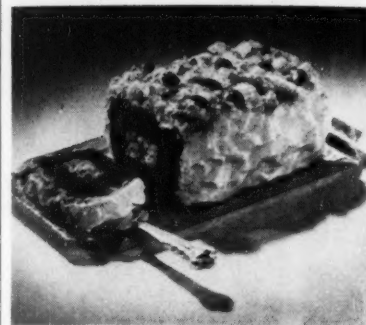
Her traveling schedule took her over 25,000 miles a year—and for every one of those miles Beth can produce at least half a foot of favorable comment on shoes. In Winnipeg shoes stepped into print when Beth charmed the press with—no, not shoes—but a new hors d'oeuvre. Tired of the soggy toast decorated with curling fish which she had too often encountered at hotel receptions, she directed the cook to serve bowls of cottage cheese—spiked with garlic, dabbed the pungent stuff eagerly on platters of crackers—and devoured the new Hammond delicacy along with her propaganda on shoes.

In Vancouver she faced a battery of highly unimpressed newspaperwomen who told her, as she started her demonstration, that nothing would convince them that Canadian shoes were any good.

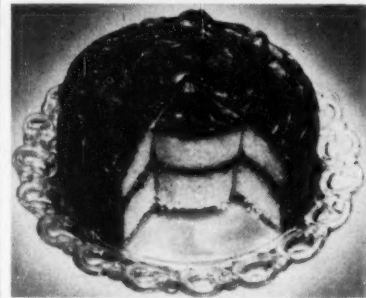
Have a party . . .

## BAKE A CAKE!

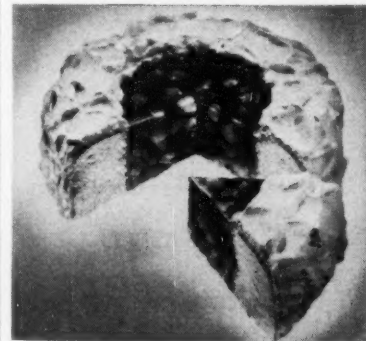
You can't risk a baking failure when company's coming, so lady, get yourself a Shirriff's Mix. You'll bake a feather-fine White cake, or a deep, dark Chocolate beauty. It's the easy, fool-proof way of getting a high, light, company quality cake every single time.



**Chocolate Roll.** Bake Shirriff's Chocolate Mix in a loaf pan. Cut a 1" slice from the top. Cut a 1"x1" hole the length of the cake. Fill this with whipped cream, chopped nuts and crushed pineapple, then replace the slice on top. Use remaining filling, or plain whipped cream for frosting. Mighty elegant eating!



**Party Cut-up.** Everybody gets a piece of Shirriff's dreamy White Cake. Cut a ring in the centre. Slice the whole cake into wedges. Then cut each piece in the outside ring in half. Makes about 15 slices. And are they good!



**Lushus Cake.** Bake Shirriff's White Cake in an angel pan. Cool. Cut out the centre to leave a ring 2" wide. Mix 1 tin drained fruit cocktail with 1 package partly set Lushus jelly. Fill centre of cake. Chill 2 hours, frost with whipped cream. It's delicious.

Everybody loves

## SHIRRIFF'S

CHATELAINE—NOVEMBER, 1952

...for a REAL  
Canadian Breakfast!..



Swift's  
**Allsweet**  
MARGARINE

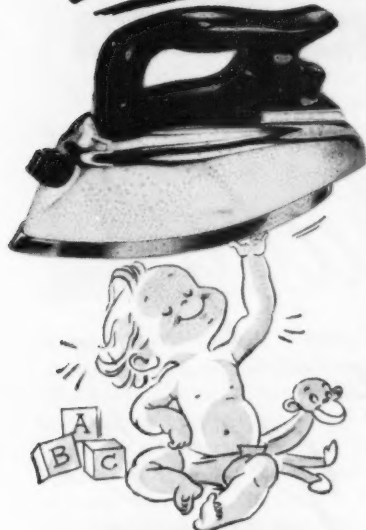
Tempting topping for a hearty nourishing breakfast — Allsweet! the favourite spread for the family bread in hundreds of thousands of homes! EXTRA: Delicate, naturally flavoured Allsweet has the same high nutritional value all year 'round.



Recipe for an energy-packed breakfast: Allsweet Margarine lavished on toast by Bakers of Canada, Libby's Tomato Juice — Swift's Premium Bacon and Swift's Brookfield Eggs — and Maxwell House Coffee!



**LIGHTEST!**



**SILEX**  
*Air-Lift*  
**Steam Iron**

The lightest you can buy . . . your best buy . . . the new Silex Steam Iron . . . a featherweight . . . just 2 1/4 lbs! And tops in performance. Holds more water, gives more steam, has more ironing surface than any other iron. Uses tap water, too. Get the new Silex Steam Iron today.

**Thrifty! Thriftier! THRIFFIEST!**



**SILEX**  
**Coffeemaker**

64 cups instead of 40 . . . from every pound, and every sip rich, flavorful, delicious! Go Silex and save on every coffee dollar! Models from 2 to 8 cups size. Red, yellow or black trim. Insist on a Silex Coffee-maker — accept no substitute.

**NEW! SILEX**  
**Carafe**



For gracious coffee serving! Of sparkling, heat-resistant glass, with gold-striped black vinylite neck. Smart table mat. 8 and 12 cup size.

**THE SILEX COMPANY LTD.**  
ST. JOHNS, QUE.

Beth persevered in the face of this, with facts, figures and plain female-talk to win over the news-writers. Reporter Edith McConnell Murray's story in the next day's Vancouver News Herald which ran for nearly two full columns and ended with the lyrical pronouncement: "Yes, I am certainly sold on Canadian shoes—and so will you be."

But the best publicity can sometimes backfire. Beth ruefully remembers another Vancouver interview which raved about the shoe promoter as well as her product, describing her as "sharp as a stiletto and smooth as Fraser Valley honey." The next night when Beth was on the platform before a large crowd she had lured to hear about shoes, someone with as keen a sense as she has for publicity presented her with a keg of Fraser Valley honey. In the subsequent news stories shoes lost out to Fraser Valley honey by several thousand words.

Right now Beth is relaxing after staging the biggest style show of her career. For four days last month the Shoe and Leather Fair filled Toronto's Royal York Hotel with 1,200 shoe manufacturers, tanners and buyers. This was the second fair. The first one took place last year in Montreal and was such a success that it has become an annual event.

This time the problem of getting people to look at shoes was overcome by staging a cancan dance in which the audience could see only legs and shoes, through an artfully arranged hole in a curtain. In another demonstration Beth dressed models in identical grey and had the spotlight play on the widely varied shoes the models wore. Then as the girls walked down the runway, colored slides of the shoes were flashed on giant screens.

Besides producing the annual shoe fair, shuttling across the country, and keeping up with her mountainous desk work, Beth turned school-teacher last year to two hundred shoe salesmen. Through the Footwear Institute, shoe salesmen all over Canada have been taking correspondence courses on the science of fitting, the art of selling, etc. Every month two hundred test papers pile up in Beth's office for correction. Each salesman (or his store) pays \$15 for the course and an exam fee of \$5. The project was so successful that Beth has been swamped by 500 eager applicants for this year's course.

To accomplish all this Beth Hammond puts in a day that would strain the constitution of a stevedore. She starts at 7.30 with a cigarette and a cup of coffee. Three packs and fifteen cups later, she has probably jigsawed into her schedule: several meetings with shoe manufacturers, one hundred phone calls (to printers, display people, reporters, the public) a business lunch or a hasty sandwich taken at her desk, a visit to a shoe plant and a speech to a women's group.

Late at night when the office is quiet, she plans projects for the future, or updates the card-index file that keeps her fact-perfect on names, hobbies, number of children, etc., of the people she meets in her business. Or perhaps she re-works one of her fifteen-minute talks into a pamphlet such as she mails thousands of a year to schools, parent-teacher organizations, health, educational and consumer groups.

Sometimes, as the evening hours flit by, she even forgets to go home. One night, when she was working on the French version of her annual report her husband phoned and said, "Aren't you ever coming home? It's 2 a.m."

Often, even in bed, she can't sleep

for thinking over future plans. If sleep is clearly impossible she will crawl out of bed about 3 a.m. and bake a pie to relax her nerves. Then she generally "sleeps like a baby" until 7.30 a.m., when another day begins.

**She Stole Her Man**

Is all this frenetic activity paying off for the shoe industry? Pierre Brouillet, executive vice-president of the manufacturers, thinks it is. Leaders in the business claim people are taking a more intelligent interest in the shoes they buy. "People used to complain about Canadian shoes being no good," says one of these. "Now, they come to us and tell us specifically what it is they dislike. This gives us a chance to set them straight if they are wrong, or do something about the trouble if they are right. That is all any industry can ask."

Beth, who now inspires thousands of newspaper stories a year, had a tough time getting her foot in the newspaper door. Brought up in a Saskatchewan farmhouse that boasted only two books, the Bible and Shakespeare, and with a father who frowned on "scribbling,"

*Continued on page 38*

...for a **REAL**  
*Canadian Breakfast!..*

**MAXWELL HOUSE Coffee**

*For the crowning touch in enticing fragrance and rich, satisfying coffee goodness, be sure to serve MAXWELL HOUSE*

"Good to the Last Drop" flavour makes Maxwell House the perfect beverage for your breakfast of Libby's Tomato Juice, Swift's Premium Bacon and eggs, toast by the Bakers of Canada and Allsweet.

# My baby's first year

By JUNE CALLWOOD

Photos by Ken Bell



**June: 1st month** — The day we brought Jenny home from the hospital she was asleep. This is a delusion all hospitals contrive for their maternity patients—a serene and silent little bundle of bones and blanket—in order to send the parents away full of confidence and zest. Jennifer Anne Frayne is our third baby, our second daughter, so we were well aware that she was nothing less than a six-pound time bomb, set to go off just as we would be getting to sleep that night. We also knew that in her first year she would spread a havoc of sterilizers, diaper pails, carriages and plastic rattles through our home, alienate our neighbors, shatter our sleep and fill our lives with wonder and delight.

At birth, late in May, Jennifer weighed five pounds, fifteen ounces, and measured eighteen inches, a runt in comparison with the average for girl babies of seven pounds and nineteen and a half inches. I was able to nurse her and when

we left the hospital five days after she was born she was already back to her birth weight. Her head and forehead were covered with long black hair, which also grew in profusion on her back, her face was florid and sprinkled with tiny white pimples and the skin on her scrawny curved feet was peeling. She was absolutely gorgeous.

Jenny's fussy time turned out to be between the six o'clock and ten o'clock feedings at night. In the motherhood business, fussy is a code word meaning the baby is screaming her head off. We soothed our savage infant by driving her through the twilight streets or jiggling her on the edge of our springiest chair. We tried letting her



cry it out, a system highly regarded by people who have no children, but Jennifer was able to summon up sufficient strength to cry the entire four hours, if necessary, and we were unable to match her stamina and listen to it. The other twenty hours she slept and grew perceptibly fatter and became tanned in the summer sun.

Like all babies Jenny came home from the hospital in newly knitted nylon; but like all third babies her wardrobe soon featured handed-down underwear and shrunken booties.

We had no jealousy problem with our daughter Jill, who was six years old and maternally minded, or with our son Barney, who was three and soft-hearted. One afternoon when they were eating popsicles they were both struck with horror to realize the baby wasn't having one. "Wouldn't it be awful to be a baby, Barney?" Jill gasped. Barney solemnly agreed. "Poor wittle Jennifer," he mourned.



**July: 2nd month** — When Jenny was two months old it became necessary to put her on a diet. The Peanut, as her daddy called her, had gained four pounds, nearly a pound too much, and had grown a phenomenal two and a half inches. Creases were appearing in the fat of her wrists and thighs. We cut her down from five to four feedings a day and were rewarded by a satisfied little mite who slept twelve hours at night and no longer split our eardrums with four-hour concerts. One morning she smiled at us in her bath and our hearts turned over. After that she smiled at her transfixed mommy fairly regularly.

Her normal expression, in this period, was one of incredulous wonder. She was astounded by the movement before her eyes of a pair of pink

fists, which happened to belong to her, and the first time she heard herself utter a cooing sound her eyebrows shot up and she lay still for a moment in stunned astonishment. Her eyes now turned a dark brown and learned to focus, instead of regarding life independently of one another.

Since she was awake for longer stretches in the afternoon, a parade of little people coming to view her became a built-in feature of our home. The rubber-neckers, all under seven years of age, were advised by Jenny's next of kin to watch her as long as they liked so long as they kept their hands behind their backs.

"This is not a toy, you know," Jill would say earnestly to the admiring throng. "It's a real HUMAN BEEN."





**August: 3rd month** — Jenny was bathed in the kitchen sink, an experience we both enjoyed. Our doctor's instructions about the bath routine of swabbing ears, nostrils, mouth and ears with various solutions contained the footnote to the effect that if these details made the mother nervous they could be omitted. This, for us, was like a recipe for biscuits which says in conclusion, "Prepared mixes make satisfactory biscuits as well." Jenny's bath routine instantly became as streamlined as my baking.

Our daughter, now known as Squirmy, could turn her head at the sound of a familiar voice and would beam idiotically at moving branches of the trees or a red cookie jar. She was drinking her orange juice from a cup, a messy process



she endured because she loved the taste of orange juice to distraction.

Her nighties now were reserved exclusively for nighttime and Jenny emerged daily in batiste dresses, petticoats, shoes and socks, looking like an angel-food cake.

Jenny slept on her stomach constantly and wept bitterly if she happened to topple herself over on her back by lifting her wobbly head too high. The soft hair on the sides of her head began to wear off, but there was still an ample supply on her back and shoulders. Our older children continued to be deeply sympathetic that she was so young. Perched on the high stool at a soda fountain, Barney once remarked, "Jenny can't come here, can she? She'd fall off."



**September: 4th month** — Shortly after Jenny entered her fourth month she awakened one night apparently bent on having a midnight feeding. The next night she awoke at ten, hungry and extremely embittered. The following night when she also required a two a.m. feeding we knew that the time had come to administer Mother's Best Friend: Pabulum, the great anaesthetizer. Jennifer promptly settled down to a three-meal-a-day routine with a night feeding around eleven o'clock. Around the middle of the month she was shifted from breast to bottle feedings without apparently being aware of the change. Our obstetrician was delighted at this move. "Three months is long enough to nurse a baby," she commented. "Some of these fool baby doctors have mothers nursing until they are crawling around on their hands and knees."

When she was four months old Jenny weighed eleven pounds, nine ounces and was almost twenty-three inches long. Our pediatrician observed caustically that if she weighed any more she would be as wide as she was high. We cut down on her cereal feedings.

Our baby showed a positive flair for crawling upside down and backwards at this age, digging her heels into the rug when we placed her on the floor and humping along until her head met an immovable force, like the radio. One afternoon we searched the room frantically for a full minute before we found her under an end table.

When Jenny was placed on her stomach she was strong enough to prop the upper part of her body on stiffened arms and look around with an expression that verged on intelligent. She



Continued on next page

Small wonder  
his appetite's so BIG...



...he's a PABLUM baby!

It's a delight to see how eagerly your baby finishes all his Pablum® cereal.

Most of all, you're pleased because the added vitamins and minerals in Pablum cereals help build Baby's health—and because you know that so many thousands of doctors the world over prescribe them.

Made by specialists in infant nutrition for almost half a century, Pablum cereals are more delicious and digestible than ever thanks to an exclusive new process.

And so easy—no cooking! Just add formula or milk and serve. And for your convenience, of all baby cereals, only Pablum packages have the "Handy-Pour" spout.

Remember, there are four nourishing Pablum cereals to give baby the flavor variety that helps keep his appetite hearty. Get them at your drug or grocery store today.

**A Word of Counsel**—Health is your child's most precious possession. Protect it by taking him regularly to your doctor.

MEAD JOHNSON & CO. OF CANADA  
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

For the most precious person in your life



Pablum is a registered trademark  
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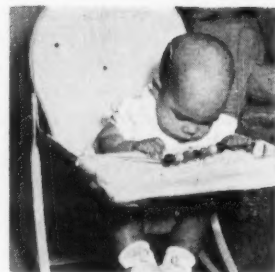


loved to lie in her carriage on her back and watch a suspended toy swinging in the breeze over her head. She would make small, curled-in batting motions at it, trying to co-ordinate the erratic movements of her opened hands so she could touch the toy. One time she reached up and touched my face and we were both caught for an instant in the enchantment of it.

By this time Jenny had experienced two colds, both lovingly administered by her older brother and sister who could never entirely be dissuaded from kissing her. She complained at great length during these periods because she was unable to breathe through her mucus-clogged nose and couldn't use her mouth for breathing since she reserved this exclusively for finger sucking. Her father now called her Curly, mostly because she had a hairdo like that of a wet seal.

#### October: 5th month —

Jenny, at five months, reached for toys, faces, beads and earrings with a do or die expression and only haphazard accuracy. She laughed heartily, with a hoarse baby laugh, when her tummy was kissed. She loved to play with her feet so one day I sewed jingle bells to the toes of her soft fabric shoes and she was so enthralled I'm sure if she could have voted I would have been elected Mother of the Year.



We found that the night bottle feeding gave us an excellent barometer on the state of our daughter's stomach. If she slept through without requiring it, then obviously she was well fed; but if she wakened early and cried lustily it was time to strengthen the formula. When the formula was as strong as it could go for her age and she still needed a night feeding we added an egg yolk, crushed to a powder, to her cereal. The tiny lumps horrified her at first but she soon accepted them philosophically. Later we gave her half a tin of strained vegetables with her noon bottle. This settled the problem of the night bottle forever and thereafter she ate like a normal human, three times a day.

Both children were permitted to hold their tiny sister whenever she was awake. Jill held her as she holds her dolls, tenderly and with deep affection, but Barney held on grimly, terrified that she would slip through his arms and fall on the floor. Jenny responded to his embrace with dismay, but he gallantly overlooked her lack of appreciation. "You know why Jenny loves me so much?" Barney asked his daddy one morn-



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Your carpet is the most important item in your decorating schemes. Choose it carefully . . . for appearance . . . for wear. You'll find no carpet offers you so much pleasure and comfort *for so long a time* as a Harding! Choose from a variety of patterns in traditional all wool weaves or exciting new Harding blends —at prices to suit any pocket. The Harding label is your guarantee of *value*—in looks and luxury for years to come.

Write to Harding Carpets Limited, Brantford,  
Ontario, for information on where you can purchase  
Harding Carpets in your community.

## Harding's Carvecraft Broadloom—

*the perfect foundation for your decorating schemes . . . a high-pile sculptured texture with that hand-crafted look. The new tone-on-tone gives you plain colour and pattern in one carpet.*

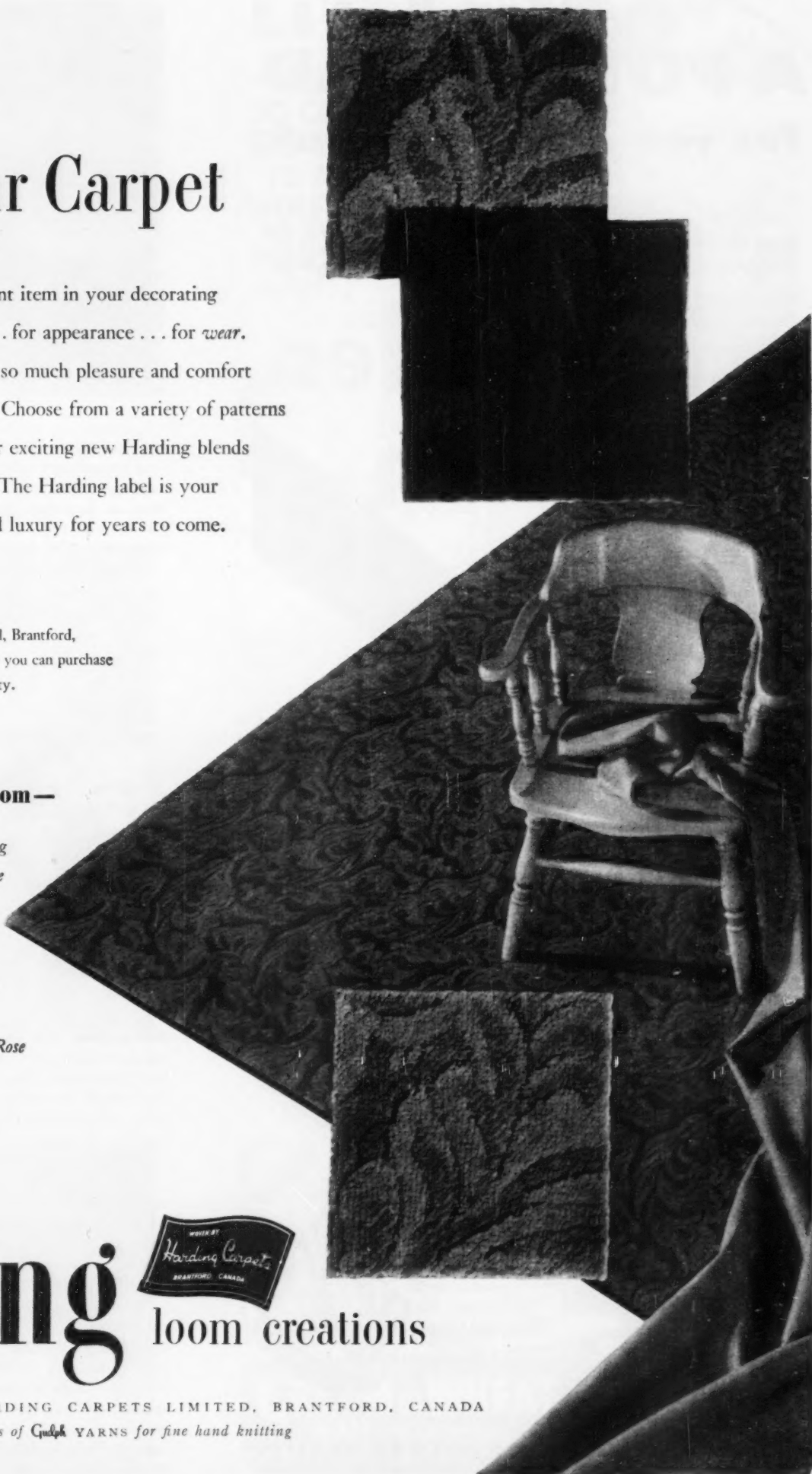
*Loomed to last by skilled Canadian craftsmen from finest selected wools. Obtainable in Beige, Green, Mulberry Rose and Grey . . . 27", 36", 9' and 12' seamless widths.*

# Harding



loom creations

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*Also manufacturers of Gude's YARNS for fine hand knitting*



# A POT OF GOLD for you in every tin of

See how every plump kernel  
gleams like new-minted gold.

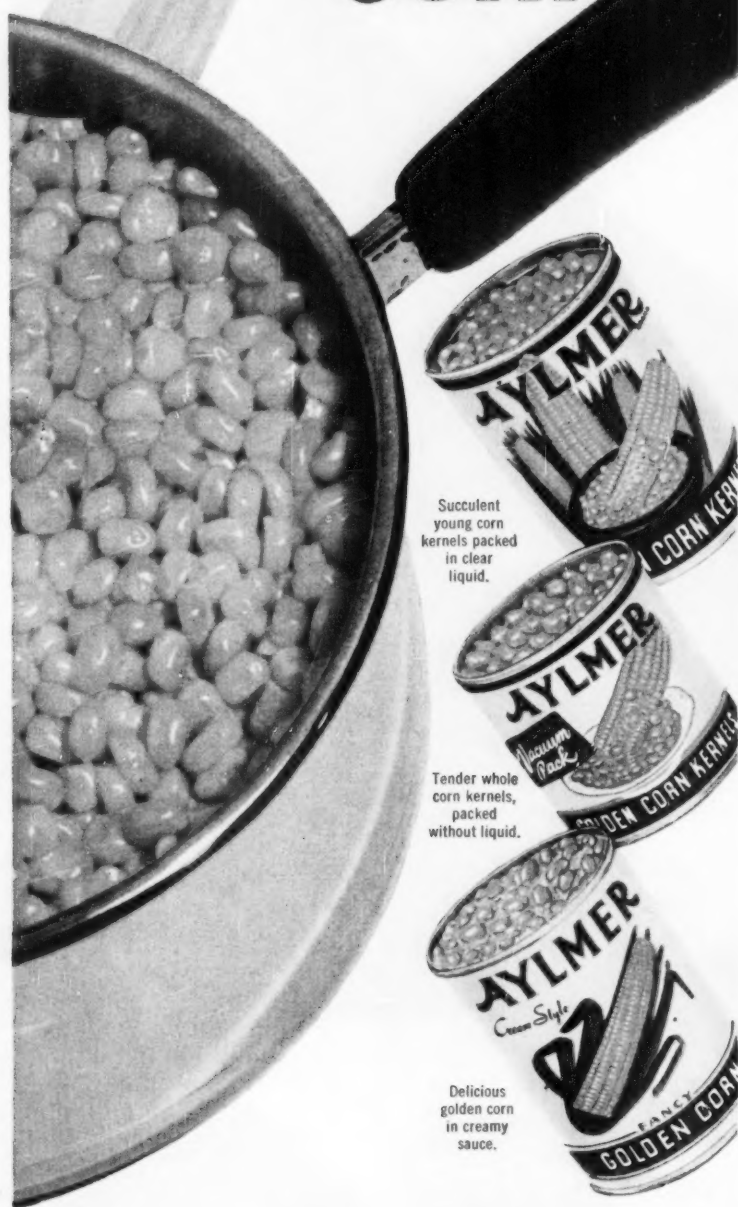
Aylmer picks corn when it's  
young and sweet... when the

Summer sun has swelled  
each green ear to bursting

... yet the corn inside  
is succulently-tender.

Try one of these three Aylmer  
favorites today.

# Aylmer Golden Corn



Succulent  
young corn  
kernels packed  
in clear  
liquid.

Tender whole  
corn kernels,  
packed  
without liquid.

Delicious  
golden corn  
in creamy  
sauce.

**YOUR FAMILY DESERVES AYLMER QUALITY**

Aylmer Products, Hamilton and Vancouver



ing. "It's because I never hurt her." And he never did either.

Jenny enjoyed yelling exuberantly but her first acoustical masterpiece was a spluttering, drenching Bronx cheer. She often sat in a sling chair we bought her, slouched over and gravely pondering some beads, and this practice enabled her toward the end of the month to sit alone for a delirious instant.

In the evenings while we ate our dinner Jenny would sit propped up in the corner of the chesterfield and study her hands. Then we would all wash and powder her and she would be kissed by everyone and put to bed. "I think she's bigger tonight," Jill would comment. "It won't be long before she'll be able to play with me."



**November: 6th month**—When Jennifer was six months old she weighed fifteen pounds, eleven ounces, and was almost twenty-five inches long. Babies are expected to double their birth weight around five months of age and triple it in a year. Jenny had outdone herself and had almost tripled her birth weight in six months. We considered a small rowing machine for a Christmas gift.

Jenny sat up for longer periods now and had an endearing habit of toppling over in the grand manner, without changing expression or losing interest in the toy she was holding. She probably assumed the room was being tipped around her but that she was perfectly safe. This fallacy also kept her mercifully relaxed whenever she chanced to fall off the bed.

In other matters she was not at all relaxed. Dressing her was like trying to clothe an agitated octopus. She reached for the powder as her dress was slipping over her head and pumped her legs vigorously when her shoes were being tied. She played with her favorite toys, cigarette boxes, measuring spoons and key rings, with enormous energy, shouting and gurgling at them to hold still. The older children delightedly catered to her sophisticated taste for Roy Rogers pistols and Wetums dolls. Jennifer had a good time.



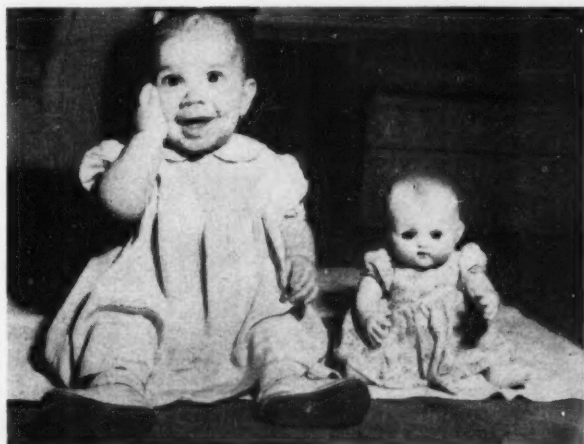
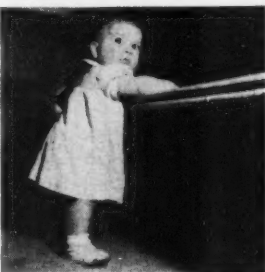


**December: 7th month** — Toilet training was instituted at our house when Jennifer was sitting steadily. We discovered that this accomplishment gave no assurance that she was entirely aware of all the functions of her sit-down area. She loved to try standing up—with lots of outside support—on her stubby little legs. Her personality began to bloom and she became such a friendly little party that her father dropped all his derisive nicknames and began calling her the Little Card. Jill's only comment on Jenny's emerging good looks was the fervent hope that the baby wouldn't have curly hair. It seemed extremely unlikely.



**January: 8th month**

— Around this period Barney began to show his only signs of jealousy. He would pause in the midst of pulling on his shoes to observe, "I don't wet my pants like Jennifer does, do I?"; or while drinking his milk he would comment, "Jennifer can't drink out of a glass like I can, can she?" Sometimes he crawled in our laps and announced that he was a baby. The climax came one day when he marched into the kitchen and requested very seriously, "Mommy, when I get bigger will you give me



# LI'L ABNER<sup>by</sup> AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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a real gun so I can shoot Jennifer?" The trouble was overcome easily with liberal doses of maternal and paternal love. Jenny was wearing real shoes now, and standing alone when propped against the furniture.

She had a dreary habit of pulling herself to her feet in her crib and getting stranded. We left her in the hope that she would learn to lower her padded bottom, but our Jennifer was all muscle and hung on interminably and wept. Worst of all, as soon as she was rescued she would sigh deeply, and pull herself up again.

**February: 9th month** — Jennifer's height was now twenty-seven inches and she weighed a blubbery eighteen pounds three ounces. She grew one lower tooth when she was eight months old and the other the day afterward. We discovered both while we were fishing wads of paper from the back of her throat. Jenny was very strong for tissue paper—much preferred to newsprint—and was very hot against baby toys, having her diaper changed and being dressed or undressed.

Jennifer could now put her feet on the floor while in her sling chair and stand up. She even attempted moving her feet in the general attitudes of walking, but she would be completely balked if one foot happened to stand on top of the other.

She had been inoculated against tetanus, diphtheria and whooping cough and the family was waiting breathlessly for medical science to cure the common cold, of which Jennifer had already had four.

**March: 10th month** — This was the month of the Great Earache, when Jenny's temperature soared to one hundred and five, her fat melted away and her gay personality splintered. The ear discharged for a time, finally healed and left the baby free to concentrate on rolling over, at which she rapidly was becoming proficient, and learning to walk the length of her crib.

We are of the school of child training which holds it permissible to spank, and our previous experience with Jill and Barney has led us to



believe that a baby can be taught right and wrong by a firm "No," followed if necessary by a firmer "No!," followed if necessary by slapping the baby's hand lightly. Jennifer learned the meaning of the first "No" almost instantly and we rarely had to tap her hands.

**April: 11th month** — The day after she was nine months old, Jenny had grown three top teeth. By the end of her tenth month she could pull herself up on furniture and step briskly along it, holding on, in gimlet-eyed pursuit of some delicacy like her brother's cowboy hat. She crawled around the house with great abandon, pausing only to test the swaying of the doors or taste the fluff on the rug. Her crawling motion was a peculiar thing, all forearms and knees, with her hands curled up daintily. And with a finger to hang onto, Jenny would stagger tirelessly all over the house. Her diet was no gourmet's delight—strained vegetables, meat and fruit, bacon, banana, custard pudding, cereal and

soft-boiled egg—but it gained in variety. She had some tricks now: She could whistle, blow her nose, paticake, wave by-by and say "Mama-mamama," the latter usually addressed to her father. She adored playing peek with a scarf draped over her head and frequently withdrew from the bothersome world by putting her brother's cowboy hat over her head and shoulders.

**May: 12th month** — On Jennifer's first birthday she weighed eighteen pounds, thirteen ounces, a gain of only ten ounces in three months; and still at twenty-seven inches, she hadn't grown at all. This leveling off was greeted by her family with warm congratulations and her new streamlined figure enabled her to walk around hanging on to the furniture more agilely, stand alone on her stumpy legs for brief moments and crawl rapidly enough to reach her objective before she forgot where she was going.

We put away her nursing bottles but she responded with unexpected tenacity. For ten days she drank no milk at all rather than use a cup. We stood firm. So did Jennifer. On the 11th day she gave in, drank two cups at once.

She had gained seven teeth in this first year, and had lost a lipstick red birthmark on her abdomen.

Our method of discipline had worked and Jenny crawled past magazines, bookcases, ash trays, ornaments, electric cords and the garbage pail without giving them a glance. In such matters she proved sweetly reasonable, an attitude we suspect owes much to the assurance she always has that she is deeply loved. When we check on our children late at night to cover them up, remove the doll gently from Jill's arms and put Barney's arsenal at the foot of his bed, we stand for a minute beside the small fragrant lump that is our baby and a feeling goes through us that is compounded of laughter and adoration and nostalgia. Jenny's growing up.+





# Whatever you want to sew, you'll sew it better on a SINGER!

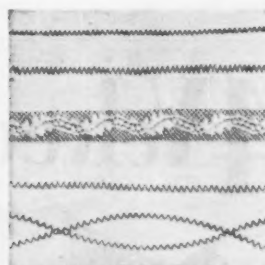
## PRETTY CLOTHES FOR YOURSELF OR THE CHILDREN



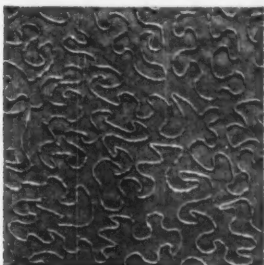
**Ruffles, Gathers, Pleats** — your SINGER forms them as it stitches!



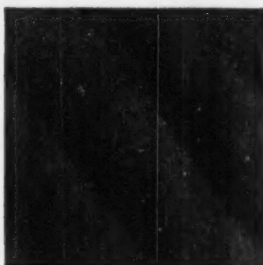
**Buttonholes, Zippers** — a SINGER puts 'em in almost automatically!



**Zigzag Stitch** — simply perfect for decorative effects, setting in lace.



**Metallic Stitch** — for party-dress glamour; a SINGER fashion stitch.

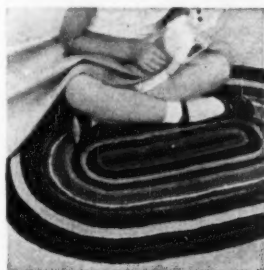


**Quilting** — fashionable and fast. For jackets, skirts, bedspreads.



**Spark Stitch** — looks hand-done on dress or blouse; takes only minutes.

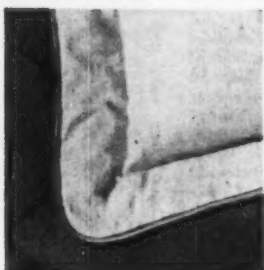
## DECORATIVE FURNISHINGS FOR YOUR HOME



**Rugs** — loop or tuft style. Easy inexpensive to make on a SINGER.



**Cording** — for slip covers, tailored suits. Simple the SINGER way.



**Binding** — sew on one or more rows, same or different widths, at once.



**Etching Stitch** — for monograms; gay motifs on towels, table mats.



**Invisible Hems** — faster than hand; almost invisible on right side.



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Continued from page 29  
her literary ambitions seemed doomed to failure. After a depressing period as a schoolteacher and a stretch as a dentist's assistant, she took all her savings (twenty-five dollars) and bought a ticket to Calgary, where she was unable to persuade either of the local newspapers to give her the job she coveted.

But the adventure paid off in another direction—she met her husband there. Ernest Hammond was taking out the

girl Beth moved in with. "Perhaps it was theft," Beth recalls, "but I took him over."

While working for a trust company during the day, Beth spent her evenings as an unpaid, volunteer reporter with the Calgary *Albertan* to get experience. Finally she landed a real job with the *Edmonton Journal*, but eventually quit as most working girls do to marry and settle down. Raising her four babies kept her busy for a few years. First born was Joan, now twenty-two and a

promising career girl in radio. A year later Carol came along to be followed next by Jane, and two years later by Gary, now in the RCA.

Ernest Hammond's job as a salesman kept the family moving all over Canada—from Edmonton to Victoria, to Toronto and finally to Montreal. It was after the move to Montreal, and as her children began to grow up, that Beth went back into the newspaper business, with the *Family Herald* and *Weekly Star*.

When neighbors criticized her for neglecting her children, Ernest took her aside and said. "Listen Beth, I am the one you have to please. If I am happy with you working, no one else's opinion should worry you."

Beth never gave the neighbors a second thought after that. The Hammond family really didn't have time to feel neglected. The four youngsters made their big house in Montreal a rendezvous for neighborhood children—and for pets of all descriptions. At one time, besides the six Hammonds and one housekeeper, the house contained two canaries, four turtles, two cats, two dogs, four rabbits and twenty-eight pigeons.

Beth "retired" from newspaper work only to set new endurance records with the Shoe Information Bureau, because she loves the fast-paced life, the irregular hours, the travel and the constant meeting with new people that are part of her job. She admits the job plays havoc with her personal life sometimes. With Ernest traveling almost as much as she does, Beth finds they have far too little time together—often just a day every few weeks, and they are likely to spend that whenever their paths cross, in Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver.

Once, right in the middle of shooting a film on foot health, Beth belatedly remembered that it was her husband's birthday. She rushed out of the office to get home before he did, and bake him a birthday cake. The cake came out of the oven looking beautiful, but just as she was going to put it on the table she thought of another idea for the film—and dropped the cake.

"We ate it next day as bread pudding," she recalls laughing.

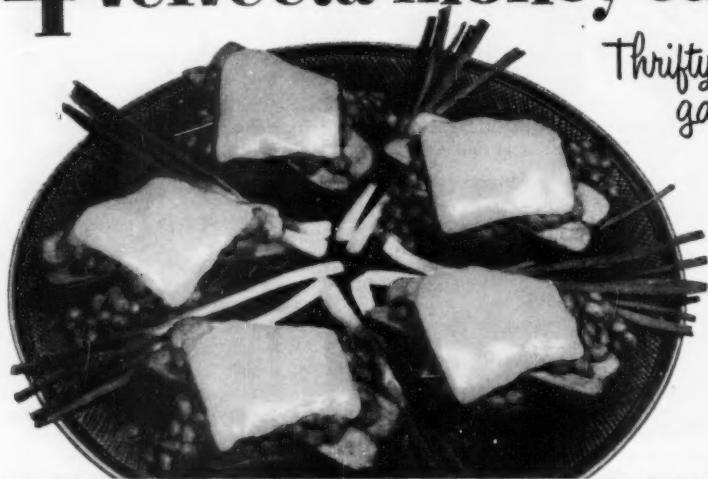
As for that old question of whether a woman can run a career and a family successfully, Beth tells this story. "About a year ago," she says, "we decided to sell the house and move into an apartment. When I was away Joan, my oldest daughter, found a place she thought would do."

"When I got back I liked it too, and phoned the landlord to ask if he wanted references. 'Mrs. Hammond,' he said, 'I don't need any references from anyone who could raise as nice a girl as Joan.'"

That testimonial gave Beth Hammond greater satisfaction than anything she ever accomplished in her professional career as reporter, columnist, publicist—or shoe salesman. +

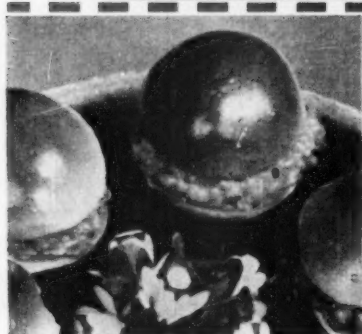
## 4 Velveeta money-saver specials

Thrifty main-dish sandwiches, gala party ideas—all packed with food values!



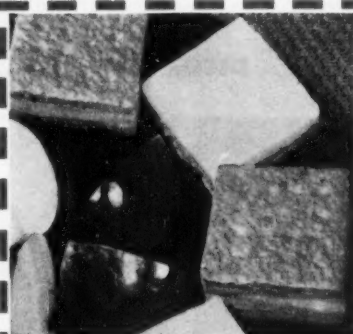
### For a hearty, thrifty main dish

**Boston Sandwiches** (at left). Partially split five frankfurters lengthwise and place each on a slice of dark rye bread. Fill each frankfurter with heated baked beans. Cover with a slice of Velveeta cut from the handy 2-lb. loaf; bake in moderate oven (350°) till Velveeta melts. Serve hot, garnished with green onions for a real he-man sandwich.



### Velveeta gets party-fancy here

**Hawaiian Sandwiches** (below). Spread halves of toasted buns with peanut butter. Cover each with a well-drained pineapple slice and a generous slice of Velveeta cut from 2-lb. loaf. Place in moderate oven (350°) or under moderate broiler heat till Velveeta melts. Arrange on chop plate; garnish with maraschino cherries. Here's a really exotic flavor combination: Velveeta's rich yet mild cheddar cheese flavor, sweet-tart pineapple and peanut butter!



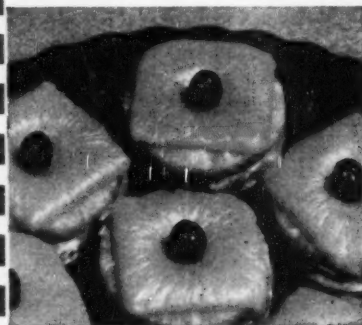
### The children's four o'clock special

**Dairy Lunch** (above). Here's a popular combination for after-school snacks: Velveeta, graham crackers, apple wedges and milk. But the best part of it is, this combination is a "power house" of important nutrients from milk that children need! And this pasteurized process cheese food is as digestible as milk itself! Keep the 2-lb. Velveeta loaf handy for wholesome snacks like these.

### Saturday nighter

**Savory Rolls** (above). Grind together ½ lb. Velveeta, 1 small onion, 1 medium green pepper and 6 slices broiled bacon. Add ½ cup undiluted condensed tomato soup, ½ tsp. salt, dash of cayenne and Worcestershire sauce.

Split 6 buns and spread half of each with the Velveeta mixture. Cover with bun tops and put in moderately hot oven (400°) till filling melts. Serve hot, garnished with radish roses. Smart idea for teenagers' parties and your guests, too!



**Did you know** that Velveeta sandwiches can help get more food values from milk into your daily meals? Just 2 ounces of Velveeta provides nearly twice as much protein and twice as much vitamin A as a 6-ounce glass of milk! One-and-a-half times as much calcium and riboflavin! Three times as much phosphorus! Get the 2-lb. Velveeta loaf and try all these special sandwiches!

VELVEETA IS THE QUALITY CHEESE FOOD  
MADE ONLY BY

**KRAFT**



find ready use in living rooms and bedrooms in a larger house. Care in selection now will avoid waste later.

It is not necessary for furniture to be of any one particular period throughout a house, or even a single room. Provided articles are fairly uniform in size and scale, they may be interchanged and still achieve pleasing new combinations. If you do wish to furnish your entire home according to a certain period style, go very slowly in deciding on your style (you're going to live with it everywhere) and in choosing reproductions of individual pieces which are true to the original. On the other hand, if you have just achieved your desire for a simply styled modern house and your teen-age



daughter develops a passion for an ornate iron bedstead, frilly curtains and a slant-top Victorian desk, even these extremes can live side by side in the same house if harmony of color is retained.

The young working-girl should certainly be allowed to furnish her own room with her own earnings, for she will learn a lot in the process and her first purchases may provide her with a start for her own house someday. When that day comes there will be no complaints of "This is some old stuff from the family's house, but as soon as we can get what we want . . ." It will be their own "stuff" and with encouragement and guidance it can serve them for a lifetime.

The low-cost contribution which plants and flowers can make to the decoration of a home should never be overlooked; blossoms, flowers and sprays of leaves are easily come by. In the winter there are still evergreens to "deck our halls." At all seasons there are inexpensive plants whose decorative dark green leaves flatter any color scheme—anywhere in the house.

Use them in the hall to say welcome and in your living room to add graciousness. Use them on your dining-room table or sideboard, on radiator covers, windowsills, dressing tables, or bedroom chests—also in your kitchen if you have a place for them where they will not be in the way.

Fern stands vanished from most homes because they became monstrosities of fretwork, brass and wicker whose ostentatious ugliness defeated the beauty of the plant or flowers they were supposed to show off. But the idea is still a good one and simple pedestals made of classic columns of wood, finished to your room color or in natural wood tones, can be ordered at any lumber mill or cabinet shop. Wrought iron stands much stronger than their delicate lines imply will grace either a modern or period room. Slim square pillars with mirrored sides apparently dissolve into your walls.

Have you an awkward corner in your living room whose one forlorn straight chair proves only that you ran out of ideas here? Try a simple fern-stand behind the chair, and on it put a large bowl displaying a variety of green plants. It will turn your barren corner into a little oasis.

Do not let flowers or plants block the light coming through your windows. Rather let them cup the light in low bowls. In modern homes large potted plants look well on the floor beneath picture windows, where there is no radiator.

Put your plants in attractive containers that harmonize with your accessories. A pretty teapot that has lost its lid, a sugar bowl with no top, or a gravy boat with a shaky handle, makes an attractive plant holder on a small table.

Now let us look at those rooms which play a special role in achieving inter-room harmony—your halls.

Your front hall is the handshake of your house and will decide whether the welcome it offers is to be formal or informal, cheerfully warm or dignified. But whatever your preference is be sure that its welcome is also gracious.

Whether your hall is a spacious one or merely a place where the contractor has economized to give you a larger

living area, good decorating can lend it charm. And you may indulge your liking for gay colors, large patterned papers, amusing or stylized decor. For here your clue is found in nature's halls, the colorful sunsets and sunrise which introduce us to night and morning. They are flamboyant, bold and beautiful and much too exciting to go on all day but we'd hate to miss them. Just as they are the interval between our day and evening lives, so our halls are intervals between the rooms we

spend our time in. Their decoration can be bold in color and design if it delights you because you will not be in them enough to be wearied. Their colors must relate to those of the rooms they link, but these may be intensified so as to stimulate and as gay as you please.

Big, old dark halls may be transformed with light paints and wall papers to become bright and hospitable instead of gloomy. In this type of hall, where there is always ample room for chests or

tables, table lamps will add cheeriness. One large hall I know became the friendliest room in the house when an old upright piano, which was an eyesore anywhere else, was fitted into an ample niche cut under the central staircase. The keyboard was flush with the wall, a light fitted to the ceiling of the niche shone on the music rack when singsongs were in order, and the singers sat about in chairs and chests and on the stairs themselves.

*Continued from page 47*

# SWEET CAPS

*are always*

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"You may prefer the satin-smooth cork tip."

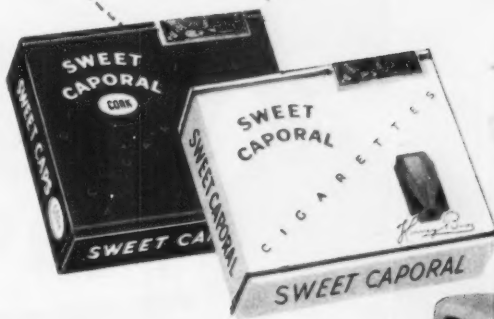


... and only a fresh cigarette can be truly mild. Sweet Caps are rolled fresh and sold fresh...so you always enjoy this mild cigarette at its best. Smoke fresh Sweet Caps...cork or plain.

*only a fresh cigarette  
can be truly mild!*



"Sweet Caps have a fresh, clean taste you'll like."



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The streamlined "27 Feature" washer has automatic timer, Stop-matic safety wringer.

Fully automatic electric "divided top" range. Illuminated oven, with "Clearvu" glass door.



Divided top gas range with speedy "Red-Hot" burners. Automatic oven heat control. Burns natural, manufactured or bottled gas.

Modern steel sink unit with stain-resisting surface, chrome-plated swing faucet, also matching base and wall cabinets.



McClary appliances are designed to reduce work—to give you more free time—to bring you more beauty—more convenience.

The wonderful new McClary refrigerator with soft 'Starlite' green and gold interior trim—automatic butter conditioner—shelves in door—is a delight in any kitchen. This is just one of the beautiful 'Miracle Capacity' models available in 9.1 cu. ft. and 7.2 cu. ft. sizes.

And the McClary automatic electric range

with its two ovens, 'Clearvu' oven doors and other remarkable features makes cooking a pleasure. There is a model for every need. And, too, McClary gas ranges incorporate every modern, automatic feature.

Then there are the '27' Feature McClary washers—McClary Automatic Water Heaters and Steel Sectional Kitchen Units and Sink Cabinets—all designed to make life easier for you and all backed by a century of manufacturing integrity in Canada.

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# BRIGHTER FLOORS WITHOUT DRUDGERY

Banish "down-on-your-knees" hard floor scouring. With today's cleaning aids you can stand to do most of the job.

Your floor coverings will wear better too.

Just follow the Institute's handy chart to solve your every floor-care problem.

By Peggy Stroud, Chatelaine Institute



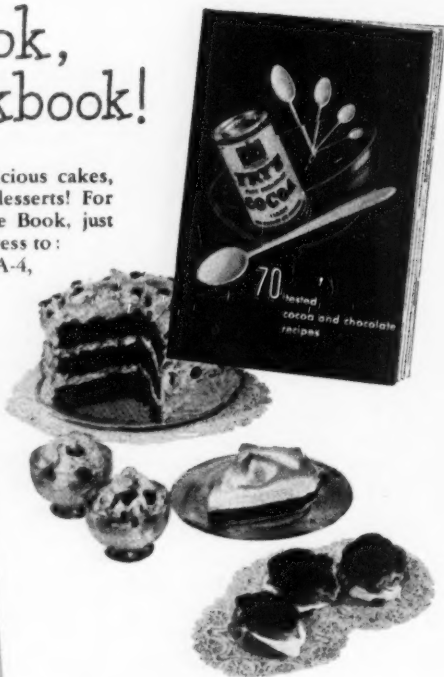
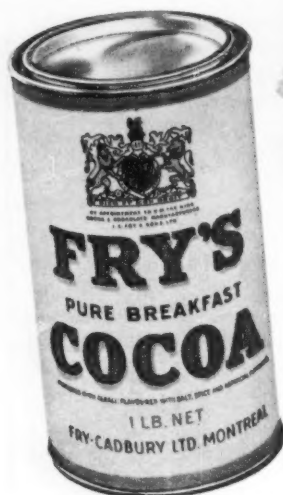
TYPE OF FLOOR COVERING	WHAT YOU NEED	HOW YOU DO IT	SPECIAL POINTERS
WOOD	Untreated dry mop or floor brush attachment of vacuum cleaner. Paste or liquid wax (solvent base). Wax applicator. Electric polisher or weighted hand polisher.	Dust daily with mop or vacuum brush attachment. Buff scuffed spots with polisher. Clean and polish traffic areas with paste or liquid wax as they show signs of wear (every 4 to 6 weeks). Re-wax entirely only occasionally.	Always build up hard surface on new floors with 3 or 4 thin polished coatings of paste wax. Avoid use of soap and water. Protect traveled areas with small mats.
LINOLEUM	Untreated dry mop or floor brush attachment of vacuum cleaner. Damp mop. Self-polishing, liquid or paste wax. Wax applicator. Electric polisher or weighted hand polisher.	Dust daily as above. Remove dirty spots as necessary with damp mop and clear, cold water. Wash only occasionally. Use mild suds and lukewarm water; apply sparingly with damp mop. Rinse and dry well. Re-wax immediately.	Always protect linoleum with wax. Apply at least 2 thin coats immediately after linoleum is laid. Clean regularly so hard scrubbing is unnecessary. Never use strong soaps or cleaning compounds. Use water sparingly and always dry well.
ASPHALT MASTIC, OR RUBBER TILE	Untreated dry mop or floor brush attachment of vacuum cleaner. Damp mop. Self-polishing wax (water-base). Wax applicator.	Dust daily as above. Remove dirty spots as necessary with cold water. Wash with mild suds, rinse and dry thoroughly before applying a new coat of self-polishing (water-base) wax.	Never use paste or liquid wax with turpentine or solvent base on these floorings. Greases and oils are also very harmful. Do not apply repeated coatings of self-polishing wax on top of each other.
VINYL PLASTIC	Untreated dry mop or floor brush attachment of vacuum cleaner. Damp mop.	Dust daily as above. Remove dirty spots with damp mop and cold water. Wash as required by applying mild lukewarm suds sparingly. Rinse and dry well.	Vinyl plastic flooring requires no wax protection. If you desire extra high gloss, use self-polishing wax.
RUGS AND CARPETS	Carpet sweeper. Vacuum cleaner. Mild foam cleaner, scrub brush and sponge, or rug powder and long-handled brush.	Remove surface litter daily or as necessary with carpet sweeper. Clean weekly with vacuum cleaner. Between commercial cleanings, slightly soiled rugs may be shampooed with reliable foam detergent or rug powder.	Turn end-for-end periodically (or rearrange furniture) to distribute wear. Equip furniture with smooth casters or protective cushion glides. Never shake rugs, hang over a line or beat with wire or rattan beaters.



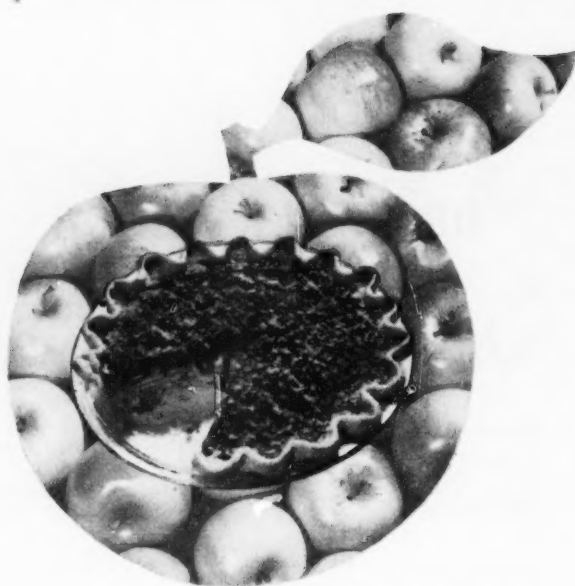
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## GLAMOROUS APPLE PIES

Here's a parade of different, yet appealing  
apple pie creations! Try them all  
with this favorite round-the-year fruit

By Marion Graham, Chatelaine Institute

### DUTCH APPLE PIE

- |                                      |                             |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 3 tablespoons butter or margarine    | Unbaked 8½-inch pie shell   |
| 5 cups sliced apples (5 to 7 apples) | ¾ cup bread flour           |
| ¾ cup granulated sugar               | ½ teaspoon cinnamon         |
| ½ teaspoon cinnamon                  | 1/3 cup brown sugar         |
|                                      | 1/3 cup butter or margarine |

Melt butter in saucepan. Add sliced apples and toss until each slice is well coated. Mix granulated sugar and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Add to apples and mix. Arrange apples in pastry-lined pan; they should be slightly heaped in the centre.

Combine flour, cinnamon and brown sugar. Mix thoroughly. Cream butter until soft, then add to flour mixture and mix until well blended. Sprinkle this crumbly mixture over top of apples. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Then reduce heat to 350 deg. F. (moderate oven) and continue baking about 30 minutes more or until apples are tender. Cool.

**Note:** If desired, ½ cup coarsely chopped walnuts may be added to the topping. Add them after the butter.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### OLD-FASHIONED APPLE PIE WITH CHEESE CRUST

#### Cheese Crust:

- |                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1½ cups sifted pastry flour | ¾ cup shredded Canadian Cheddar cheese |
| ½ teaspoon baking powder    | 2 to 4 tablespoons cold water          |
| ¼ teaspoon salt             |  |
| 1/3 cup shortening          |  |

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening until the mixture resembles coarse cornmeal. Add cheese and mix thoroughly. Sprinkle water over the mixture, working it in lightly

with a fork until all particles are moistened. Press into a ball. Then divide in half for top and bottom crust of 8-inch pie.

#### Apple Filling:

- |                              |                                 |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 4½ cups thinly sliced apples | 2 tablespoons bread flour       |
| ½ to ¾ cup sugar             | 2 teaspoons butter or margarine |
| 1 teaspoon cinnamon          |                                 |

Wipe, peel and slice apples. Combine sugar (the amount depending on tartness of apples), cinnamon and flour. Arrange apples in layers in pastry-lined pie plate. Sprinkle each layer with sugar-cinnamon-flour mixture. Dot top layer with small pieces of butter or margarine. Cover with top crust. Place pie on lowest rack in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Then reduce oven temperature to 350 deg. F. (moderate oven) for another 30 to 35 minutes. Serve warm or cold.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### SOUR CREAM APPLE PIE

- |                           |  |
|---------------------------|--|
| 2/3 cup light brown sugar | 5 cups sliced apples (5 to 7 apples)         |
| 1/8 teaspoon salt         | Unbaked 8½-inch pastry shell and lattice top |
| ¼ cup bread flour         | 1 cup thick sour cream                       |
| 1 teaspoon cinnamon       |  |

Combine brown sugar, salt, flour, and cinnamon. Blend together, then add sliced apples. Coat apple slices with mixture and place in pie shell. Pour sour cream over apples and top with latticework crust. Place on lowest rack in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Then reduce oven temperature to 350 deg. F. (moderate oven) for 40 minutes or until apples are tender. Serve warm or cold.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



## 2-Decker Sandwiches

### Bring Sophistication and Good Cheer

Wonderful home meals, those built around a big and tempting sandwich! For a single-course luncheon, just add a choice beverage; build up the menu when you please, with a juice or soup, and maybe a fruit dessert or ice cream.

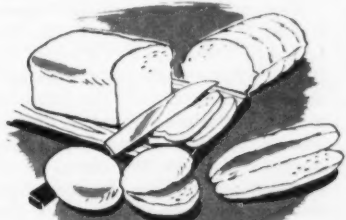
Pack your sandwich with character—a two-decker gives you a double chance!

#### EVERY BREAD DIFFERENT

Rye, Dutch brown, whole wheat, white and fruit breads, specialty buns and rolls, will vary your sandwiches and contribute splendid flavor in their highly individual ways. For a cold sandwich, you will probably like your bread very fresh. For toasted sandwiches, older bread is good too.

#### GAY AND ZESTY GARNISHES

Run a pick down into your sandwich—on the end, stick an olive, pickle slice, radish flower, carrot curl or onion slice or on sandwich, place a gherkin fan, radish flower with cress, a green onion or two, sweet pickles, long dill-pickle fingers, tomato wedges or sprigs of cress or parsley.



**Rodeo Champion**—3 slices hot buttered toast put together with:

1. One slightly-beaten egg, seasoned with salt and pepper, scrambled softly with a slice of bacon (cut up) and 1 tablespoon chopped onion that have been fried together.
2. Dressed cole slaw.

**Salmon-Cucumber Special**—3 slices hot buttered toast put together with:

1. Mashed salmon mixed with chopped gherkins, salt, pepper, lemon juice, mayonnaise.
2. Marinated cucumber slices, lettuce, mayonnaise.

**Barbecue Treat**—Heated hamburger buns split into three slices, cut surfaces buttered and slices put together with:

1. Thin nicely seasoned hot cooked beef patty.
2. Very thin slice Spanish-type onion, pepper, sliced dill pickle, lettuce and mayonnaise.

**Club Sandwich**—3 slices hot buttered toast put together with:

1. Thinly-sliced chicken or turkey, crisp bacon, seasonings, dressing.
2. Thinly-sliced tomato, lettuce, dressing.

**Chicken Salad Doubles**—Wiener rolls split into three slices, cut surfaces buttered and slices put together with:

1. Chicken, celery, toasted almonds—all cut finely—and mayonnaise to moisten.
2. Red currant jelly and shredded lettuce—more mayonnaise.

**Egg and Bacon Natural**—3 slices hot buttered toast put together with:

1. Mashed hard-cooked egg, chopped chives or green onions, salt and pepper, lettuce and mayonnaise.
2. Crisp bacon and tomatoes.

**Cheese-Sausage Surprise**—3 slices dark rye bread, toasted and buttered and put together with:

1. Slice of cheese sprinkled with salt and pepper and smeared with mustard.
2. Thin slices of bologna or cold boiled sausages, lettuce and mayonnaise.

**Olive and Cheese Winner**—3 slices Dutch brown bread, toasted and buttered and put together with:

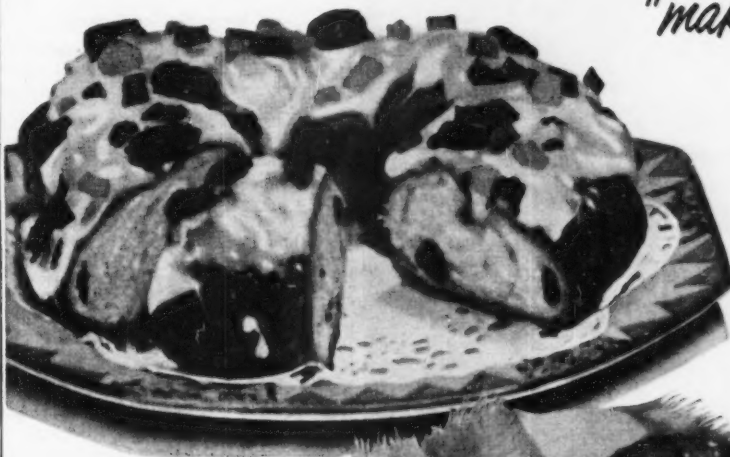
1. Chopped olives, chopped celery and mayonnaise.
2. Cream cheese, chopped nuts and lettuce.

**Peanut Butter 'n' Bacon Toppers**—3 slices buttered fresh brown bread, put together with:

1. Peanut butter, lettuce.
2. Crisp bacon or fried thin slices of ham and a touch of marmalade.

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Just set a sparkling, rich-fruited *Coffee Ring* on the table... see how it lifts the meal! Or pass around those oven-fragrant *Pecan Buns* to pique the appetites of your family and guests! Be the hostess—let the baker make your menus with his inspiring variety of delightful things. Choose something tempting from his assortment today.



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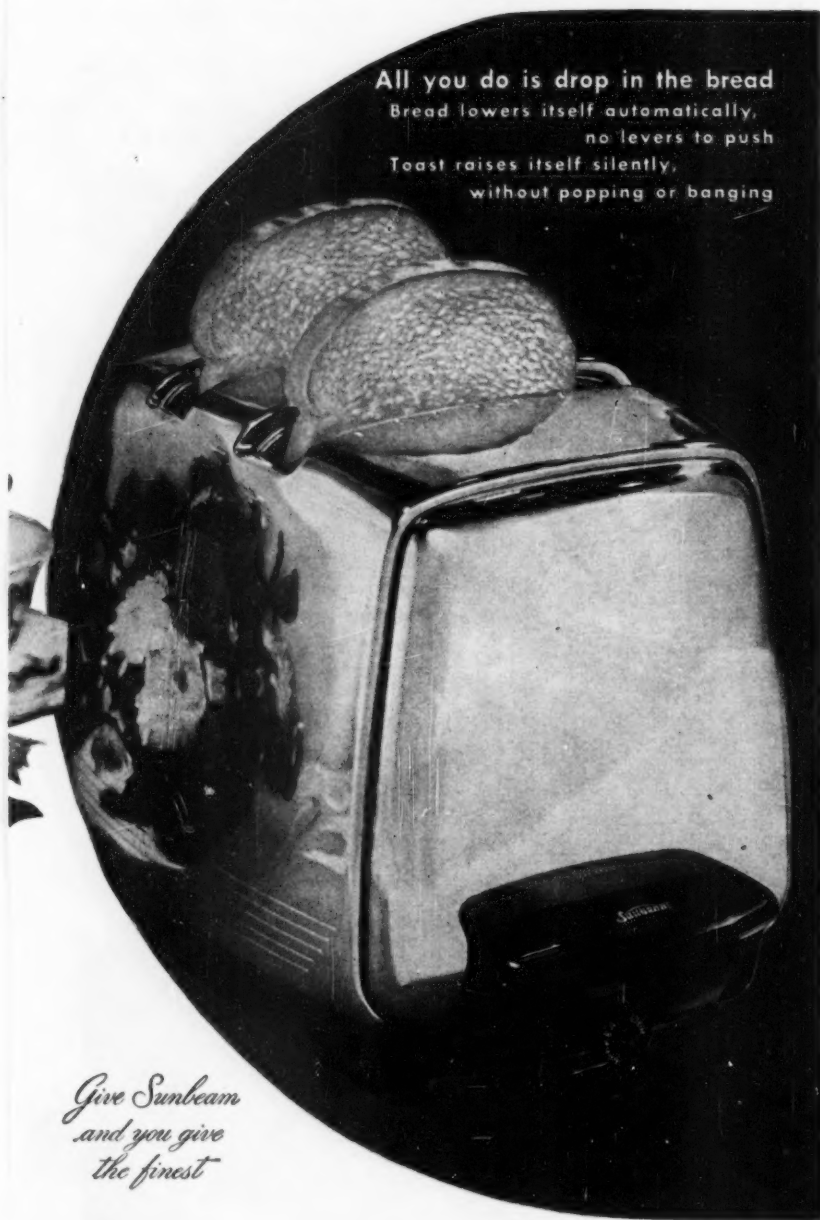
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no levers to push  
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**RADIANT  
CONTROL**  
The toasting is al-  
ways the same no  
matter what kind  
of bread you use.

## DOUBLE DUTY MENUS

### Basic Menu

Tomato Juice  
Stuffed Meat Roll with Barbecue  
Sauce\*  
Boiled Potatoes Buttered Carrots  
Cheese-Stuffed Celery  
Peach Angel Cream Ring\*  
Tea Milk

### Follow-Up Menu

Savory Stew\* and Dumplings\*  
Tossed Green Salad Celery Strips  
Peach Fluff\*  
Coffee Milk

### Basic Menu

Glazed Ham Butt\*  
Niblet Corn Green Beans  
Whipped Potatoes  
Fruit Blancmange\* Cookies  
Coffee Milk

### Follow-Up Menu

Ham Pinwheels with Mushroom Sauce\*  
Stuffed Tomato Cases\* Coleslaw  
Chocolate Chip Tarts\*  
Tea Milk

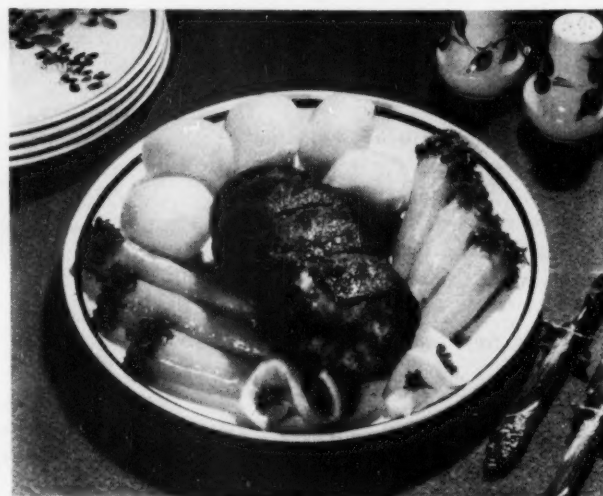
By Marion Graham, Chatelaine Institute

### STUFFED MEAT ROLL WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

3 pound strip of chuck or round steak	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
3 cups meat stuffing	¼ teaspoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons fat	2 teaspoons sugar
1 medium onion, chopped	½ teaspoon salt
1 cup tomato juice	¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons vinegar	

Wipe meat with a damp cloth. Spread stuffing in a thin layer on steak. Roll up lightly and tie in 3 or 4 places with string. Fasten the ends with small skewers, if necessary. Then brown the meat roll on all sides in hot fat in frying pan. Place the meat in a large greased casserole. Brown the onions in the frying pan. Combine remaining ingredients and add to onions. Mix thoroughly, then pour over meat roll in casserole. Cover and bake in a slow

Try these new dual-purpose menus! They solve



A Stuffed Meat Roll flanked with buttered carrots and potatoes.



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oven (325 deg. F.) for 2½ hours or until tender. Serves 4.  
**Note:** Store leftover meat in barbecue sauce in refrigerator for stew on the following day.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### MEAT STUFFING

- |                               |                                    |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 3 cups soft bread crumbs      | ½ teaspoon sage                    |
| ½ teaspoon salt               | ½ teaspoon savory or thyme         |
| 2 tablespoons minced onion    | 1/3 cup melted butter or margarine |
| 3 tablespoons chopped parsley |                                    |

Combine all ingredients and mix lightly with a fork.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### SAVORY STEW

- |                            |                                |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons fat          | 1½ cups cooked potatoes, cubed |
| 2 onions, chopped          | 1½ cups cooked carrots, cubed  |
| Leftover Barbecue Sauce    | Dumpling mixture               |
| 1 (10-ounce) can consommé  | ½ teaspoon liquid gravy maker  |
| 2 cups cooked steak, cubed |                                |

Melt fat in deep frying pan. Add chopped onions and cook until brown and tender. Add barbecue sauce and consommé, blend well. Then add meat, potatoes and carrots. Cover and heat just to boiling. Drop dumplings onto meat in stew. Cover tightly and cook for 12 to 15 minutes. Just before serving add gravy maker. If desired, gravy may be thickened by gradually stirring in paste made with 2 tablespoons flour and ¼ cup cold water. Cook until thickened. Serve immediately with dumplings. Serves 4.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### DUMPLINGS

- |                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted bread flour | ½ teaspoon salt          |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | 2 tablespoons shortening |
|                           | 1 cup milk               |

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Cut shortening into dry ingredients until mixture resembles cornmeal. Add milk gradually, stirring lightly with a fork. Mix only until combined. Drop into simmering stew from a tablespoon. Try to drop dumplings on meat or vegetable pieces. Cover tightly. Cook over simmering

stew, 12 to 15 minutes, without removing lid. Remove dumplings, top with cloves, and serve immediately with the stew. Serves 4.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### PEACH ANGEL CREAM RING

- |  |                      |
|--|----------------------|
| 1 angel food or sponge cake (7-in. dia.) | 1 tablespoon sugar   |
| 1½ cups drained, canned sliced peaches   | ½ teaspoon vanilla   |
|  | ¾ cup whipping cream |

Cut into cake ½ inch from outer edge and again ½ inch from middle hole, leaving a "shell" about ½ inch thick and a ½-inch base at the bottom. Remove centre, being careful not to break the "shell." (Save cake pieces for tomorrow's dessert.)

Cut up drained peaches, leaving 4 or 5 slices for garnishing. Whip cream until stiff. Add sugar and vanilla. Mix peaches and whipped cream and spoon into cake shell. Garnish with sliced peaches. Chill for several hours or overnight. Serves 6.

**Note:** This dessert and the Peach Fluff can both be made from the basic purchases of ½ pint whipping cream, 1 angel cake and 1 (28 ounce) can sliced peaches.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### PEACH FLUFF

- |   |                           |
|---|---------------------------|
| 2 cups coarse sponge or angel cake crumbs | ½ cup whipping cream      |
| 1 cup sliced drained peaches              | 1 tablespoon sugar        |
| ½ cup toasted shredded coconut            | ½ teaspoon vanilla        |
|   | 2 tablespoons peach juice |

Chop peaches, add coarse cake crumbs and coconut. Whip cream until stiff, add sugar and vanilla. Then combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pile lightly in dessert dishes. Chill for several hours before serving. Serves 4.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### GLAZED HAM BUTT

- |                         |                                  |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 4 pound smoked ham butt | ½ cup ginger ale or orange juice |
| ½ cup orange marmalade  |                                  |

Scrub ham and place in a large pot of fresh cold water. Bring water to the boiling point, reduce heat and simmer. Allow approximately 20 minutes per

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**AUTOMATIC BEATER-EJECTOR**  
 Tilt the handle—out drop Bowl-fit beaters individually, for easier cleaning. No pulling. No messy fingers.

See how all the batter is carried into and through the new large BOWL-FIT BEATERS—how their surfaces conform to the contours of the bowl. No piling up of dry ingredients on the outer edges. No unmixed whirlpools. No bypassed pockets. All the batter gets a thorough, even mixing in LESS TIME—automatically. You get these exclusive Bowl-Fit beaters only in the new Model 10 Automatic Sunbeam Mixmaster. See your dealer.

**AUTOMATIC BOWL-SPEED CONTROL**  
 With the new Mixmaster, bowl speed is automatically controlled by a nylon button on the end of the outside beater. This button turns the bowl automatically for EVEN, uniform mixing.

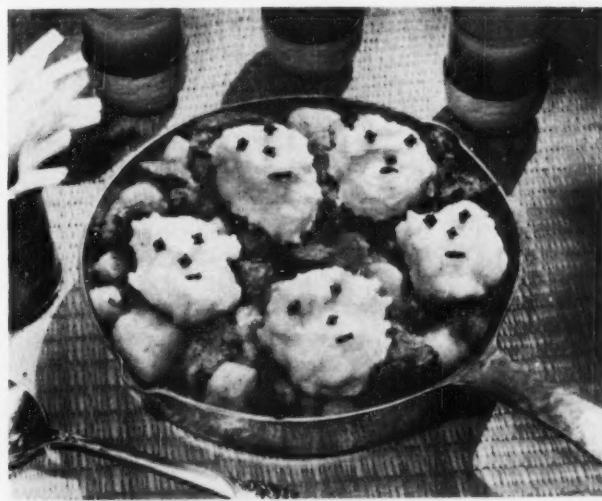


The larger outside BOWL-FIT beater is curved to fit the contour of the bowl all the way to the bottom. The larger inside BOWL-FIT beater is shaped to cover the flat bottom surface all the way to the center.

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pound. Water should not bubble. Allow to cool slightly in the water in which it was cooked. Then place fat side up in uncovered pan. Cut the fat into diamond shapes with a sharp knife. Insert whole cloves, if desired. Spread with orange marmalade and pour juice or ginger ale around ham. Bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 40 minutes. Serve with sauce in pan if desired. Serves 4.

**Note:** Wrap leftover ham in aluminum foil and store in refrigerator. Use as ground ham in Ham Pinwheels.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### HAM PINWHEELS WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

- |                                |                                     |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 2 cups ground ham              | 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce   |
| 1/4 cup chopped onion          | 1/4 teaspoon pepper                 |
| 1/2 cup cream of mushroom soup | Biscuit dough                       |
| 1 tablespoon catsup            | 1 teaspoon soft butter or margarine |
| 1 tablespoon prepared mustard  | 3/4 cup mushroom soup               |
|                                | 1/4 cup milk                        |

Combine first seven ingredients for ham filling. Mix thoroughly. Make a standard biscuit dough (using 2 cups flour or biscuit mix.) Knead dough slightly, then roll out in rectangle 1/4 inch thick. Brush it lightly with soft butter. Spread the dough with meat filling and roll up jellyroll fashion. Moisten the end with water and pinch it together. Cut roll into 1-inch slices and place slices on greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) about 25 minutes or until lightly browned. Combine 3/4 cup mushroom soup and milk. Heat sauce and serve over pinwheels. Serves 4 to 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### STUFFED TOMATO CASES

- |                                  |                                    |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 4 tomatoes                       | 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper |
| 1 cup cooked drained kernel corn | 1/4 cup chopped celery             |
| 2 tablespoons chopped parsley    | 1/4 teaspoon salt                  |
|                                  | Dash of pepper                     |
|                                  | 1 cup buttered bread crumbs        |

Cut top off unpeeled tomatoes and hollow out the inside. Sprinkle the inside of the shells with salt and pepper, then invert to drain for 15 minutes. Combine corn, parsley, green pepper, celery, seasonings and 1/2 cup bread crumbs. Fill tomato cases and sprinkle tops with remaining half cup bread crumbs. Place stuffed tomatoes in a pan with enough hot water or corn liquid to keep them from scorching. Bake in a moderately hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serves 4. **Note:** 4 onions may be substituted for tomatoes. Remove outside skins of onions and cook in boiling, salted water for 20 to 25 minutes or until nearly tender. Drain and cool. Cut a thin slice from root end of onion and carefully remove centre. If desired, part of the onion centres may be chopped and added to corn mixture. Fill onions and follow the above method.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### FRUIT BLANCMANGE

- |                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| 1/4 cup corn-starch | 1 teaspoon vanilla                                |
| Few grains salt     | 1 1/2 cups drained canned cherries or other fruit |
| 1/3 cup sugar       |   |
| 3 1/4 cups milk     |   |
| 2 eggs              |   |

## Does Dry Skin Make People Guess Wrong About Your Age?

Do salespeople suggest matronly hats and toned-down colors instead of the sparkling, chic little samples on the mannequins?

It's a painful experience. But you don't have to bear it! For often it's just dry skin that lines your face and adds the extra years.

For such skin, Woodbury has a marvelous Dry Skin Cream, with a wonder-working ingredient called *Penaten*! *Penaten*'s special magic is that it penetrates deeper into the important corneum layer of the skin - and carries the rich benefits of lanolin and 3 other special skin softeners deeper than ever before!

Spend five minutes a day with Woodbury Dry Skin Cream and see how little dry lines and rough flakes seem to melt away! Watch your skin take on a lovely new softness. Others will notice it too! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream costs only 23¢, 45¢, 78¢ and \$1.15. (MADE IN CANADA)

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most housewives know  
20 EASY WAYS

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MAKES THINGS  
WHITE! BRIGHT! SWEET! CLEAN!



Combine cornstarch, salt and sugar. Mix with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold milk. Scald remaining milk in top of double boiler. Add cornstarch mixture to hot milk, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Cover and cook for 20 minutes. Beat eggs. Pour some of the hot mixture over eggs, stirring constantly and return to double boiler. Cook for 3 minutes, then add vanilla. Cool. Mix 2 cups of blanchmange with cherries. Pile in serving dishes and cool. Serves 4.

**Note:** Store remaining  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups pudding in refrigerator for tomorrow.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### CHOCOLATE CHIP TARTS

12 small pastry tarts       $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chocolate chips  
1  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups blanchmange

Prepare tarts, bake and cool. Warm blanchmange in top of double boiler. (Add a few drops of milk if it is too thick.) When hot, add chocolate chips. Mix until chocolate chips have partially melted. Cool. Pile in tarts. Serves 4 to 6.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

#### HOME HARMONIZE

*Continued from page 39*

If your hall is long and narrow try plain side walls with a scenic paper or colorful print on the far end wall—purposely lit so as to be seen.

The normal size, well-proportioned hall is attractively decorated by a chest of drawers and chairs that are strong in construction but slim in line. Hang a good-sized mirror where it will have adequate light day and night.

For smaller halls radiator covers may be built to serve as high, narrow tables. A good-sized mirror hung on the wall above the covered radiator gives the illusion that it is a piece of hall furniture. There will be room for a narrow table lamp with an oblong or oval shade (so as not to project beyond the radiator edge) and a small tray to hold the days incoming mail—or even a plant of the variety that thrives without too much light.

If there is no radiator in your narrow hall you may purchase or build a small console table constructed like a bracket and fixed to the wall.

If you have a wide hall but lack coat cupboard space, it is often possible to build a shallow cupboard along your longest wall, which will not take more than eight or ten inches from the width of the hall. Coathangers can be hung flat against the wall on those telescopic rods that jut out from the wall. A top shelf will hold hats and a sloping shelf at the bottom will hold rubbers and galoshes if a strip of molding is tacked along it to catch the heels. The cupboard should be built of plywood, with sliding doors or curtains.

In a hall you are perfectly free to use any type of floor covering. Our long Canadian winters and slushy springs—muddy, too, in so many new suburban developments—make linoleum, rubber and mastic tile floors eminently practical. A small repeated pattern will seem to expand your floor space in the kind of chopped-up hall that starts with a vestibule alcove, is cut into by the bottom step of your stairs, and other obstructions.

Painted or polished wood flooring, wall-to-wall carpeting, large rugs or scatter rugs all have their place depending on the use you require of your hall. But if you use scatter rugs be sure they don't scatter arriving guests; nonskid plastic netting beneath the rugs will help prevent tumbles.

For lighting there is a large variety of electrical hall fixtures to choose from; and there is also a large group of people

who will spend infinite time decorating their living rooms pleasantly and leave a bare bulb glaring in their hall ceiling. Here, as in the dining room, wall brackets often provide a gentler, kinder light than overhead fixtures; while table lamps will do more to give an air of warm welcome than any other single item.

If you are stuck with a bulb at ceiling height, buy a plain lampshade that will soften the light without distorting the color of your paint or paper. Be wary of colored bulbs as they color the entire radiation of light and will muddy papers, paints and materials. Many people refuse to spend any money on hall fixtures, "Because we don't own this place." But every day you spend in a rented house or apartment is a day out of your own life—not the landlord's. Fixtures can be taken with you when you move, so be sure you buy fixtures you will be pleased to have around for a long while.

One of the most attractive small halls I have seen is in a tiny apartment occupied by an ingenious business girl. Little more than a dark, narrow passage, this hall has to be lit both day and night yet it says welcome in the gracious manner of its owner. Hanging on the wall is a full-sized, old pine window frame divided into eight small oblong panes of glass—now mirrors. The wood has been stripped and oiled until it has acquired a honey-colored patina.

The wiring for an abandoned ceiling fixture has been tapped and brought down inside the wall to provide outlets for two old-fashioned hurricane lamps mounted in wrought iron supports at either side of the mirror. Bracketed to the wall below the mirror is an eight-inch-wide leaf from an old pine kitchen table. It, too, had been stripped and cleaned and waxed to new beauty. At one end a small flowerpot sits snugly in a hole bored in the table to prevent its being knocked off. Tucked under the wall-table, a pine milking stool waits for anyone who wants to pull it out and sit down to don overshoes.

Total cost—very little. Total effect—warm welcoming charm in the best Canadian manner.

A young couple I know whose mutual business was making music have papered their hall with sheet music cut in squares and applied so that the bars ran the right way in one piece and vertically in the next and shellacked it all over. The floor is dark terra cotta linoleum and the narrow, unpainted console table and picture frame that holds their mirror are painted a shiny black. A music-stand lamp lights the mirror and the table holds a terra cotta sculpting of a



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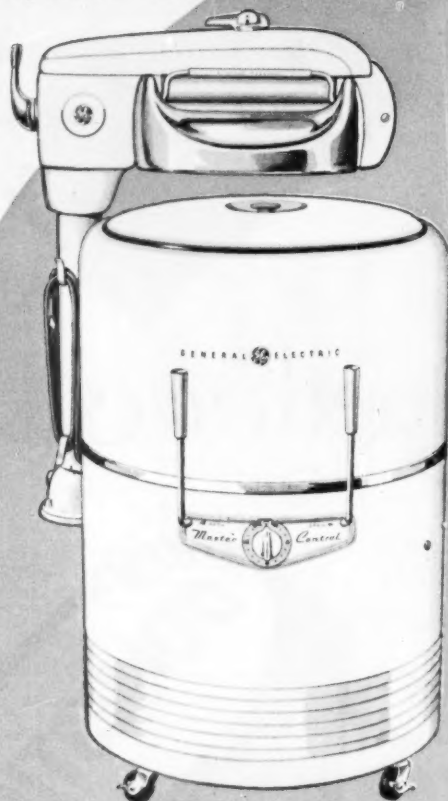
*no better shortening at any price*

#### Chocolate Domesticake

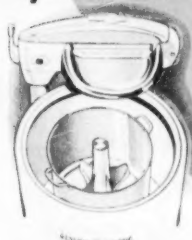
1  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups sifted cake flour      1  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups sugar  
6 tablespoons cocoa       $\frac{3}{4}$  cup Domestic Shortening  
1 teaspoon baking soda       $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt      2 Maple Leaf Eggs  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift dry ingredients together into bowl. Add softened Domestic and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk. Beat 300 strokes by hand or two minutes at medium speed of electric mixer. Add the remainder of milk and the eggs. Beat two minutes as above. Bake in two 8 inch circular pans, 350° F for about 30 minutes.

# LESS TIME IN THE LAUNDRY *a cleaner wash too*



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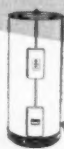
**Daily Dipper** . . . 2½ gal. tub with built-in Activator, fits inside regular washer. An ideal accessory for small daily washes . . . saves time and hot water.



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MI-252

pair of hands poised as if conducting an orchestra. The hall had personality, dignity and delight.

Let graciousness flow all through your home no matter its size. The gestures that make your daily life more beautiful to live can only be dispensed with as an affectation by those people of this world who care little whether they move in beauty or not. If you have read this course you are not one of them.

You will, however, find that you have merely started down a path that will lead you to constant delight, provide your family with benefit and give you an avocation that will entertain you for a lifetime. And there is one most important thing to remember.

To create a home which is "a place of Peace" you are your own best decorator. Take time about all you do. Read authoritative books on subjects to do with decorating. Look to nature for her use of color. Decorate with only the pleasure and comfort of your own family in mind—be prepared to find that your home will become a warm centre of attraction for family friends as well. +

### A BOY IN THE HOUSE

Continued from page 22

himself at one end of the table. Before long he was sitting there, happily munching, a pot of coffee ready at his elbow. His attention was drawn to the open piano, of which, up to this moment, he had been scarcely conscious. Which of the sisters had played on it, he wondered. Probably Miss Dove. He could imagine the die-away pieces. He wondered why the piano should be here in the dining room, then remembered that this was now the sisters' living room. The piano stood near the door which opened into his part of the house.

He was clearing the table when he heard steps coming down an uncarpeted stair. So, there were two stairways in the house. No—three, for he had noticed a short stairway leading from the kitchen to a room above it.

Mrs. Morton came into the room, not abruptly but hesitating on the threshold. She looked refreshed and her rather coarse mouth wore an almost shy smile.

"I waited," she said, "till I heard you moving about. I hope you're getting on all right with your meals."

"Oh, fine, thank you."

"It seems hard for a gentleman to have to look after himself."

"I enjoy it. You see I came here to be alone." He must emphasize that, he thought, or she might bother him with her chatter.

"Yes, indeed, I know," she said hastily. She took another step into the room. "I do hope you're getting on with your writing."

"Well—I've not actually begun. I begin tomorrow morning. You have to get used to a place, you know."

"It must be wonderful to be a young man—and writing a book."

"I'm older than you think," he laughed. "And the book will probably be a failure—if it's ever published."

"I can't imagine your failing at anything." She showed open admiration in her shining grey eyes.

"I wish I felt that way about myself." "But you must. It's splendid to do what you want to and to succeed. I was ambitious once."

He sighed and set the coffee pot again on the table, giving her his attention.

"I wanted to be a really good musician. I used to practice a great deal, on this piano. But then I fell in love, and married, and everything was changed."

"Girls generally give up their music when they marry, don't they?"

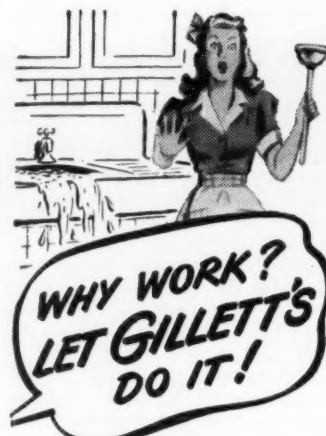
"Not I," she denied quickly. "I loved it too well. I've always kept up my practicing."

He could not hide the consternation that swept the mild interest from his face. Was his seclusion to be shattered by piano practice?

Mrs. Morton gave him a wide, reassuring smile. "Please don't worry about finger exercises or anything of that sort. But I've been wondering if it would bother you if I played in the evening. Perhaps at the time when you take your walk. You see," she hurried on, "my sister is used to hearing me play at that hour. It's soothing to her and she hasn't had much pleasure since her illness. Of course, I shouldn't like to bother you."

She looked apologetic, even pathetic, standing there in the doorway. He felt ashamed of his overbearing position in the house. The two women seemed so defenseless.

"Why, certainly," he agreed. "We can easily arrange a time." He looked at the piano. Every note from it would be audible in his part of the house. "What about from seven to . . . ?" he



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hesitated to set either too long or too short a period.

"Never longer than an hour," she exclaimed. "Usually less. And I don't play very loudly. But you see how it is. My sister looks forward to it."

"And I shall, too, I'm sure," he couldn't stop himself from exclaiming, while, at the same moment, he cursed his imbecile good nature. What sort of torture might not the woman put him to?

"I should have spoken of this when I rented you the place, I know," she said, almost humbly. "But I couldn't bring myself to. I so badly wanted you to come. You are just the sort of quiet gentleman . . ."

"Oh, I'm quiet, all right." He smiled and picked up the coffee-pot. "But not so quiet that I don't like a little music in the evening. So please go ahead."

She did, that very evening, but waited till she saw him out of hearing, walking toward the lake. There was a large boulder there which he liked to sit on, looking out across the calm expanse of the water. Strangely shaped clouds were edged with fire by the aftermath of sunset. He heard the distant voices of boys at play and, in his mind's eye, saw a white sheet of paper with the first words of his book written on it. A shiver of something between apprehension and exultation passed over him. In twelve hours he would begin his book.

When he drew near the house it was dusk. The door of the sisters' living room stood open, and Lindley heard the sound of the piano. Mrs. Morton was playing one of Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words*, playing it with feeling and great sentimentality. It was what

he had expected, only better. She really had skill.

Lindley had a desire to see the performer — and her audience. The two windows of the room were shaded by a trumpet vine. He moved close to them and peered through the glossy new leaves. It was as though he were in the room with them. The light fell from an oil lamp hanging from the ceiling. It was of china and decorated with glass prisms. In its kind light the two women were transformed. He saw that the elder, Miss Dove, had once been beautiful. She must have looked like a Dresden china shepherdess, with her sloping shoulders, delicate hands and exquisite features. She now sat, leaning forward, drinking in the music, her large blue eyes dreamy with delight. Mrs. Morton too was transfigured. She had now begun to play "The Hunting Song" with much spirit. Her full-lipped mouth took on a look of pride and power. Her hands, poised above the keyboard, swooped like amorous birds, and, at last, came to rest.

Lindley went round to his own side of the house and stood for a space in his own doorway, drinking in the deepening dusk in the garden, the almost palpable stillness, for the music had now ceased. He felt deep relief at the thought that he was not to be annoyed by bad piano playing. In truth he rather liked the thought of those two women cherishing their love of music through the years of adversity. He tried to remember all his acquaintance had told him of their past but, at the time, it had seemed important only in the light of their willingness to let him part of their house. He did, however, recall that Mrs. Morton's husband had been a handsome young fellow but that her father considered him "fast" and had forbidden the marriage, and the pair had eloped. Later, when she had been forced to return home, a widow, he had made her pay for her disobedience.

There was a gentle rain in the night and the morning was moist and mildly sunny. Growing things were pushing up, unfolding, with urgency, as though there were no time to waste. In tune with the morning Lindley laid out his paper, sat himself down at the uncompromising marble-topped table, and wrote the title of his book at the top of the page. The opening sentences had long been in his mind. Now he wrote them, with almost precise care, and looked at them. They looked somehow different from what he had expected, and he sat staring at them, with a feeling of wonder.

Half an hour passed and he still sat there. He found that he had smoked two cigarettes without realizing it. He got up and paced the room. Outside a woodpecker was tapping on the trunk of the old cedar. He could see its small head, its thin muscular neck in energetic movement. As soon as it stopped that noise he would sit down and get to work.

In the next hour he wrote two pages and had nothing more left in him. He felt exhausted, but a glad exhilaration possessed him. With a kind of tender solicitude, as for a new-born weakling, he laid the manuscript in his writing-case. A manuscript of two and a half pages.

#### CHAPTER II

He saw Mrs. Morton in the small garden patch that was given over



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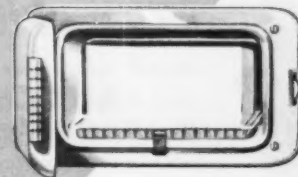
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to vegetables. She was digging with a spade and looked hot and breathless. He stood, hidden by a thick screen of lilacs, watching her. If he did the decent thing he would go to her, take the spade from her hand, and himself prepare the ground. But he could not set about digging, the moment he had finished his own work. And, if he began by helping her, he would have to go on helping her. He saw that the plot was already overgrown by weeds. The place was badly neglected. The dozen fowls that

lived in the leaky stable laid their eggs in the manger and perched on the shafts and seat of the old Victoria.

Miss Dove appeared from the direction of the house. She wore an ugly woolen jacket over her print dress and a sunbonnet, the like of which Lindley had not seen since he was a child. She walked feebly, leaning on a stick. It was hard to believe she was the woman he had seen through the window last night.

Mrs. Morton went on working harder

than ever, apparently unconscious of the fragile figure approaching. The elder sister laid a transparent hand on the handle of the spade. "Stop that digging, Elsie," she commanded. "It's too hard for you. Why, you might have a stroke, getting overheated like this."

Mrs. Morton pushed back the thick hair from her forehead with the back of her hand and leant on the spade. "We've got to have salad," she said.

"Well, hire a man to dig the beds."  
"I can't afford it."

"We had a man for three days last year."

"I can't afford it this year." And she returned to her digging.

The stubborn repetition of words, the dogged lines of the thick-set figure seemed to enrage Miss Dove. "You can't afford! You can't afford!" she cried. "Who do you think you are? Sole mistress here? Let me tell you, my girl, if I want a man hired, I'll hire him without help or hindrance from you."

"You talk like a crazy woman," grunted Mrs. Morton, her breast heaving. "Move out of my way, please." She tossed a clod of earth dangerously near to Miss Dove's feet, whose voice now rose to a scream.

"A crazy woman! A crazy woman, eh? Oh, how dare you say such things, Elsie? And to me, just able to be out of my bed."

"We had peace when you were in bed."

"Peace! Peace! Yes, we had peace, while I lay abed, and you conducted yourself as though you owned the estate. You have sold most of my father's furniture—"

Mrs. Morton interrupted furiously. "I sold it to buy medicine—to pay doctors' bills."

"You throw up my illness to me! My God, what next!"

They became incoherent, screaming at one another.

It was a frightful quarrel. Lydia leant on her stick as though but for it she would have fallen. Elsie raised her spade in one moment of rage and menaced her sister with it.

Lindley had not the power to remove himself from the scene. He stood rooted, hidden by foliage, till it was over and Miss Dove tottered away and Mrs. Morton again thrust her spade into the earth. He felt shaken. These two ageing women, living so remotely, relics of such a decorous age, to let themselves go like that. This seclusion that he so valued. What was he to do? Go to Mrs. Morton and complain? Or, without explanation, say that it was necessary for him to move.

Lindley had come from a peaceable family of Scottish origin. He could not remember ever having heard a row in his own home — not even bickering. Such a scene as he had witnessed was completely outside his experience. He shunned the thought of another, yet in a strange way, his creative impulses were stirred by it. He put it from his mind, and his thoughts, with avidity, turned to his novel.

An hour passed. He sat with the empty bowl of his pipe cradled in his hand, his imagination moving among his own creations. When at last he returned to the house he had made up his mind that he would remain there. No matter where he went he would probably meet with some disadvantages. He need overhear no further quarrels between the sisters if he kept out of their way, and this he would do.

It was not difficult in the three days that followed. He avoided the sisters and it was plain that they were avoiding each other. In his comings and goings through kitchen and dining room he never heard them exchange a word. There was no music in the evenings. The deep silence was only broken by the singing of a small bird or the hoarse crow of the old rooster. Lindley finished the first chapter of his book.



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But on the fourth day he heard them speaking in quiet tones together. He had just come into the kitchen to put away some groceries he had bought in the village. He stood, as though stricken immovable, and listened. The cat, perched on the windowsill ceased washing its face and appeared to listen also. Mrs. Morton was saying:

"You know, Lyddy, I have been thinking that we might get a little Home boy. He could do the rough work. Then we could teach him to wash the dishes and lay the table, and he would be company for you when I have to go into the village. What do you say?"

She spoke deferentially, laying the matter before her elder.

There was astonishment in Lydia's voice when she spoke. "What an idea, Elsie."

"I think it is a good one. It would cost nothing but his food, and we could make that up by growing more vegetables and keeping more poultry." The deference in her voice increased to humility. "I do hope you'll consent to it, Lyddy. I'm sure it's a good idea."

Lydia answered thoughtfully: "If we could get a nice, obedient little boy..."

"Oh, I'd insist on that. I'd tell them we are just two women alone."

A note of eagerness made Lydia's voice young. "A boy like that would be company for me when you had tea with one of your friends. You don't get out nearly often enough, Elsie."

She moved nearer the door, close to which Lindley had stood listening. He busied himself putting his groceries in the cupboard. His ears tingled with shame. He had been deliberately listening to the private conversation of these two women. He could not have believed such a thing possible to him. But this was a matter so vital to his privacy. A young boy in the house. It might mean noise and racketing about. Well, he wouldn't stand that. If they consulted him he would warn them of the dangers of a boy about the place.

But they did not consult him. He saw nothing of them till the afternoon of the next day, when he came face to face with Miss Dove in what the sisters called the pleasure grounds. She was dragging a quite large dead branch that had fallen from an elm tree, through the long grass. She was breathless and her delicate face was flushed a deep pink. Lindley rushed to help her.

"Miss Dove—" he took the branch from her hands—"you shouldn't do this. It's too heavy for you."

She gave a gay little laugh. "Oh, I'm getting so strong all of a sudden, Mr. Lindley. And I thought I'd tidy up the pleasure grounds while my sister is in the city. She went off early this morning, you know."

"She did?" He looked into her face trying to keep his own face innocent.

"Yes. You'll never believe it when I tell you. She went to get a little boy—a little Home boy—to help with the work."

"Well," he said slowly, "I think that's a very good idea." He walked beside her, dragging the branch toward the house. "Provided, of course, that the boy is the right sort."

"Oh, my sister will see to that. She will accept no other. If a nice little boy is on hand she will bring him back with her tonight."

"Tonight? But, Miss Dove, those things take some time to arrange."

She smiled complacently. "Not with us. We are acquainted with the Head of the Home. We were people of importance once, Mr. Lindley, though, of course, we're nobodies now." She led the way to the back of the house and pointed with an almost regal gesture to the woodpile. "Will you just lay the branch beside the pile, Mr. Lindley. When the little boy arrives he can break it up for kindling."

The sun shone full on her face framed in the sunbonnet. Lindley noticed the delicate fineness of her skin, the long white lids above the clear blue eyes. Her hands had been exquisite. As though conscious of admiration in his eyes Miss Dove said, almost abruptly: "Come into the house a moment, Mr. Lindley. I should like to show you photographs of Elsie and myself when we were girls."

He followed her, half-unwilling, yet fascinated by the change in her. Now

that Mrs. Morton was out of the way, Miss Dove moved with a renewed vitality. It was as though Mrs. Morton took the strength from her, made her uncertain and querulous.

From a cabinet she took a massive old photograph album. It had heavy gilt clasps and, inset on its fine leather cover, an oval porcelain medallion of a sentimentally draped female head with upturned eyes. With an almost girlish gesture Miss Dove pulled off her sunbonnet and threw it on a chair. She



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### CINNAMON BUNS

Makes 2½ dozen

Measure into large bowl

1 cup lukewarm water  
2 teaspoons granulated sugar  
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's  
Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald

1 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in  
½ cup granulated sugar  
1½ teaspoons salt  
6 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.

Stir in 2 well-beaten eggs

Stir in 3 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; work in

3 cups more once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine

1½ cups brown sugar

(lightly pressed down)

3 teaspoons ground cinnamon

1 cup washed and dried seedless raisins



sat down on the sofa and made Lindley sit beside her.

"Look," she said impressively, "there is my father, Mr. Dove. You can see what a fine-looking man he was. And such a gentleman, though he had a violent temper at times." She seemed to quail at the recollection of it, after all the years.

Lindley looked and saw a masculine Mrs. Morton, with side-whiskers and smooth-shaven pugnacious lips.

"And this is my mother. I am supposed to resemble her, though I never was so beautiful. And here I am, in my twenties. You can judge for yourself."

Lindley found mother and daughter equally lovely and elegant. "You can see by our dresses, Mr. Lindley, how different everything was with us then." She showed him a picture of Mrs. Morton as a young woman. "Elsie had the loveliest naturally curly hair and such eyelashes! But she was always so dreadfully jealous of me, poor Elsie." Lindley was shown photos of the sisters at various stages of childhood: Lydia always exquisite, ethereal; Elsie, stocky, curly headed, pugnacious. He was told anecdotes to illustrate the aristocratic connections of the Dove family. The grandfather clock struck the hour. Miss Dove rose in consternation.

"Five o'clock! Good gracious, Elsie will be here with the little boy before I know it."

Lindley stood up, glad to be allowed to go. Already the habit of aloneness was growing on him. He wanted to go back to his own part of the house, to the dark companionship of the cedar tree, to the cool stretch of the marble-topped table at which he wrote.

"I must be laying the table." Miss Dove removed the red cloth from it with a nervous hand. "It will be the first time I have laid it since my illness and I'm just wondering where I ought to put the little boy to eat. The proper place, of course, is the kitchen, but—"

Lindley spoke from the open doorway. "Supposing he doesn't come, Miss Dove."

"Oh, he'll come. I have every confidence in Elsie. She'll choose just the right boy and bring him with her. Do you know what I have a mind to do? I've a mind to put him at this little table in the corner. I could keep my eye on him there and it wouldn't be quite so lonely for him as in the kitchen. A little strange boy might feel very lonely at the first, and, after all, he's to be a sort of companion."

"A very nice idea," agreed Lindley smiling.

He escaped.

#### CHAPTER III

In his own writing room he went straight to the drawer where he kept his manuscript, drew open the drawer and looked down at the slender accumulation of pages, as though to assure himself that nothing had happened to them. He sat down in the twilight coolness of the room and lighted his pipe. His visit with Lydia Dove occupied his mind unreasonably. He could not forget her or the old photograph album or the small table to be set in the corner for the boy. He should not have given these trifles more than a passing thought, but their images filled the silent room, almost with an air of foreboding.

He heard the town bus bumping over the grass-grown drive to the door. He heard voices, the thud of a trunk as it was set down. The bus drove off. He allowed what he thought was ample time for the sisters and the boy to dispose of their meal, then went round to the kitchen to prepare his own. He had a strange feeling of shyness, as though this small new presence had upset the balance of the house.

He discovered that he had come too soon; that, in the dining room, the meal had not been finished. He was about to leave when Mrs. Morton bustled out from the supper-table. She looked excited, almost triumphant.

"Oh, Mr. Lindley," she cried, "do come and see our little boy." She realized then that Lindley was being kept waiting. "I'm so sorry—dear me, I'm afraid you are being put out."

Lindley gave her his pleasant smile. "Don't worry about me. I shall be all right if I don't eat for an hour." He stepped into the dining room. "What about you? I expect you had a tiring trip."

She pushed her fingers under her roll of thick hair to liven it. Little drops of sweat showed on her forehead. "What a time!" she said. "The crowd, the dirt, and dreadful people eating oranges. But I accomplished my mission and that's the main thing." She moved to one side that Lindley might see the small table at which the boy was sitting. "Stand up, Eddy, and bow to Mr. Lindley."

The boy did as he was told with a broad, childish smile. He was thirteen years old but no taller than a well-grown boy of eleven. His face was round and chubby, and he had agate-brown eyes and rough, light-brown hair. He wore a half-amused, half-dazed expression. He sat down again and stared round-eyed at the room, at Miss Dove, at the tables laid with white cloths and silver. The carved Victorian furniture, the pictures with gilt frames seemed to fill him with awe. There was something innocent and alone about him that touched Lindley. He spoke to him kindly, hoping he would get on well. The boy appeared too shy to answer.

"Go ahead with your tea, Eddy," Mrs. Morton ordered with kind peremptoriness.

He picked up a cake and began to munch it.

"Do sit down on the sofa, Mr. Lindley," Lydia Dove exclaimed suddenly, in an afterglow of their recent intimacy. "We shall be finished in a moment and the room made ready for you." She spoke in a high-flown tone, as though to impress the boy with their grand way of living. Mrs. Morton looked surprised but not ill-pleased. Lindley himself felt an objection to any continuation of the intimacy but did not know how to refuse. He sat down rather stiffly on the haircloth sofa. Mrs. Morton continued to talk about the discomforts of the journey. The boy stared at her, listening, but, when she looked at him, respectfully lowered his eyes. Soon the light meal was finished. "Now, Eddy," she ordered, "you must carry the dishes to the kitchen. You may as well begin to learn things at once."

The boy rose uncertainly to his feet. "Our table first," directed Mrs. Morton.



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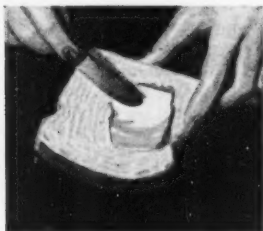


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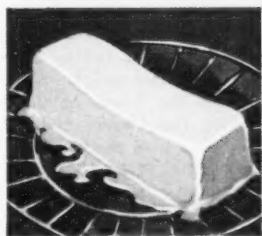


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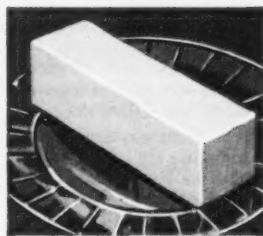


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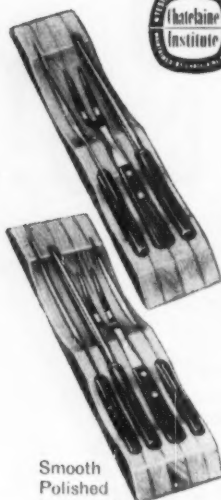
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He picked up the plate of cut bread and moved slowly with it to the kitchen. Lindley noticed then that he dragged his left foot.

Miss Dove exclaimed in a sibilant whisper: "Why, Elsie, he limps! Was that a good idea? A lame boy?"

Elsie spoke rapidly, with a triumphant note in her voice. "Because he comes much cheaper, can't you see? He'd been on a farm but they'd sent him back because he wasn't fit for rough farm work. I guess the superintendent was at his wits' end, and then I came along, and when he heard of all the advantages and the bit of light work . . ."

The boy was now back in the room. The three grownups sat watching him as he cleared the table. Since the coming of the boy, Lindley felt himself drawn into the watching circle of the family. He was expected to say something. So, when the boy had again gone into the kitchen he said: "He looks healthy."

Mrs. Morton beamed. "Perfectly. Such lovely round cheeks and bright eyes. He's almost beautiful, isn't he?"

"Oh, Elsie, don't say such ridiculous things."

"And his keep will amount to very little."

Lindley could see that the boy knew they were talking about him. He gave embarrassed sidelong glances at them as he passed, carrying out the dishes. His advent into the house had deeply moved Lydia Dove. She jumped up, weakly active, directing the boy where to put the things, counting the silver spoons as she laid them in a drawer, as though she feared he might already be pilfering.

The boy began to feel more at ease. He jumped hurriedly, stepping on the side of one foot, to do Miss Dove's bidding. When he set the silver teapot on the sideboard he moved backward a step to admire it. For the first time he spoke.

"I say, what a pretty teapot!"

His voice was a clear, cool treble, very distinct, with a Cockney *oi* sound in it. He had appeared shy, but now he spoke with cool familiarity. Lindley noticed how small and undernourished his body was, in spite of his round cheeks. Lindley had the quality of pity and now it rose, strong and protective, toward the boy. Yet there was nothing he could do for him.

"It's a shame to keep you waiting like this, Mr. Lindley," said Mrs. Morton. She was brushing the crumbs off the table into an old-fashioned crumb tray. "But the table is ready for you now and I see that my sister has Eddy at work, washing the dishes."

Lindley fidgeted about the room, waiting. He was now very hungry and beginning to feel himself put upon. He had not bargained for such intimacy with the sisters. However, he murmured some polite words and waited doggedly for the moment when he would have the place to himself. He could see the boy standing by the kitchen table, one shoulder a little higher than the other, his lame leg relaxed. He had taken off his jacket, and his braces crossed over thin shoulder blades. His childish hands and wrists were plunged into the dishwater. He kept talking to Miss Dove, and once his treble laugh rang out.

Mrs. Morton now also went to the kitchen. The sisters took turns in giving him orders, as though with a

delightful sense of returning prosperity Lindley heard Lydia Dove say: "If you are a good boy, you will find I am an indulgent mistress." Obviously she was letting him know at the first what was her position in the house.

"Oh, I'm used to doing what I'm told," he answered. "And the work here'll just suit me. You two ladies can sit down from now on and watch me make things nice and comfortable for you. I'll bet you'll be wondering in a little while how you ever got on without me." He was full of Cockney assurance. Yet he was scarcely bold; just ingenuously pleased with himself and them.

They seemed to have forgotten Lindley's existence, and he resigned himself half-sulkily to wait till they had shown Eddy the ropes and retired to their own rooms. He told himself that, from now on, he would retreat into his own life and endure no infringement of his seclusion.

At last Mrs. Morton came back into the dining-room. "I'm going to send Eddy to his bed," she said briskly. "But first I have to help him upstairs with his trunk. The busman just dumped it down by the door."

"Let me help him," Lindley offered. He followed her through the open door and saw the old-fashioned battered tin trunk standing on end on the flagstones. It was now almost dark. A tree toad sent his plaintive trill among the blossoms. The air felt pleasantly cool to Lindley's forehead. His irritation passed and his natural gentleness returned. The boy now joined them and grasped the rope that bound the trunk in his small hands.

"I can do it. I can carry it up alone." It was as though his disability had made him boastful.

"Nonsense." Lindley took hold of the rope also.

"Oh, how kind of you, Mr. Lindley. Look, Lydia, Mr. Lindley is giving a hand with the trunk. Isn't that kind of him?"

The steep and narrow back stairs led from the kitchen. Mrs. Morton had lighted a small oil lamp and placed it in a bracket on the wall, at the top of the stairs. It sent a dusky light into the cavern below and discovered the worn and greasy wallpaper above.

Lindley went up first and manoeuvred to keep the weight of the trunk from the boy whose feet made an uncertain clatter on the bare steps. His face, upturned toward the light had a singularly appealing quality. At the moment he looked beautiful, and the straight lock of hair that stood upright on his crown added a touch of the ridiculous without lessening the beauty.

"All right?" asked Lindley, smiling, as they set down the trunk in the little room where the ceiling sloped to the edge of the bed and the only light came through the leaves of the vine that covered the window and through the open door from the lamp.

"Fine." The boy spoke a little breathlessly. He sat down on the trunk and gave it a slap with his palm. "This 'ere box," he said, "holds everything I owns in the world."

A little Robinson Crusoe, thought Lindley, washed up on a strange shore. He said: "A mighty good box, too. All your treasure in it, eh?"

"Just one treasure." He gave a shy smile. "The rest is clothes. The Home





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To the kiddies, grandmother is absolute "tops".  
When mother is busy about her household chores, granny is always good for a romp, a tune, or a treat. Like mother, she's good for bedtime stories too — and a haven of comfort when childish troubles seem so overwhelming.

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If you're an average homemaker you wash 20,000 dirty dishes a year . . . spend seven hours a week at dishpan drudgery! Now you can be free of this tedious chore . . . and free from the "dishpan hands" that go with it! The Westinghouse Automatic Dishwasher will wash, double rinse and dry as much as a full dinner setting for eight . . . in one big load! And you don't even put your hands in water!

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bought me new ones when I came over."

Lindley's eyes were on a scar on the boy's forehead, which gave an odd bend to one of his eyebrows.

Eddy tapped it with his finger-tips. "Noticing my scar, ain't you? That's where my stepmother threw a pair of scissors at me when I was seven. She nearly blinded me, she did."

Lindley gave an exclamation of sympathy.

"Ah, she was wot you might call a devil, she was. Often she'd turn me out in the streets in the rain. She'd pull my hair—'ole 'andfuls out, mind you."

"And your father, would he stand for that?"

The boy gave a reminiscent chuckle. "He took his belt to her. The buckle end, too. But it didn't do any good. She wouldn't let me be, so he had to put me in the Home. He's fond of me, my daddy is. He's a sailor. I'd be a sailor too, if it wasn't for my foot. You can't nip up among the rigging—not wiv a foot like this."

He contemplated it with a look that was an odd mixture of ruefulness and pride.

"Were you born with it?" Lindley asked, and at once regretted the abruptness of the question. Because he was a child and poor and alone was no excuse.

But Eddy was obviously pleased to talk of his handicap. "It was a bit twisted from the time a neighbor's little gal dropped me when I was a babe in arms, but the hurt I got after I came to Canada was the worst. The Home sent me to a old farmer and he set me doing work only fit for a boy twice my size. One day we were shifting logs and I dropped my end of the log and it fell on my foot and pretty near mashed it. Mr. Wilson from the Home came and took me back and they put me in 'orspital and I had a operation. Want to see the scar?" All this was brought out eagerly in his clear child's voice, the ings clearly enunciated and with the oi sound marked. He did not wait for an answer but drew up his foot and pulled off his shoe and sock. The small white foot was ridged by a jagged red scar. The sight of him sitting on the battered tin trunk displaying the scarred foot was touching to Lindley. All he could find to say was: "Well, you'll not be overworked here."

Mrs. Morton's voice came from the bottom of the stairs. "Is anything wrong? Can I help?"

"Nothing is wrong," Lindley answered. "We shall be right down."

The female voice came back with a dominant ring. "Eddy is not to come down again. He's to go to bed."

"I say," the boy exclaimed, "mayn't I go out and explore a bit?"

"No. You must go to bed. You must rest and be ready for work in the morning."

"Just as you say, ma'am," the boy sang out. He shrugged his thin shoulders and threw Lindley a mischievous look. He sat resigned on his trunk.

The feeble and mysterious light from the oil lamp falling across the small figure lent it an air of mystery. Out of nowhere the boy seemed to have come, and where might his journeying lead him? Lindley thought of the emphasis placed by psychiatrists on the craving by children for a feeling of security. But this bit of flotsam had none, yet

sat on his one possession, the little tin trunk, smiling serenely and clasping his maimed foot.

"Well—good night, Eddy." Lindley left the room.

He heard Lydia Dove say: "Elsie, do you think you did well to give him an egg? If we start him off eating just the same as we do, he may get forward—forget he is a servant lad."

"Sh-h." Mrs. Morton heard Lindley approaching.

The sisters came close to him in the kitchen. "Don't you think he is a nice little boy? And so biddable . . . I think I did well, don't you, Mr. Lindley? I think Elsie has made a good choice, Mr. Lindley." They were pleased with the boy and with each other.

Soon the kitchen and dining room were clear of all but Lindley, and he thankfully set about the preparation of his own meal. As he sat alone, eating it in silence, no sound came from the other rooms, but from outdoors the continued trilling of the tree toad, and once the mournful cry of an owl. The sweet springtime scent of the moist earth mingled with the rather musty smell that penetrated this part of the house. Lindley spent little time over his meal, and the washing-up of the dishes took scarcely a quarter hour. While he did this he could hear movements in the room above, the boy settling in beneath the sloping roof, the faint dragging sound of his maimed foot.

Back in his own rooms Lindley relaxed in the one comfortable armchair, with his pipe. Deliberately he drove the two women and the boy from his thoughts. His mind remained blank till, one by one, the characters of his book moved into it. He watched them. He listened to them. They became more real to him than any living being. At last he took his manuscript from its drawer and began to write.

It was long past midnight when he went to bed. He slept late, though brokenly, his mind filled with grotesque images, made up of the happenings of the day before, mingled with unearthly pictures of great confusion, all of these in a sombre grey twilight. But, in his dreams, the characters of his books remained aloof from him.

When he went round to the kitchen to prepare his breakfast he found it and the dining room deserted. Soon he was again at his table writing, and it was noon before he went into the grounds for his usual stroll. He avoided the vegetable garden, where he could see Mrs. Morton and the boy at work, and walked through the long, gently waving grass toward the lake. He had a glimpse of Miss Dove again dragging a dead branch toward the wood-pile and he kept out of her way for fear she would expect him to help her. If she chose to overdo herself, why—let her. If she was a silly old woman it was not his concern. He could see that she wore a kind of woolen hood, with a broad-brimmed straw hat tied over it.

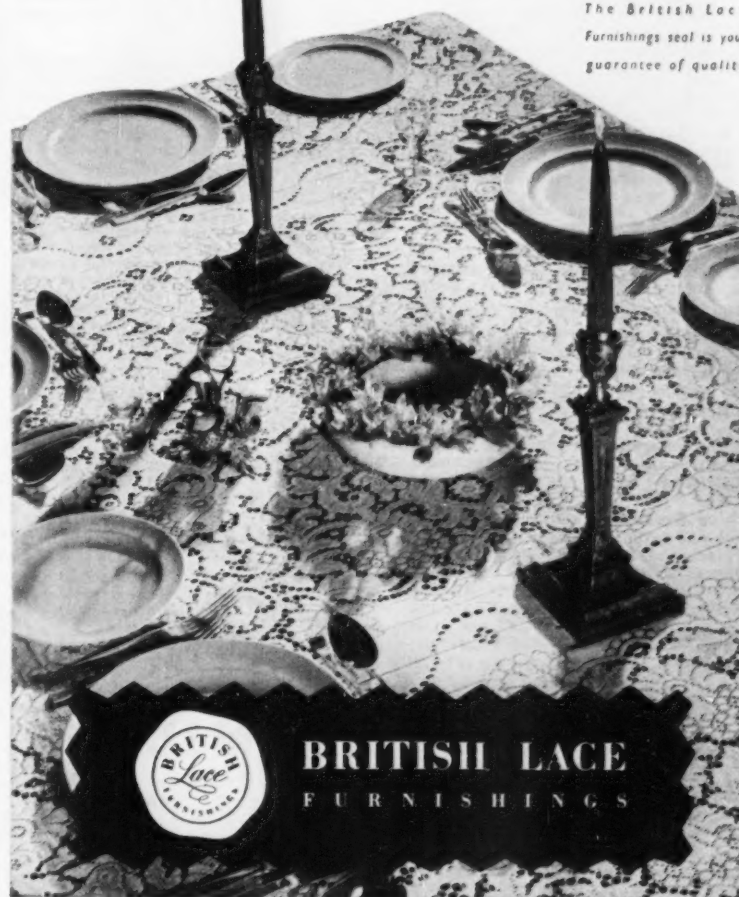
He sat on his boulder by the lake till he realized that it was time to get his lunch. These mealtimes of his occurred with irritating frequency and, by the arrangement he had made, he was more or less bound to take them regularly. He saw that the boy was alone in the garden and, in spite of himself, Lindley felt drawn to go and speak to him. He was at his side before the boy raised his eyes.



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## From One Cook to Another



by  
*Mary Blake*

Carnation Home  
Service Director

**NEW SUCCESS FOR CAKE MAKERS**  
Probably you were surprised when you made your first cake-mix cake. What a fine cake it was! Now comes more big cake-making news. If you use a mix that calls for milk, I know a way that will give you a higher cake. Yes, a lighter, fluffier, more tender cake every time... with a crust that's smoother, more evenly browned, easier to ice. Carnation Evaporated Milk performs this magic — used a new way that calls for less water, more Carnation. Double-rich Carnation, mind you — no other form of milk, no other evaporated milk, will give the same super results.

With any cake mix that calls for milk do this —

Instead of ordinary milk, use an equal amount of liquid consisting of 2 parts Carnation Evaporated Milk and 1 part water. Try it!

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### WHIPPED BUTTERSCOTCH ICING

(Makes icing for two 8-inch layers)

1/2 cup soft butter	3/4 cups sifted icing sugar
3/4 cup light brown sugar	1/2 cup (about) undiluted Carnation Milk
1/4 teaspoon salt	
1/2 tsp. vanilla	

Beat together butter, brown sugar, salt and vanilla, until smooth and fluffy (about 1 minute). Alternately add icing sugar and Carnation. Beat briskly until of suitable spreading consistency. Spread between layers and over top and sides of cooled cake.

Cake garnishes that you can eat are best! Keep a supply on hand — candied or maraschino cherries, nutmeats, candy dragées, coconut, chocolate chips.

**DO YOU ENVY WOMEN** who are famed for the good coffee they serve? There's no reason why you can't have a reputation for good coffee — it's really so easy! Just "cream" your coffee with Carnation Evaporated Milk. Yes, it's simple as that! Because Carnation is concentrated to double-richness, then homogenized and heat-refined, it looks like cream... it pours like cream... it whips like cream... so it makes coffee look and taste wonderfully smooth and creamy. And Carnation's special method of processing does something that makes Carnation "pick up" and enhance what's best in coffee flavor. That's not just my opinion — it's the opinion of millions of critical coffee lovers the world over. Why don't you try it? It'll cost you little — Carnation sells for half the price of cream.

**LISTEN** to the delightful Saturday radio show, "Stars Over Hollywood", on the Dominion Network. A complete half-hour play every week — specially written for this entertaining programme. See your newspaper for time and stations.

**FREE:** Carnation's "Velvet Blend Book" of tested recipes, new and old. Write Dept. 34, Carnation Company Limited, Toronto, Vancouver, or St. John's, Newfoundland. 342

**GRAND, GRAND SMELL ON A FROSTY DAY —** I think — is Macaroni and Cheese bubbling in the oven. Do you agree? Grand meal anytime — Macaroni and Cheese with crisp cole slaw, followed by warm baked apples fragrant with cinnamon, and "creamed" with velvet-smooth undiluted Carnation. Grandest, easiest, most delicious way to make Macaroni and Cheese, is my favorite —



### QUICK MACARONI AND CHEESE

(Makes 4 or 5 servings)

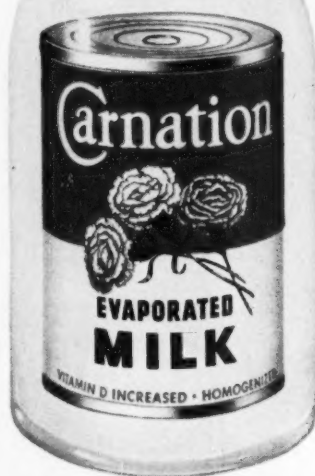
2 cups (1 1/2 lb.) uncooked macaroni
1 large can Carnation Evaporated Milk
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup (4 oz.) cubed process-type cheese
1/4 teaspoon pepper

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender; rinse; drain. Heat Carnation and salt over low heat until small bubbles appear around edges of pan. Add cheese and pepper; keep sauce over low heat 1 minute, stirring constantly. Pour over macaroni in buttered baking dish. Bake in moderately slow oven (325°) about 30 minutes. You'll love Macaroni and Cheese this way. And you'll love that super-smooth, extra-easy cheese sauce on winter vegetables... for Eggs à la Benedict... oh, for any number of delightful uses! ("up" the cheese a little for these purposes, if you like).

**ANNOYING, ISN'T IT?** You suddenly get an urge for a whipped topping, but there's no whipping cream in the house. Neighbors drop in for coffee... no coffee cream! Well, you should be using Carnation, the ONE milk that does EVERYTHING. Undiluted, Carnation whips easily, "creams" beautifully, or can be used for recipes that call for cream. Mixed with an equal amount of water, it's perfect for every whole milk use.

**DO YOU KNOW HOW TO WHIP CARNATION?** Couldn't be easier! And think of the delightful whipped cream recipes it brings within easy reach of your budget! Wonderful to keep in mind for your holiday entertaining — and to give a "pick-up" to thrifty pre-Christmas meals. Here's how:

Chill undiluted Carnation in the freezing tray of your refrigerator until small crystals form around edges. Or chill the unopened can several hours on ice. Chill bowl and beater. Whip rapidly. For topping use, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice for each 1/2 cup Carnation, after whipping to foamy stage. Continue whipping until stiff, then sweeten to taste.



"from Contented Cows"

Obviously he had been playing with the spade, making a sort of castle in the earth, like a child at the seashore. He made no attempt to hide it, but, when he saw Lindley, smiled cheerfully at him.

"You can't work all the time, can you, sir? You got to have a little fun, haven't you?"

Lindley was not going to commit himself. "Been gardening, eh? What have you planted?"

"Lettuces and radishes. And we're going to have peas and beans and spinach and squash. Mrs. Morton knows all about gardening, she does. But she never used to work, not till they lost their money. They used to keep a gardener and a cook and a housemaid. They lived in grand style till they lost all their money. Now they've only me." His treble laugh rang out, as though in exultation over his new position of power. "I shall look after them. I can turn my hand to anything."

"But you're only playing now, aren't you?" Lindley pointed with his stick to the small erection in the seedbed.

Eddy flattened it out with his spade. "I was just having a bit of fun. Are you going to tell of me?"

"Certainly not." He felt he was putting himself on Eddy's side against his employers, so he added: "Not this time."

He realized that he did not know how to talk to boys, never having had anything to do with them. Nevertheless, he was fascinated by Eddy, by his energetic movements, his childish hands, his tousled light-brown hair. There was something fascinating to him in Eddy's agate-brown eyes. When he left him he glanced back over his shoulder and saw that those eyes followed him, with a gentle and speculative look.

### CHAPTER IV

In the days that followed, the thought of Eddy occurred persistently to him. It flashed in and out,

between him and his work. He would raise his eyes from the page and fancy that the boy was sitting on the straight-backed chair near the door, as he had seen him on that first evening in the dining room. He decided that Eddy was quite different from other boys. In spite of his commonplace clothes, his sordid beginnings, there was something delicately aristocratic about him. He had an almost patronizing way of looking at one. When he was at work in the garden he would turn his head to follow Lindley with that speculative look when he passed. But Lindley, in those first days, kept strictly to himself. The sisters appeared also to avoid him, as though to make up for the previous infringement of his privacy. Life flowed quietly, in increasing summerlike heat, and Lindley's pile of manuscript grew thicker.

One afternoon there were a series of thunderstorms and then, at sundown, when every dripping leaf and blade was glistening and the birds had burst into songs of joy, a tap came on Lindley's outer door. It was the first time this had happened since his coming, and the sound of it came as a shock to the quiet rooms.

When Lindley opened the door he discovered Eddy standing there. He looked freshly washed and had a pleased air.

"Mrs. Morton sent me" — he was important in the message — "to see if it will be all right if she plays the piano a bit this evening." There was the oi sound in the treble voice.

Lindley remembered then that there had been no music since the boy's coming. Certainly he had not wished to debar the two women from that pleasure.

"Why, of course — of course. I hope she will. Please tell her so."

Eddy looked past Lindley into the writing room.

"I say, you look jolly comfortable here. You live here all by yourself? Is that the table where you write?"

Continued on page 62



### "FIFI"—THE FRENCH POODLE

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Illustrated—Pontiac Catalina

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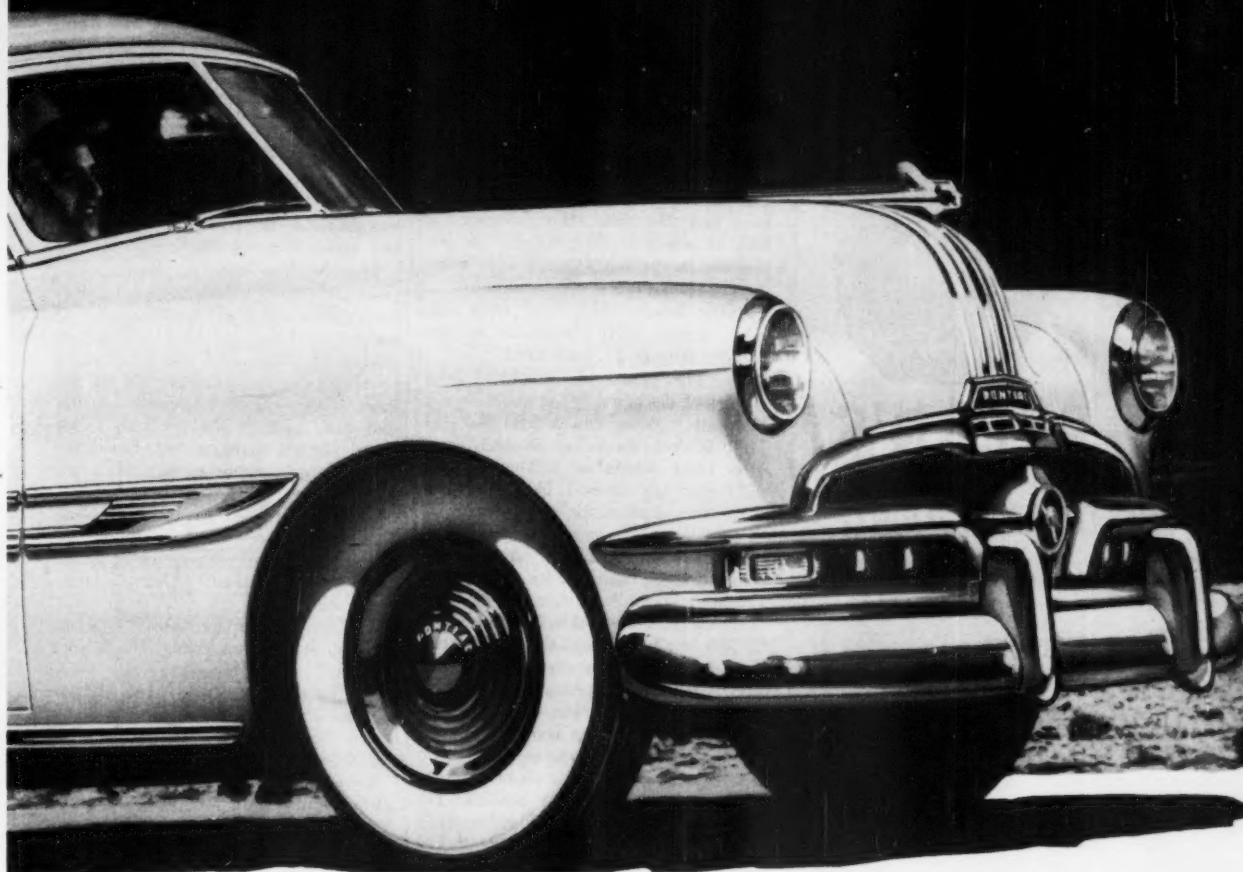
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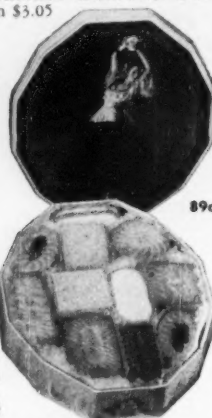
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Continued from page 58

He limped quickly into the room and ran his hand over the marble top. "It must be fine to have a table like this and write books on it. Why, look!"—he broke into delighted laughter—"you've been drawing pictures on it! Seagulls—and good ones too. My word, how pretty."

"I amuse myself when I'm thinking, by making pictures."

Eddy slid into his chair, put an elbow on the table and propped his head on his hand. With an imaginary pencil in his fingers he pretended to write. He glanced up roguishly at Lindley, then, compressing his lips, applied himself to the pretence of writing.

Lindley came close to him, looking down, with an almost tremulous sensitivity on the boyish figure that seemed too small for the large chair. Lindley longed to touch him, to find out if this fascination the boy had for him would vanish at the touch, but he refrained. Eddy again raised his eyes to Lindley's face, and this time they exchanged a look, in which Lindley thought he discovered in the boy's dusky eyes some understanding of his own emotion.

Lydia Dove's voice came from outside. "Eddy! Eddy! Whatever are you doing? Why don't you come?"

The boy raised his shoulders in a gesture of despair. "That one's always after me. What can a fella do? If Mrs. Morton wants me in one place, Miss Dove wants me t'other. She's right after me, she is." He got up and went toward the door, then hesitated. "Could I come in to see you again?"

"Yes." Lindley busied himself with some papers. "But not for a few days. I'm pretty busy."

It was dark when Mrs. Morton began to play the piano, and she had lighted the candles in the two silver candlesticks that stood on it. Lindley saw this as he strolled past the open windows. She was playing The Blue Danube, and he pictured her as a young girl sitting at that same piano, putting all her romantic soul into that same waltz. He pictured Lydia, fair as a lily, her wide skirts spread on the sofa, one of her admirers on the ottoman at her feet, revelling in the fervent strains. He stood listening till the music ended. Then, in the quiet, he heard the plaintive drip of raindrops from the lilacs.

He had a sudden longing to go into the room and sit there in that atmosphere of the past, among the sequestered ruins of the sisters' lives. He lingered, and, after a little, Mrs. Morton appeared in the doorway.

"Is that you, Mr. Lindley?" she called.

He came forward. "I hope I haven't startled you. I was just hanging about, enjoying the music."

She gave her wide, eager smile. "Really enjoying it?"

"Very much. You play beautifully." Lydia Dove called from the room: "Ask Mr. Lindley to come in and sit down, Elsie."

"Will you? We should like to have you." Mrs. Morton gave him an inviting look. Indeed it was almost coy.

Lindley was conscious of great weariness. He would be less tired, he thought, when he got deeper into his book. Now it would rest his nerves to sit in the dim light, listen to the music, in the presence of those two so remote from the world. He thanked her and went

in. Lydia Dove invited him, with an imperious smile, to sit on the sofa beside her. She wore an air of almost gaily, and again he was able to picture her early beauty.

Mrs. Morton seated herself at the piano, waving her hands gently above the keys, as though to limber up her wrists, then dropping them to the keyboard. It was then that Lindley discovered the boy sitting on the straight-backed chair, just inside the door that led to the kitchen. He was sitting on his hands and watching Mrs. Morton with eager attention. When she began to play Ethelbert Nevin's "Narcissus" a rapt look came into his beautiful eyes. It was on him that Lindley fixed his own gaze, scarcely conscious of the music, just drinking in, with spiritual thirst, the details of the young figure. It was as though he were inventing the boy, to satisfy some longing deep in himself. He turned his eyes to see if Lydia were also fascinated by Eddy's beauty, but she was gazing at the ceiling, as though she saw herself dancing there.

Mrs. Morton went on playing, one piece after another, some which Lindley hadn't heard since childhood, some of which must have come out of a forgotten album. When at last her hands came to rest and she swung round on the stool with a gratified smile at her audience, Lindley rose at once. He heard himself thanking her, heard her asking him to come again. Then she turned to the boy.

"Eddy, you must go straight to bed. Remember there's work to do in the morning." Then, with an air of gentle familiarity, she asked: "Did you enjoy the music?"

His eyes became luminous. "Oh, yes, ma'am. It was wonderful. Thank you, ma'am."

He limped off to bed. Mrs. Morton looked after him with an indulgent smile. "Such a nice little boy, isn't he, Mr. Lindley?"

Lydia Dove spoke from the sofa. "I'm afraid you're going to spoil him, Elsie. You will make so much of him he will forget he's just a little servant lad."

"Nonsense, Lydia. Don't you think that is nonsense, Mr. Lindley?"

Lindley, by agreeing with Elsie and smiling at Lydia, tried to please both of them.

"And you're sure it won't annoy you if I play a little in the evenings?"

"Quite sure."

"And you'll come again and sit with us?"

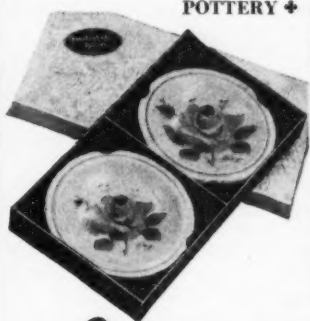
"I'd love to."

He escaped and went as usual to sit on his boulder by the lake. Lindley's weariness had left him. He felt refreshed and a strange youthfulness possessed him. He had a longing for adventure, and he thought that, when his book was finished, he would, by hook or crook, get to some foreign land for a time.

He heard a movement of small stones on the shore below as though someone were walking there. Peering down, he made out a small figure in the moonlight. He saw that it was Eddy and that he was moving erratically, as though stalking something. One arm was raised in a gesture of defiance and something bright shone in that hand. Lindley went to the edge of the steep bank, down which a flight of broken wooden steps led to the shore. He crept down them, keeping the boy in sight



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and, at the bottom, he hid himself among the scrub that grew there. It was sticky in its spring growth, and a sweet smell came from it. About it the shore was sandy and Eddy was standing near him on this sandy surface. The waves made a muffled roaring as they curved and broke.

Eddy brandished the knife and his treble voice rose above the sound of the waves in a melodramatic kind of snarl. "They don't think anything of ripping a fella up with a knife like this. He'd bleed like a stuck pig, I can tell you. My word, how he'd bleed! You'd better be careful or I'll do it to you."

Lindley stepped out of the scrub. "What's that you say?"

The boy cried out in terror and dropped the knife which, in an instant, Lindley had in his hand. He caught Eddy by the shoulder and held him fast.

"Ah, Mr. Lindley, don't take me knife away," Eddy gasped.

"What were you up to?" Lindley frowned down at him.

"Just having a bit of fun."

"Mighty queer fun."

"Didn't you ever pretend when you were a boy?"

Lindley freed him and closed his own fingers about the handle of the knife. It was warm from Eddy's grasp.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"My father gave it to me. I've never parted from it—not since he put it in me 'and. He's fond of me, my dad is. Some day I hope I'll come across him again."

Lindley doubtfully toyed with the knife. A queer present for a father to give his child. He could picture the man—a drunken sailor, with a brawling wife. But Eddy was proud of him. His eyes shone with pride. "My dad said to me: 'You keep this knife always, Eddy, but don't use it unless you're forced to.'"

"Good advice," said Lindley, running his thumb along the edge of the blade. "But I'm going to keep it for you while you're here."

"No—no—please, Mr. Lindley, don't take my knife from me! It's all I have. I didn't mean any harm. I was only playing."

"You were talking in a very queer way—and you were brandishing this. Have you ever seen a knife used? In a fight, I mean."

A lull came in the onward wash of the waves. Though Eddy spoke low, Lindley could hear him. "A

sailor killed his wife with one of these in the house where I lived, when I was a little shaver in London. He'd come home from a voyage and found another chap with his wife. He ripped her clean up and gave the other chap a nasty gash too. Lord, it was a sight you'd not forget. It makes my blood run cold now to think of it. Please give me back my knife, sir. I promise I'll hide it away in my trunk."

But Lindley would not relent, even though the boy's pale cheeks were wet with tears and he poured out broken pleadings. Lindley dropped the knife into his jacket pocket and turned and climbed the steps. The feel of the knife in his pocket gave him a sense of power, as though he owned the boy. But—whatever way you looked at it, they shared a secret. The boy's most precious possession would be hidden in Lindley's room. When he reached his part of the house that lay in deep darkness, he lighted his lamp and looked about for somewhere to hide the knife.

He chose the bottom drawer of the chest of drawers in his bedroom and laid the knife beneath clean pyjamas. It was early, but he thought he would go to bed, so that he could rise early and begin

his work. Morning, for him, was the best time for writing, but night the time for losing himself in his imaginings. He undressed and got into bed. It was still cool enough at night for a blanket. But, before he beckoned to the characters of his book, he let his mind pass through the dividing door of the house and seek, in the darkness, for the rooms of the three occupants of the other half. He pictured all three asleep—though Lydia Dove he could not picture as entirely unconscious. She would move restlessly on her pillows—she had told him that she used three enormous down ones—trying to find oblivion. Yet pictures from the past would torment her or some irritating act of her sister, for it was easy to see that Mrs. Morton irritated her. As for Elsie Morton, he was sure she slept like a log, her thick-set body relaxed, her lips parted.

And the boy. Cast on his bed like a helpless, drowned creature, perhaps clutching the pillows in his hands and crying for the treasure that had been taken from him. But what a little savage he had seemed on the shore! Perhaps he was dangerous, or might become so, if he were angered. It was better to keep the knife away from him.

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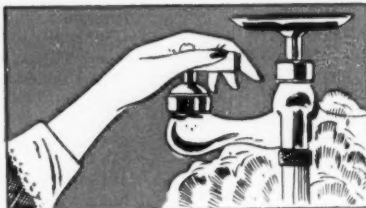
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Why, if those two women knew he owned such a thing, they might well feel panic.

### CHAPTER V

Lindley played with strange thoughts about Eddy. After all, he had come from a dark and fearful environment. He had risen like a flower from a dung heap. Lindley's mind, in the darkness, insisted more and more on Eddy's beauty, the fine hair that needed cutting and waved so gracefully about his ears, the smooth white forehead, where the scar from the stepmother's scissors showed as a cruel indentation—or was that story a fabrication? The limpid, long-lashed eyes, the slender body with the maimed foot.

The following day Eddy followed him as he went for his stroll after writing.

"Mr. Lindley," he called out, "please, sir!" He caught up to Lindley, with a little skip, "My knife, please. Could I have my knife?"

There was something so tender about Eddy, standing there, a little lop-sided, so like a child begging for his toy to be returned to him, that Lindley had an impulse to tell him where the knife was hid and to go himself and retrieve it. Then the scowling and the growling of the night before came between him and the boy's pleading face.

"I am going to keep that knife for a while," he said, and he spoke quite gently. "I'll give it to you when I leave."

The boy showed dismay but not because of the knife. "Are you leaving, sir?" What a well-mannered, innocent little boy, compared to the small ruffian of the lake shore!

"When I finish my book."

"And how long will it take to finish?"

"I don't know."

Eddy laughed outright in scepticism. "Don't know? Why—how many pages has it?"

"I don't know."

He laughed again. "I say, do you know what it's about?"

"Sometimes I wonder if I do."

A loud call for Eddy came from the kitchen doorway.

"There goes Mrs. Morton." He raised pathetic eyes to Lindley. "I've no sooner done a job for one of 'em, than t'other one's after me. And they never wants anything done the same way. My word, they're terrors to scrap with one another." He grinned up at Lindley in enjoyment of the squabbles.

Lindley did not want to discuss the two women with Eddy, but he was curious, for he had hoped things were now peaceable between them. Miss Dove's health was so much improved. She no longer tottered when she walked and she now used the old red walking-stick which had been her father's, rather as a weapon than a support, poking it into the flower-border after garter snakes, shaking it at little boys who came to steal cherries, and pointing the way down the road to beggars who dared to stop at the gate. As the days went on she began to waylay Lindley to complain of the boy. He was always wasting his time. He was deceitful, pretending he was at work but running off to play by the lake. Last night he had not fed the hens. They had gone to perch supperless. A weasel had crept in by the coop door he had left open and killed two chicks. Miss Dove would walk quite strongly beside Lindley,



pouring out her complaints of the boy.

Lindley began to avoid her, moving away among the trees when he saw her coming. This was easy, because she invariably wore a bright red shawl no matter how warm the weather.

Mrs. Morton too complained of the boy's idleness. "Have you noticed, Mr. Lindley, how often he leaves his work? Not that I want to overwork the child. But I do like to see the little jobs I set him finished before he runs off."

Lindley murmured absently: "Of course. Of course."

"I hope he doesn't annoy you in any way."

"Annoy me? Oh, no."

"I thought I saw him going round to your side of the house. I don't want him to be a bother." Her voice took an odd, possessive tone. "You do think he's a nice little boy, don't you? I like him so much. It will be years and years before he is grown up."

"Well," Lindley looked down at the ground, "I've scarcely noticed him."

"Then he hasn't bothered you. I'm so glad."

But, when it came to bottling fruit, Mrs. Morton could not complain of Eddy's idleness. The strawberry bed, the two cherry trees, the tangle of raspberry canes, were in turn stripped of their fruit. It was bottled in the kitchen and filled the house with its sweet odor. Mrs. Morton and Eddy worked side by side. This was the sort of work he liked—not digging or weeding or cleaning floors. Lindley could see how the happy intimacy grew day by day. She talked of past grandeurs and present trials and Eddy listened in awe, sympathized or laughed aloud at her little jokes. She looked cheerful and full of vigor. Eddy ate fresh fruit and bottled fruit, grew round-cheeked and self-important. He would greet Lindley as though he were the owner of the property and Lindley his respected tenant.

Lindley grew more deeply absorbed in his book, yet he was not satisfied with the turn it was taking. Into the tragedy he was building, a strange grotesqueness had entered. He found that, in describing one of his characters, he had described Miss Dove, wearing her red hood and carrying her red walking-stick. Between his eyes and the page, Eddy's face, with the white scar on the forehead, kept reappearing.

Every now and again he went to the dining room in the evening to hear Mrs. Morton play on the piano. It was a peaceful time for all four of them. Lindley soon became familiar with Mrs. Morton's repertory. Eddy before long had learned the names of the pieces. He would leave his little chair by the door and come and lean against the piano, gazing rapt into Mrs. Morton's face. Only Lydia Dove was outside the circle. She sat on the sofa, aloof yet watchful.

One evening, when Mrs. Morton was playing a love song of Schumann's, Eddy came so close to her that he touched her right hand on the keyboard. With a sweeping gesture she motioned him to move away. It was as though her sister had been waiting for this signal. She leapt up, ran to Eddy and caught him by the shoulders. She dragged him back to his chair and literally threw him on to it. He shuffled unresisting before her onslaught. As for

Lydia Dove, she appeared exhausted by the effort and sank back on the sofa panting, her hand to her breast. Mrs. Morton played the piece to the end. When it was finished she put her elbows on the keyboard and buried her face in her hands. Lindley did not wait to see them recover their equanimity, but slipped quietly from the room and found his way, through the darkness, to his own door. He made up his mind that he would not again go to hear Mrs. Morton play. As he had left the room he had given a glance to Eddy, sitting, with folded arms, on his chair by the door. He had had an odd smile on his lips. He appeared unruffled.

This was an unusual hour for Lindley to write, but now he had the desire to wrestle with the characters who, that morning, had shown him unfamiliar and grotesque faces. He worked till past midnight. When at last he went to bed it was two hours before he slept and, when he did, he dreamt that the dividing door between the two parts of the house was open and could not be closed, even though he struggled with great strength against it. The dream made such an impression on him that, coming downstairs the next morning, he half expected to see the door ajar. But no—its tall, pale panels rose in front of him, inscrutable as ever.

He went round to the kitchen to prepare his breakfast. It was very quiet there, the way cleared as usual for his activities. He made his coffee and stood by the outer door, waiting for it to simmer. It was a hot, bright, summer day, when the sky in its blueness seemed a tangible jewel-like substance.

Suddenly Mrs. Morton's voice came, full and strong, from one of the inner rooms beyond the dining-room.

"You're getting too well. That's what's the matter with you. We had peace when you were ailing, but now you're into everything. You're getting too well, I tell you!"

Lydia's voice rose in a shriek. "Too well! Too well, am I? You had rather I were on the flat on my back. Ungrateful girl!"

"Ungrateful? I'd like to know what I have to be grateful for? Grateful for your interference? Grateful for your silly, pretentious ways?"

In a confused babble their recriminations were hurled back and forth. Lindley felt frightened by their vehemence. He decided he would not eat breakfast in that room, but carry his pot of coffee to his own seclusion. A combined scream of rage from the two women almost made him drop it. He was hurrying round the corner of the house when he all but ran into Eddy. He was standing just outside the dining-room door, lounging against its frame, listening. His small face wore an expression of the keenest enjoyment.

"Aren't they terrors?" he asked, in his clear, sweet treble. "I like to hear them fight."

He looked grandly conscious of his masculinity and power. But it was shocking to Lindley that he should so take him into his confidence. He made no answer, but strode on toward his own rooms. Eddy trotted alongside, with his quick, uneven step. He looked up into Lindley's eyes. "What Mrs. Morton says I'm to do, Miss Dove says I'm not to. If Miss Dove says yes, Mrs. Morton says no." A smile that to Lindley showed more malice than mere

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mischief, bent his lips. "I keep them going, you know."

"You shouldn't tell me this," Lindley said repressively. He moved more quickly, and the coffee slopped.

"Oh, see what you've done, you naughty boy," shrilled Eddy, imitating Lydia Dove. Then, seeing the expression on Lindley's face, he threw himself on the grass and rolled over in his mirth.

Lindley set down the pot of coffee on the doorstep. He lifted Eddy sharply to his feet. "You ought to be ashamed," he said, with severity. "These ladies are very kind to you. You should be grateful."

Eddy showed a contrition that Lindley felt to be spurious. "Oh, I am grateful. Reely, sir, I am. Only I likes to see them fight. They're grand at it. I didn't teach them. They've been at it all their lives. Miss Lydia she says Mrs. Morton always was jealous of her being a beauty and Mrs. Morton says Miss Lydia has always been a boss cat. From the time she was a little girl Miss Lydia has tried to boss her — but she won't stand it, she won't. And she's got me on her side. I'm all for Mrs. Morton."

Lindley was astounded. "They talk to you about each other?"

"Do they? Why, it'd make your hair rise up, the things they say."

Lindley picked up the coffee pot and went into his study. Eddy limped after him. Lindley wanted to tell him to go but could not make up his mind. He could not blame Eddy for creating a situation which had existed long before he was born. Yet he could not help concluding that the boy was playing them off against each other. As if to confirm this, Eddy said: "There's an old pink teapot Miss Lydia don't want used. Says I'll break it. So yesterday I asks Mrs. Morton if she wouldn't like for me to carry her tea to her bedroom in it 'cause she'd a headache and she says Miss Lydia wouldn't like it and I asks her if she has to do what Miss Lydia says and she says no and to bring the tea in that pot and I did and Miss Lydia missed it off that shelf and I says Mrs. Morton would have that pot and Miss Lydia says I'll see if she will and she goes right up to the bedroom and they had a real good row and Miss Lydia snatched up the pot and carried it down to the kitchen but when she was washing it she dropped it and broke it to bits. I saved one of them it was so pretty. Look." He took a broken piece of pink lustre, with a bird on it, from his pocket and displayed it on his palm, a small palm, pink from dish-washing.

On an impulse Lindley put an arm about the boy's shoulders. "Try to keep the peace, Eddy. It would help me with my book."

The boy raised astonished eyes. "Help you with your book? How?"

"I need quiet or I can't think."

A bright smile lighted Eddy's face, "I'd do anything for you, sir. I say, where do you keep my knife? Could I have just one peep at it to see if it's safe."

"It's safe enough. Don't worry."

"But I'd like to see it. I miss it cruel."

"You be a good boy and I will give you back your knife. But now I must be alone."

"Will you show me your book one day?"

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"Yes." He propelled the boy firmly through the door.

#### CHAPTER VI

As the summer progressed, so did the book. Its characters became more real to him than the three who led their strange lives in the other half of the house. He avoided them. He no longer went in the evenings to listen to Mrs. Morton's playing. But sometimes he would light his pipe and sit on the stairs near the door that led to the dining room. From there he could hear the romantic strains, now sweetly sentimental, now vivacious, and could picture Mrs. Morton and her audience of two.

In July the heat became intolerable outdoors, but so well was the house built and so shaded by a dense growth of trees were Lindley's rooms that they were always cool. The marble-topped table on which Lindley wrote, became disfigured by the many sketches he had made on it—waves beating on rocks, grotesque faces leering through clouds—unsuccessful attempts to portray a small boy with a twisted foot.

At night Lindley would take his lonely walks, sometimes far along the country road, sometimes to the murmuring vastness of the lake. One night, as he sat there on his boulder, he heard the sound of boys' voices and a sudden splashing of water. There was bright moonlight, and, running through it in the wavelets, he saw Eddy and two other small boys. These were brothers who lived in a cottage nearby. Mrs. Morton had told Eddy that he was to keep away from these boys, but Lindley guessed that he often stole off to play with them. And who could blame him? He spent his days in the company of women who long ago had forgotten how to play, and whose lives were an endless conflict.

Lindley watched them with delight, his eyes always resting on Eddy's agile little body. The handicap of his lameness was forgotten. He was graceful as a fish in his play.

Lindley was startled to discover that someone else was watching them. There was a cedar tree to his left and beyond it a strip of rough ground where clumps of black-eyed Susan were already in flower and Michaelmas daisies soon would be. In this space stood Mrs. Morton, watching the boys in fascination. Her strong-featured face was clear in the moonlight. It was transfigured by an extraordinary expression: of longing that softened it to a strange girlishness. Lindley felt that she longed to run down the steps into the lake and dance and leap and play with the boys. From his concealed place he watched her, half-ashamed to see the change in her. He had been delighting in the play of the boys, he thought, with the appreciation of the artist, but there was something sensuous in Mrs. Morton's face.

Then, in a sudden irritation, either at them or at herself, she called sharply: "Eddy, Eddy, come up here this minute!"

The boys were on the sand, but at her cry they ran startled into the water up to their armpits and then turned and stared, half-timidly, half belligerently.

Mrs. Morton called again: "Eddy, Eddy, do you hear me?"

"Yes, ma'am. Coming." He splashed his way out of the moonlit water,

crossed the strip of sand, the ridge of shingle, and began composedly to climb the bank.

She turned away while he drew on his clothes, then impulsively turned back and threw her arm about his shoulders. "Why, you're damp, Eddy, you haven't dried yourself."

He snuggled against her. "I was hurrying. I'd rather be wet than keep you waiting. 'Cause you're so kind to me. Gosh, the water was nice. I shouldn't be surprised if you'd like a swim yourself." There was a shrewdness in his voice, as though he had guessed her thoughts. She looked down into his face. They were young together. Lindley followed at a distance, watching them return to the house as two culprits instead of one. He heard Lydia Dove meet them in a fury. She had been searching for a white hen which Eddy had left roaming at large. In catching the hen she had pulled out its tail feathers. Didn't Eddy care if weasels killed all the hens? Hadn't Eddy any sense of duty? Didn't Elsie realize she was making a fool of him?

Mrs. Morton fiercely told her to go into the house and mind her business.

Avoiding all three Lindley went to his own door. From that night on he was conscious of the bond between Mrs. Morton and Eddy. Lindley saw them so often together. The house was divided. Eddy was always on her side, against Lydia. Lydia grew more and more exacting with the boy. She gave him no peace. No longer would she allow him inside the room when Mrs. Morton played the piano and sang. Lindley found him stretched on the wet grass beneath the dining-room window listening.

Eddy raised eyes full of tears. "Oh, Mr. Lindley," he said, "isn't it sad?"

Lindley bent over him. "Are you unhappy, Eddy?"

"Miss Lydia, she's terrible. I can't do nothink to please her."

"Eddy, you must try. You know that you make trouble between the two ladies."

The boy scrambled to his feet. Lindley was returning to his room. He did not want the boy to follow him. "Wouldn't you like to stay and listen to the music?"

"It's over. I heard her close the piano."

"Well—good night, Eddy." Lindley turned away with a decisive stride. But he heard Eddy following him. He followed him into his own room where the marble top of the table was clear in the moonlight. Eddy leant across it and looked up with slanting eyes.

"Why do you write a book, Mr. Lindley?"

"Because it's the one thing in the world I want to do—to write a good book."

"Does it feel good to do it?"

"Sometimes."

"I've never read a book."

"No? Have you ever owned a book?"

"Never." The strange beauty of his eyes, the fragile virility of his body, his lameness, were unbearably poignant to Lindley. At that moment he longed to possess Eddy's future, to protect him, to pour out the love of a lonely heart on him, but—he had barely enough means for himself and that for only a short while. This strange interlude, this isolation with this oddly assorted trio, would soon end. He would never see one of them again.

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## new ways to easy-living

by Nancy Nylon

Soon Santa will be shining up the reindeer bells... and it's time for us to get serious about our shopping. Unless you're one of those seven day wonders who shopped last July in the heat wave!

A Christmas shopping list can be the best proof in the world that he who hesitates is lost! Only in the face of an exceptionally good buy or brilliant inspiration is it wise to change once you've decided what to give each person on your list. And that kind of thinking and Christmas list-making is such fun!



**Men like nylon too.** So if you are thinking about shirts, pyjamas, ties — (and who doesn't think of ties!) check the wonderful stocks now on men's wear counters. A nylon ski jacket of course, is the secret yen of every young man who skis. And this year there are nylon snow boots for men as well as women. And the men, like women, will welcome the warm comfort of boots that are so very light to wear and so good looking. Most any "wear" gift is going to be doubly welcome if it's nylon — for nylon wears so well, and looks so nice for so long.



If you are one of those lovely people who make gifts for your friends — perhaps you are thinking of knitting some of them. And whether it's sweaters for children, socks or anything that gets plenty of wear — be sure you use nylon yarn. For all the work that goes into knitting is so well repaid with these soft, warm, lovely yarns... and the result is a garment that looks just lovely and is so easy to care for. Moth-proof, almost wear-proof and never needs blocking. By the way, you can buy nylon mending yarns at your favorite notion counters too.

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The cold winter settling in on us is bringing up the ever difficult problem of keeping the children warm when they slide, make snow men and generally just enjoy themselves outdoors! Nylon snow suits have brought a real solution to this problem — because they are so very light, yet so cosy and warm. Those that are nylon throughout — lining and all — can be dunked in the washing machine — come up looking like new — and dry fast! And look at the cuddly cute little coat on junior! All nylon fleece to make your wee one look as cosy and comfortable as he'll feel. And like the nylon snow suits — completely washable.



These are nylon gloves — and the picture serves as a double reminder! First, that nylon gloves make a nifty gift, (these are long-wearing double-knit nylons with a smart cuff treatment) — and second, that choosing gift wrapping can be one of the biggest thrills at Christmas. Whether you are a traditionalist who likes red and green packages complete with holly, or an advanced modernist who will try most anything — get your paper and trimmings now. It's so disappointing to be left with a last minute choice, and right now the selection is unlimited. I always like to do all my gifts in the same color scheme. This year I've decided on shiny bright red foil with white ribbon. Nice?

We have a booklet called "Nylon a Fascinating Story" — and it is fascinating! I'm so sure you'd enjoy knowing more about nylon that I suggest you send for one right now. Just write to me — Nancy Nylon, Dept. 77, C-I-L House, Montreal, and I'll be happy to send it along.



Eddy pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the other side of the house. "We're none of us happy, in there. We used to be, but not now. Miss Lydia acts like she hates me, but when Mrs. Morton goes to the village she treats me the best she knows how. She gives me presents, like this here" — he drew a short silver chain from his pocket — "it's a watch chain and when I own a watch I'm to wear it. She tells me not to mention it to Mrs. Morton. Isn't it funny?" With a puzzled knitting of the brows he caressed the chain. "She'll make me sit near her in the garden while she drinks her tea. But" — his child's smile lighted his face — "it's Mrs. Morton I like. Us two have our secrets. Mrs. Morton thinks a lot of me, she does."

The heat, the sultriness of August, did not depress Lindley. He was getting on with his book. The characters in it stood between him and the rest of the world. The partition dividing the house seemed to grow more impenetrable. Few sounds came through. Like a criminal Lindley skulked about the grounds avoiding human contact. He prepared and ate his meals hurriedly for fear he would have to engage in conversation with the sisters. The boy he avoided most of all.

One afternoon, in the brilliance of sunset, he was strolling through the orchard whose worm-poisoned fruit was already beginning to fall, when, from the stable he heard Eddy's voice raised in the same bragging tones he had used on that night by the lake. Lindley moved closer to the stable from where the voice came, clear and high.

"Ah, you should have seen the body. Ripped clean open it was. Lord — what a sight! It makes my blood run cold to think of it."

Now Lindley was in the stable doorway. From the broken floor there was a short ladder which led to the loft. Up this he saw Lydia Dove scrambling. She moved with great agility. A wide-brimmed straw hat was worn over her cap. She had doubtless come here to search for eggs.

"Miss Dove," Lindley called, "don't go up."

She did not hear him and now he sprang up the ladder after her. Eddy and the two neighboring boys were up there, knee-deep in the moldy hay. Eddy was brandishing the knife, and so hallucinated was he by his own visions that she was grappling with him before he saw her. The top rung of the feeble ladder broke with Lindley. He barely escaped falling to the floor below. By the time he had clambered up, she had torn the knife from Eddy and, in her turn, brandished it. His twisted foot turned beneath him and he fell at her feet. She leant over him, the knife poised, the delicate veins in her wrist showing blue. The neighbor's boys, squealing with fright, scrambled pell-mell down the ladder. Eddy rolled over, trying to bury himself in the hay.

"You're nothing but a young murderer," screamed Lydia Dove. "A young murderer! Oh, to think that we should shelter the scum of London in our home! Where did you get that knife?"

"My father gave it to me, he did," sobbed the boy, "and I ain't a murderer. No more than you. You give me that knife, d'you hear?" He glared up at her out of the hay like a young animal.

Lindley strode forward, picked him

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up and set him on his feet. He spoke soothingly to Lydia Dove. But she was past being soothed. "I shall have you thrown into prison, my lad, if you threaten me," she screamed. Threats and lamentations poured from her. She scarcely knew what she was saying.

Now Mrs. Morton's stocky figure appeared at the top of the ladder. She moved to Eddy's side. A cold, intense fury shone from her grey eyes. "Go down out of here, Lydia," she commanded. "You're acting like a madwoman."

"Mad," shrieked her sister. "How dare you use such a word to me? But, if I do lose my reason, it will be because you and your villainous young protégé have driven me to it."

"Come, Mr. Lindley—come Eddy," Mrs. Morton was making a great effort at self-control, "leave her to herself." She put her arm about the boy's shoulders and drew him toward the ladder. "I've seen her this way before."

Miss Dove stood erect, glaring after the three as they descended the ladder. She was a grotesque and even a frightening figure. Below, in the stable, Mrs. Morton asked, in a choking voice: "How did you come by that knife, Eddy?"

"My daddy gave it to me," he whimpered, "just to play with. I didn't mean no 'arm with it nohow."

"You must never have it again. You'll drive Miss Lydia mad. Oh, why does she carry on so? I can't bear it—with our responsibilities and the mortgage and all." Tears rained down her cheeks.

Eddy hung on her arm. "But you'll not send me away, will you? I shan't ask for the knife again. Only let me stay, please, please—"

"You are all I have to lean on," sobbed Mrs. Morton. "You must try to be a little man and help me bear things." She turned, as though in despair, to Lindley. "My sister is getting so—so strange."

"I'll look after you, ma'am," Eddy declared. "I'll make you a pot of tea right now."

They turned in the direction of the house.

Lindley, looking after them, saw how excited and elated the boy was. His arms were rigid at his sides, his hands clenched. He looked ready to martyr himself for Mrs. Morton. But what of the knife? He must have gone to Lindley's apartment and searched till he found it. He had shown no embarrassment at Lindley's discovery of his duplicity. Still, he looked on the

knife as his own property and probably thought Lindley had no right to confiscate it.

Lindley, of a sudden, felt very sorry for himself. He had come to this remote spot for peace and what had he found? A turmoil of emotion that every so often sought to entangle him.

He looked up to see Miss Dove standing in the doorway of the stable. She looked remarkably calm and spoke with restraint.

"You can see how dangerous it was to bring such a boy into our house. I have warned my sister time and again that he is a bad boy."

"But you liked him at the first, didn't you?"

"I thought him harmless. Now I find he's vicious."

"I think he was only showing off in front of the other boys."

"Well, he'll show off with this no more. I shall hide it in my clothes cupboard and tell him I've buried it in the hay. Let him hunt for it there." Now she straightened herself and added with great dignity: "I am sorry, Mr. Lindley, that you had to witness such a painful scene."

"If I can help you, in any way . . ."

he stammered. "Thank you." She gave him a bow that was a mixture of graciousness and hauteur. She might have looked ludicrous, her hat and cap having fallen off and her silvery hair blowing loose, but she did not. She was much more composed than Mrs. Morton, who had looked ill.

As usual, there was calm after the storm. Lindley heard nothing of the other three till twilight, when Eddy appeared at his door.

"Well?" Lindley asked brusquely. Darker than twilight the child's appealing eyes were raised to Lindley's. "I came and took me knife, sir," he said, like a small child answering a question in class.

"So I saw."

"I 'ad to 'ave it."

"Well, you've lost it again—this time for good."

Eddy's face darkened in anger. "She ought to be in a madhouse, that she ought. For very little more I'd stick it into her. It's my knife what my dad gave me."

Lindley darted down the steps and grasped the boy and shook him. "Be careful what you say. What I should do is to take you back to the Home."

The boy was as pliable in his hands as a kitten. He put his fists to his eyes

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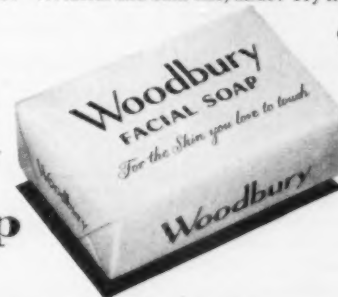


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and pressed back the tears. "I didn't mean that, sir," he whimpered. "It's just a way of talking. I wouldn't harm Miss Dove." He gave a ridiculous little hiccup of distress.

Lindley relaxed his hold but still kept his hands on the boy. A strange vibration of sympathy and understanding passed between them. Lindley felt shaken. Perhaps he should tell Mrs. Morton of what Eddy had said, take it upon himself to escort him back to the Home. But he was too deeply immersed in his book, too indolent to do anything but muse on the affair which already, in the sultry August air, had taken on the quality of a dream.

Lindley had never experienced a sultriness equal to this. As usual, after an outbreak between the sisters there was a reconciliation, but their hostility was like a fire banked by ashes ready to flare into flame at the first breath. A feeling of dark expectancy hung about their part of the house.

## CHAPTER VII

A strange smell became noticeable in the lower rooms. A disgusting smell, as of something decaying. They traced it at last to the old woodshed behind the kitchen. Rubbish had been accumulating there for the past forty years. Never in that time had it been cleared out. Half the shed was well floored, but the other half was of damp moldy earth. On this part the rubbish had collected, sinking, as the years passed, into an indistinguishable mass of boxes, rags, bags, bundles, papers, sweepings. Here the cat reared her families, here bats clung to the rafters, spiders hung their webs undisturbed.

Now it must be cleaned. For the first time in months Lydia and Elsie agreed about a piece of work. It must be done. Something was decaying there.

On a Monday morning Eddy began work. The sisters stood by, handkerchiefs to their noses, to direct him. He was very self-important, very excited. He was a man engaged on a difficult job, these two weak females standing by in wonder. He heaved incredible loads. He dragged the most amazing things from out the litter. Smells didn't worry him. Lindley, looking in to see what was going on, wondered at the fierce ardor with which he attacked the ancient mass. The shed was almost as vile as the stable of Augeas. By Friday all the rubbish had been carried to a bare spot near the vegetable garden, and that night Eddy was given his reward—a great bonfire. The two boys from the cottage were allowed to come to it. They brought potatoes which they roasted in the hot ashes and Eddy filched a chunk of butter from the crock in the cellar. They ran about, eating hot potatoes, the melted butter trickling down their wrists, yelling like wild Indians.

Lydia and Elsie were excited, fearful of the danger of fire from the flaming mass, thrilled by the strange glamour cast by the blaze on the familiar scene. They stood side by side, motionless, like two quaint china figures. Lindley stood alone in the shadow, watching with brooding eyes.

It had been a strange week. Things had been unearthed which had in turn produced sighs or merriment. There was the silver sugar spoon lost thirty years ago, now discovered black with

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tarnish, thrown out doubtless by a maid when shaking the tablecloth. There was a pair of buttoned boots, there were ancient whale-bone stays, in which a family of mice had made their nest, far below the prowling cat. Now all was reduced to clean ashes.

On Saturday morning Eddy swept the floor of the shed. It was now immaculate. The odor of decay had fled, and, at Lindley's suggestion, a bottle of disinfectant was sprinkled about. Eddy had found a forgotten well in a corner of the shed, the water of which was surprisingly cold. He was like an explorer who has made a great discovery.

"Look—taste," he had cried, holding out a dipperful of the water to Lindley. "It is probably not fit to drink. Better throw it out."

"It's good. I've been drinking it all the week." He would have taken another drink of it on the spot but Lindley took the dipper from him and emptied it.

When he was preparing his own meals, Eddy would come into the kitchen with: "Please, sir, come and 'ave a look at the shed, will you? It looks so nice." And Lindley would follow him and admire.

Eddy no longer ate his meals in the dining room, for Lydia Dove could not endure the sight of him there. He ate from a corner of the kitchen table or sitting on the doorstep with the plate on his knees.

But, on the Sunday after that week, Lindley saw the three standing together beneath the trees. They smiled as though on happy terms and Eddy wore a new white shirt and blue tie. He had a bold, confident look, as though he felt himself capable of great things, as though he wondered how the sisters ever got on without him. Lindley, with his contemplative eyes on the three, felt more apprehension than relief. He had lost all hope of continued serenity among them.

And it was as he feared. The passing weeks saw the boy doing less and less. An idle young wastrel, Lydia called him, and even Elsie was out of all patience with him. Evidently the cleaning of the shed was to be his first and last great labor. Lindley found him, in the midst of dish-washing, sitting on the kitchen doorstep, the dish-towel across his knees, staring blankly before him. He found him leaning heavily on his broom, with the same look of seeing nothing. Lindley saw him scrape the food from his plate into the dish of scraps.

"What's the matter, Eddy?" he asked. "Aren't you well?" "Oh, I'm well enough, sir. Just a bit tired."

A few days later he came from the lake, dripping wet and with a bleeding lip. Mrs. Morton told Lindley about it the next day. She looked really worried. "It was those horrid boys from the cottage," she said. "He got into a fight with them and they ducked him in the lake. My sister is furious and has gone to the boys' father to complain."

"Where is Eddy?"

"I put him to bed and he's still there."

"I'll go up and see him."

But, as Lindley was about to go up the stairs, Eddy appeared. His jacket and trousers were crumpled and damp, his hair long and tousled.

Mrs. Morton went close to examine

him. "Dear me, your lip is quite swollen. You must keep away from those nasty boys. Get yourself some breakfast now. I've saved porridge in the saucepan. Do try to look a little brighter, Eddy. He has no reason to look so dull, has he, Mr. Lindley?"

Lindley pulled at his own lip, wondering about the boy.

"It's hard enough on me," she went on, "having Miss Lydia behave as she does, without your getting queer."

Eddy leaned against the side of the door and stared blankly into the garden, his small hands jammed into his pockets.

"I ain't queer," he said. "I'm sick."

"Sick? Where are you sick?"

"I ache."

"Well, you were fighting, you know. And that ducking, too. What a mess your clothes are in." She laid a hand on his sleeve. "Why, you're quite damp. When you have eaten your porridge, you must go out and sit in the sun and get thoroughly dry. I shall not ask you to work today."

He scowled. "I couldn't do it if you did ask me. I ache."

"Well, eat your porridge and you'll feel better."

"I tell you I won't eat," he shouted. "I'm sick."

He picked up a kitchen chair and set it outside the door, on the flagstones. He sat down on it and tilted it back against the wall. The warm sun fell on him. He looked cold.

"Really, that boy is a trial." Mrs. Morton looked sorry for herself. "He's not nearly so nice as he was. But I'm fond of him, Mr. Lindley. I'm very fond of him."

"I expect all boys are a trial at times."

"Of course. And here are you waiting to get your breakfast. Dear me, I do hope you're not annoyed with us." She bustled off.

An excessive apology, Lindley thought, for a very small annoyance, considering the extreme ones he had suffered. He ate his bacon glumly, and after washing his few dishes, was about to depart through the outer door of the dining room when he saw Miss Dove passing. He waited, so that he should not encounter her. She was wearing her wide-brimmed straw hat and red woolen spencer, and carrying the red walking-stick.

Lindley heard her say: "What an idle little servant lad. Sleeping in the middle of the morning."

"Don't poke me with your stick," Eddy shouted. "I ain't idle. I'm sick."

"Sick? Not a bit of it. You're idle. Spoilt. My sister spoils you. She encourages you to idle your time away and be saucy to me. Don't you know that you're here to work?"

Eddy's voice sounded hysterical. "Work! Don't I work? Look at that there shed. That's wot's the matter with me, I do believe. I worked too 'ard, I did."

From somewhere in the garden Mrs. Morton came on the scene. "Let the boy alone, Lydia. I told him to sit there and dry himself."

Lydia's voice rose in that maddening way. "You told him! You told him. I am nobody here. It is always you who give orders. Now I say he shall do his work or go back to the Home."

The two buzzed about him like angry bees.

Desperate, Lindley dashed through the door, and fled to his part of the house. There was silence and peace

The sensational discovery by

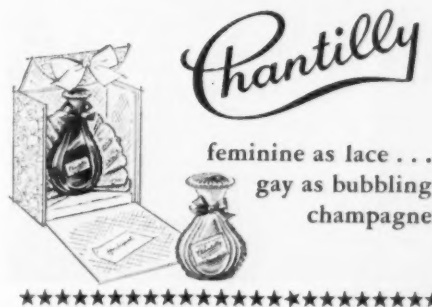
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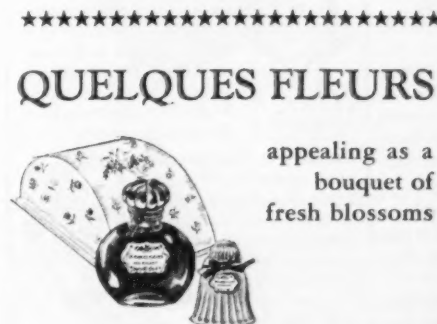


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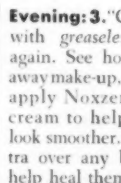
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there but it was some time before he could compose his thoughts to writing.

The air had become very humid. Silence had descended on the birds but the air vibrated to the sound of the cicadas. The earth was parched to hardness and on its dry surface lively ant-hills appeared. Lindley spent a solitary day, but toward evening Mrs. Morton waylaid him in the shrubbery.

"Oh, Mr. Lindley," she began, rather breathlessly, "I do so hate to trouble you—"

"Please don't feel that you're a trouble. Is it Eddy?"

"Yes. Will you come and look at him? I'm wondering if I should call a doctor tomorrow morning."

Lindley wheeled and began to stride toward the kitchen. She hurried breathless at his side. He heard her saying: "My sister too. Oh, I'm so worried. She is driving me to desperation. I've never known her so bad as this. Between the two . . ." her voice trailed off to the strangled sound of a sob.

"I'm very sorry," Lindley stopped. He curbed his longing to escape. "Perhaps it might be well for the doctor to see her too."

She was eager to lean on him, to lean on any male. "That's a good idea. I'm sure it's a good idea."

Lindley climbed the short, dark stairway to Eddy's room. The boy was lying on his back. He had thrown his pillow to the floor and his arms were flung above his head on the mattress. His breast was bare and it moved quickly with his heavy breathing. At first he did not see Lindley, but kept his eyes on the moving shadows of leaves against the window. Lindley spoke, and the boy raised his heavy lids and regarded him out of glazed and feverish eyes. Then he smiled in pleasure.

"Hello, Mr. Lindley," he said. "Did you come all this way to see me?"

"Yes, Eddy. Mrs. Morton tells me you're not feeling very well."

"No, sir, I ain't. I'm awful hot. But Mrs. Morton, she's kind. She brought me a whole jug of ice water. Look." On a chair by the bed stood the glass jug, nearly emptied. "Feel my head, sir, how 'ot it is."

Lindley laid his hand on the child's forehead, burning beneath the tousled hair. "You're certainly feverish, Eddy. We shall have the doctor to you tomorrow. He'll fix you up."

Eddy smiled, gratified by his importance. Then he threw himself to a new position. Its childish grace and pathos went to Lindley's heart. His heart ached for the boy.

Eddy muttered, in a voice made rough by the dryness of his mouth: "It's the faces. They won't let me be. Sometimes it's my dad's face, when he'd been drinking—sometimes it's my stepmother's, looking like when she fired the scissors at me—then it's just crazy faces grinning at me. Sometimes they goes and I'm like I was in a ship at sea. You don't think I'm going daffy, like 'Miss Dove, do you? She says she sees queer things."

"You'll be all right, old fellow." Lindley took a wash-cloth from a nail on the wall and wet it with iced water from the jug. He laid it on Eddy's forehead.

A look of sheer bliss calmed the boy's troubled face. "Oh, how good that feels. Oh, how good." He closed his eyes in bliss.

Lindley stood looking down on him, on his helplessness, his aloneness, with the old pang of longing. Then the boy opened his eyes. He raised them to Lindley's face in gratitude, their dark depths shining below the white cloth, and with a feverish hand, caught Lindley's hand and pressed it to his lips. "Oh, Mr. Lindley," he murmured, "I do love you."

A rush of love for the sick boy swept through all Lindley's being. He bent over him, gathered him into his arms and held him close. He felt the heat of him, smelt the fever.

"Am I going to get better, sir?" whispered Eddy.

"Of course you are." Lindley laid him down. He took the cloth from his head, wet it, and again laid it on his forehead.

Below he met Mrs. Morton. "What do you think of him?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid he's pretty ill."

"I've telephoned the doctor. I'm so worried. He can't come tonight but he'll come first thing in the morning. There seems no end to the worries I have, and now there'll be another doctor's bill."

"I'll pay it," said Lindley and hurried away before she could thank him.

## CHAPTER VIII

In his cool sequestered room he sat down and lighted his pipe. There was a gentle stirring of air among the trees. He could see their branches moving as though they communicated with each other, in vague touchings and carresses. It was just light enough for him to see a bat pass the window. He took out his manuscript and laid it on the table. It was a first book. It might be treated tolerantly by reviewers, but would it sell? Would it make enough for him to live on while he wrote his next?

But he could not keep his mind on the book. Eddy's eyes, large and luminous, kept coming between him and it, Eddy's feverish lips against his hand, the feel of Eddy's slender body in his arms.

Darkness came and still he sat brooding, motionless in his chair. It became black outdoors and two owls were answering each other. Then a great golden-red full moon showed behind the trees and there was a different world. Lindley rose, feeling rather stiff, and went to the window.

At that moment a piercing shriek struck his eardrums and echoed through the house.

Galvanized by fear Lindley ran to the door which separated the two parts of the house. It rose, tall and pale, just touched by the moonlight that came through the narrow glass windows on either side of the front door. As he laid his hand on the door-knob another scream rang through the house, like a wilder echo of the first. Then followed a shrill shout in Eddy's voice. Lindley shook the door-knob, then put his shoulder to the door and threw his weight against it, but it would not give. He ran through his own door and round the house to the dining room. There was silence in the house.

He stood in the middle of the room, his heart thumping horribly, and strained his ears to hear any sound. There was no light in the room save the moonlight, but in the passage beyond it, there was a hanging oil lamp still lighted, and its





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fragile in the moonlight, the red stain on her nightdress was spreading and her hands had torn at the tough grass.

"Why did I do it?" sobbed Mrs. Morton hoarsely. "Oh, why did I do it? Oh, God help me!"

Lindley, feeling sick, felt for Miss Dove's heart.

"She's dead, all right," said the boy. "There's no need to feel. It's stopped."

Mrs. Morton threw herself on the ground but her wild eyes looked up. "She came at me in my bedroom, Mr.

Lindley. I ran and she chased me through the house and down here. Then I had to face her and I took the knife from her. I don't remember doing it. I don't remember. But they'll put me in a madhouse. Oh, save me, Mr. Lindley. Save me!"

She raised herself to her knees and crept to Lindley's feet and clasped his legs. She nearly dragged him off his feet.

The boy stood up straight and white, with glittering, feverish eyes. "Don't be scared, ma'am. I'll say I did it.

They'd never hang a child, would they, Mr. Lindley?"

"You can't do that," Lindley spoke roughly. He felt an equal horror for the two women. Now he saw this terrible event as the natural outcome of all he had witnessed in this place. He would not let Eddy suffer for it.

But Mrs. Morton snatched at the hope. Still on her knees, she moved clumsily, like some bulky animal, to Eddy, and clasped him to her. Ignoring Lindley, she gasped hoarsely: "Oh,

Eddy, darling—if only you would do that! I've been kind to you, haven't I? You know what I've had to put up with . . . how she's driven me to desperation. Eddy, I'll say you were delirious . . . You do look very strange . . . I'll say she attacked me with the knife and that you did it, in your delirium, to save me. Oh—my God, I hear men coming!"

They could be seen, clambering up the steep bank from the shore, the black humps of their bodies lumbering up like prehistoric animals out of the lake. From the neighboring cottages they had heard the voices, the cry of Lydia Dove as the knife felled her.

"Oh, Mr. Lindley, don't say anything to harm me, I beg of you," implored Mrs. Morton.

Eddy moved between her and the running men. "Don't you worry, ma'am. I'll look after you. They'll never hang a kid like me."

"Never! Oh, how can I reward you, Eddy? Why, there was that other boy, not long ago—he killed his own father—his father—and the boy was older than you—they didn't hang him . . ."

The last words were lost in the shouts of the men. The three principals in the tragedy were surrounded. Mrs. Morton again sank to the grass, burying her face in her hands. But the men were looking at Lydia.

"Good God, the old lady's dead," exclaimed one.

The father of Eddy's playfellows shouted: "Grab that boy! He done it. That's his knife. My kids told me weeks ago about that knife. He was threatening to use it on somebody then. I thought it was just boys' foolery."

"The boy is very ill," sobbed Mrs. Morton. "I don't think he knows what he did. I'm sure he didn't."

"You can tell that to the police," said one of the men. "Somebody go and telephone." A man ran off, full of self-importance.

The first man put his arm about Mrs. Morton. "Let me help you back to the house, ma'am. You fellows guard that young murderer."

The two laid heavy hands on the child's shoulders.

"Do you confess you did this murder?" asked one.

"Yes, sir," the clear treble voice piped up, full of assurance. "I killed her, all right. She ran at Mrs. Morton with my knife and I took it from her and killed her with it."

"How did she come to have your knife?"

"She pinched it one day in the loft and hid it."

"And you killed her?"

"Yes, sir." Eddy stood up, straight as a young sapling, eager, it seemed, to martyr himself for Mrs. Morton.

"He's ill," Lindley said hoarsely. "He's delirious."

"He don't sound delirious to me."

"I killed her," Eddy reiterated, in a thin, sharp voice.

Mrs. Morton held up her hands as though calling on heaven to witness. "He did it to save me," she cried. "My sister was going to kill me. She's often threatened me."

"That she has. I've heard 'er." Eddy put up his chest and stiffened his neck in defiance.

"What did she say?" a man asked.

"She said: 'I'll kill you yet—see if I don't.'"



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"You heard her, more than once?"

"Sure I did."

"Did she say that tonight?"

"She went after her with the knife."

"Eddy!" Lindley said hoarsely. "Look at me."

Eddy raised his eyes to Lindley's face. In their dark depths Lindley saw both terror and resolution. "I won't let you do this," he said, and turned to the men. "It's impossible. The boy couldn't do it."

"He says he did," growled one. "He is old enough to know."

"I'm thirteen," said Eddy. "I've seen murder and I done this one."

Mrs. Morton began her wild crying again. Her face was terrible. She tottered to Lindley and clung to him. "Oh, Mr. Lindley," she repeated, over and over. His mouth became parched, his throat constricted. He lost the power to speak, and could only let things take their course, while he soothed her and the fit of crying passed. One of the men took off his jacket and covered Miss Dove. The group stood waiting for the constable, the low-hung, deep-colored, full moon hanging above them. Those standing became equally stricken by silence as the one lying prostrate.

Silence flowed up over Eddy like a wave. His body drooped under the hands of the men. He sagged and fell.

Lindley was kneeling at his side. "I'll carry him to the house," he said. "He's a very sick boy."

"I don't think we can allow that," one of the men said importantly. "We've got to wait for the constable."

"It'd be all right," said another, "if you go with them. You can help the lady to the house. I'll wait here."

Mrs. Morton said, with her hand on her throat: "I must be here when the constable arrives. I must tell him at once just how it happened. Someone must be here who *knows* how it happened."

With a bitter look at her, Lindley took Eddy into his arms. "If you want to watch the boy, come along with me," he said to one of the men. "I'm taking him to the house."

Lindley strode away from them. They and Mrs. Morton were strangely unreal to him. The only reality was Eddy whose tousled head and whose face, with half-closed, glazed eyes, lay against his shoulder. Eddy was not unconscious. He said, in his clear, high voice—"They'd never hang a kid like me, would they, sir?"

"Of course not," Lindley put his cheek to the boy's burning face. He strode on through the long grass, sweet-smelling and wet with dew. "You're a brave boy, Eddy."

"Yes, I think I am. It takes a good deal to scare me. But I'm awful scared of hanging. You don't think they'll hang me, do you, Mr. Lindley?"

"Eddy, you're not to do this," burst out Lindley, in a protective fury. "I won't let you."

The boy's voice became sharp. "But I will. You can't stop me. Mrs. Morton and me, we've got it all fixed up."

He was growing excited. He struggled in Lindley's arms. He looked terribly ill in that bright moonlight. "All I want," he reiterated, "is not to be strung up."

Lindley held him close. He could feel the rapid beating of Eddy's heart. "You shall not be hurt. Leave it all to me."

He heard the constable's car coming

in from the road. He stood among the shrubs till it passed. Then he turned in at the kitchen door and climbed the stairs to Eddy's room. He laid him on the bed. There again was the great ruddy moon hanging outside the small-paned window.

"My head aches," moaned Eddy. "I'm awful sick."

Lindley went downstairs and got ice from the ice-box. He laid the cold cloths on the boy's head and sat down beside him. The look of gratitude in

Eddy's eyes hurt him. He longed for morning and the doctor.

After a time there were strange noises in the house. He guessed that Miss Dove's body was being carried in. She would be quiet now, acquiescent in all that was done to her, she who had been so domineering, so restless. There would be no more quarrelling between the sisters. What hundreds of encounters they must have had in their life together. He pictured them, Mrs. Morton's face heavy with anger, Miss Dove's incensed

to a fragile flame. But they were unreal to him. The only reality was Eddy—the victim of their violence. The boy had witnessed dreadful scenes between them and now he was brought to this.

The constable came stumping up the stairs, carrying a small oil lamp. Its light was ridiculous against the splendor of the moonlight, but it was reflected in Eddy's feverish eyes. The constable spoke loudly, as though to a deaf person.

"I arrest you for the murder of Miss

*Continued on page 78*

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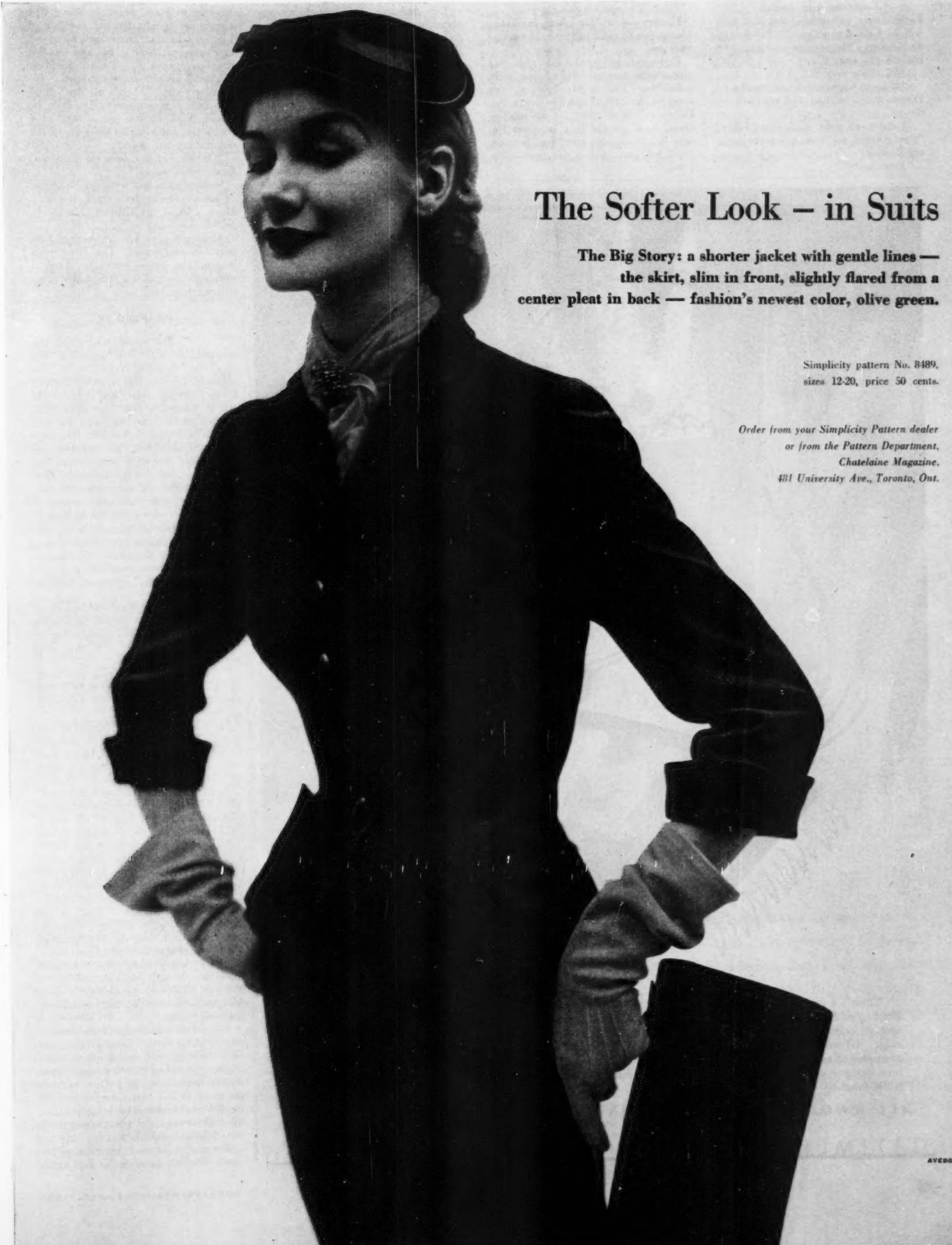
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Continued from page 75

Lydia Dove. Anything you say now will be held against you." He turned to Lindley. "Is he able to come with me, do you think?"

"No. He's very ill."

"He looks mighty sick and small too. D'you think he had the strength to do it?"

"I did it all right, sir," piped Eddy. "I've wanted to, ever since she took my knife."

"Your knife?"

"Yes. The one my dad gave me."

Lindley put in: "Look here, constable, I want you to come out into the passage with me."

Eddy sat up in the bed, his face ablaze with purpose. "Don't you do it, constable. This is Mr. Lindley, he's sorry for me. He thinks I'm just a kid. He doesn't know that I think nuffing about doin' an old lady in when I'm roused. You just ask Mrs. Morton. She'll tell you. I'm a dangerous fella, I am."

The constable stared at Eddy uncertainly. He said: "The kid seems delirious—clean off his head. Well—I've put him under arrest. Do you guarantee to guard him till morning, sir?"

"I'll guard him," Lindley said grimly.

Under the sloping roof he spent the long night with the boy, feeling nearer to him than he ever had to anyone, since he himself was a boy. Sometimes Eddy's mind was quite clear. At other times he was confused and seemed

scarcely to know where he was. But always he sought for the comfort of Lindley's hands. Sometimes he would catch one of them in his and put his dry lips against it. Toward morning his mind became more confused. He would cry out. "There's my dad! Stop him before he gets away!" Then he would think he was on a ship in a rough sea, and cling to the sides of the cot and cry out in fear:

"Oh, Mr. Lindley, hang on—hang on! Gosh, what waves!"

Suddenly the boy screamed in terror. "I see a body in the water! It's Miss Dove. Oh, I say, Mister, I want to get off this boat!"

Again and again Lindley soothed him, gave him cool drinks. That little room became the whole world to them, a world of pain and fear, and a desperate clinging together.

## CHAPTER IX

The moon was gone, the interminable night was gone and the grey, flat daylight came in at the window. The boy had fallen asleep, and Lindley, in his chair, had dozed. He was so weary, so stiff, that when Mrs. Morton came into the room he had trouble in getting to his feet. He gave her a searching look. She appeared ten years older, her eyes sunken and the lines in her face greatly deepened. But she had tidied her hair and put on a fresh blouse. She leant over the bed.

"What sort of a night did he have?" She was obviously straining after self-control. Her hands were clenched and she breathed as though the climbing of the stairs had been an effort.

"Very miserable," answered Lindley coldly.

Eddy opened his eyes. He looked up at them dazed, then passed his tongue over his lips, which had a black line on them, before he asked: "Is that you, ma'am?"

"Yes, Eddy. Can you eat some breakfast? Some bread and milk?" Her voice trembled as though she were very old and weak.

He shook his head. "No. I'm just thirsty." Then he sat up in bed and threw the question at her, like a shot from a pistol. "You did run my knife into Miss Lydia, didn't you?"

As though she had indeed been struck, Mrs. Morton fell to her knees by the bed and raised her face to the boy's. "You know what you promised, Eddy! To save me. I won't let them hurt you—I swear." She was almost unintelligible.

He answered, with the old cocky self-assurance. "Course I remember now. I thought I'd been dreaming. Don't you be afraid, ma'am. But"—his anxious eyes sought Lindley's—"you're sure they won't hang me, Mr. Lindley? I'd be awful scared of that."

"They won't hang you," Lindley answered through his clenched teeth. He was filled with repulsion for Mrs. Morton as she fondled the boy's hand, reassuring him.

The doctor had heard of the murder and he came early. Eddy greeted him with a strange, delirious account of the murder, repeating over and over again that he had stabbed Miss Dove because she tried to kill Mrs. Morton and he liked Mrs. Morton and he didn't like Miss Dove and did the doctor think they'd hang a kid like him?

The doctor listened, his calm physician's face unresponsive, his deft hands



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moving over the boy's body. "Quiet now—quiet now," he said once or twice, and held the stethoscope to his ears. A load was being lifted from Lindley. He drew a deep breath as he felt it shift from his shoulders to the doctor's. He now noticed the wind rustling the vines and a patter of raindrops on the low roof. He pressed a thumb and middle finger to his throbbing temples.

The doctor turned to Lindley and said, in a whisper: "It's typhoid. I must get him into the hospital."

Eddy overheard. "Orspital!" he cried. "Oh, I am glad. They treat you fine there. Ain't you going to let them arrest me then, doctor?"

"Don't you worry." The doctor began to roll him up in a blanket.

"Do you want me to go with you?" Lindley asked of the doctor, a sudden longing to escape from Eddy gripping him. "If I can be of use . . ."

"Thanks—but my son is with me. He drives the car. I shall carry this little fellow." He gathered Eddy into his arms. The boy was now just a sausage-shaped bundle. His eyes were closed. "I think he's dropped off," the doctor said. He hesitated in the doorway. "I've known these sisters for many years. Lydia Dove was a mental case and nothing that could happen here would seem impossible, but—I'm sorry this boy is mixed up in it."

Lindley got out: "If he didn't do it? If it was Mrs. Morton—what would happen?"

"Well—it would be prison or an asylum—depending on the evidence and—the jury. Have you any evidence? Were you there when it happened?"

"No. Miss Dove was dead when I got there."

Miss Dove was still in the house. Still she was in the house. As still as death . . . Eddy was gone. Lindley and Mrs. Morton alone lived there. A few old friends came to see Mrs. Morton and condole with her. Everyone said what a shock her sister's death, in such a dreadful manner, had been to her. She looked so ill. Curious people found their way into the grounds to stare at the house. Lindley remained shut away in his own apartment. The strange thing was that he was able to write. Never before had the flow of his imagination been so strong. Weary as he was he worked all the morning and again at night. Only by work could he control his mind. The boy's small figure, his head with its tumbled light-brown hair, bobbed like a cork in the maelstrom of Lindley's thoughts. Sometimes he would fancy he heard that quick, uneven step coming in at the door. Sometimes those luminous eyes looked up at him from the page.

The weeks passed in a kind of dream. The inquest, which Lindley was forced to attend as a witness was over. Through the doctor he heard of Eddy's struggle for life, his improvement, his recovery, in the hospital. "He is a good patient. All the nurses are fond of him. It's a great pity he got into this trouble at the start of his life. The worst is that he shows no contrition. He takes great pride in having saved Mrs. Morton's life."

Several times Lindley made up his mind to go and see the boy when he was stronger. He would have it out with him, force him to give up this insane idea of protecting Mrs. Morton.

But then Mrs. Morton's tortured face would confront him — prison or an asylum. It would mean the end of her life. He thought of her playing Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words*. Sometimes her eyes, when they met his, had an anguished appeal in them, but, more often, a growing confidence brightened them. Lindley's power of pity was such that, even while he shrank from the sight of her, he felt compassion to see the grey-haired woman hard at work rebuilding her life. She still was looking

ill and Lindley could see that she was worrying about the time when Eddy would be well enough to appear before a magistrate. Lindley wondered what she did with herself all day, with no boy to order about and no Miss Dove to quarrel with. She told him she slept badly of nights.

Once a week she went to see Eddy, and each time, on her return, sought out Lindley to tell him of the boy's improvement. Always she ended by saying: "He's such a nice little boy—

in many ways. I've grown quite fond of him." She plainly showed that she did not want Lindley to go to the hospital. "Now that he's convalescent, the quieter he is kept the better, so the nurses tell me. I really think it might excite him if you went." There was something almost pious in her attitude as she crossed her hands on her stomach.

Lindley, ever more deeply immersed in his book, found it easy to be persuaded. He wanted to free himself of the boy, wanted to feel that he was less

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real than the characters in his book.

The time came for the trial and Lindley tore himself from his work to attend it as a witness. Eddy looked ridiculously small and young. Mrs. Morton looked as though she might be about to collapse, but her voice was strong and vibrant as she told of her sister's mental deterioration, of her attack on her, that early autumn night, of how the boy had struggled with Miss Dove, took the knife from her grasp and plunged it into her heart. She used

just those words. The judge expressed wonder that so small a boy could have overcome a woman in such frenzy.

"But I was stronger then, your Lordship," piped up Eddy, the look of readiness to martyr himself bright on his face. "I killed her all right with the knife my dad gave me."

Lindley testified that he had not come on the scene till after the crime was committed, but he had known Miss Dove to be in an hysterical and violent condition. Had Mr. Lindley seen the

knife before that night? Yes. He had once taken it from the boy. What had the boy been doing with the knife when Mr. Lindley took it from him? He had been playing with it—showing off. What had Mr. Lindley done with the knife? He had put it in a drawer in his own room, but the boy had found it and regained possession of it. And later Miss Dove had taken the knife from the boy? Yes, she had.

Then Lindley told of the cleaning of the shed, of the boy's gradual sickening

and of what he believed to be his state of semi-delirium, on the night of the murder. All the while he kept his eyes averted from Eddy and from Mrs. Morton.

The doctor's testimony was entirely in Eddy's favor. Eddy had been in a high fever when he first called to see him. He would not be surprised if the child had been quite delirious when the deed was done. The doctor stressed the word child, and, in contrast to Lindley, his eyes frequently rested on Mrs. Morton.

Eddy Lennard was sent to a boys' reformatory to remain there till he was eighteen years of age. He would be taught a trade. The general opinion was that Mrs. Morton had been most magnanimous in her evidence. She had stressed the growing harshness of Miss Dove to the boy and his devotion to herself. She did not want his young life to be blighted by this evil beginning. Nevertheless people thought it had been dangerous for those two women living alone to take the Home boy into their house.

#### CHAPTER X

The trial had been brief, and, when it was over Lindley hastened from the court house and made his way, against a gale that made him bend and grip his hat, to the back of the building. Without hindrance he entered a narrow hall and saw four people sitting on a bench with a policeman on guard. Two were young men, handcuffed, waiting to be taken to the penitentiary. One was a ramshackle-looking female. The fourth was Eddy. The policeman stopped Lindley. "You can't come in here without a permit," he growled.

"I just want to have a word with the boy. Please let me."

"It's against the law."

"But he's just a child. He's been ill. I only ask two minutes' talk with him."

Eddy sprang up and came to Lindley's side.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Lindley. I'm glad you came to see me."

He looked very fragile, and tidier than Lindley had ever seen him. His hands were white and clean, with the cleanliness of the hospital. He clasped them about Lindley's arm. Lindley had forgotten how clear and sweet was his voice.

"They're not going to hang me," he said on a joyful note. "It's just going to be a reformatory."

"I know. I told you not to be afraid, Eddy, that they wouldn't—"

"Sure you did, Mr. Lindley, but I was scared. I heard of a boy who was hanged for stealing a sheep."

"But that was more than a hundred years ago . . . Eddy!"

"Yes, sir."

"When you come out . . ."

"Oh, yes, sir. I'll look you up. I shall be eighteen then, grown up."

A burly man entered the passage from outside.

"Where's the boy for the reformatory?" he demanded.

"Here," answered the policeman. Eddy drew away from Lindley and stood erect, with that stiffening of the neck, that look of resolution.

The burly man stared down at him, as though in discomfiture. "That!" he ejaculated. "Whew!"

Eddy pushed out his chest and looked

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the man in the eyes. "I'm your party," he said, with his old Cockney assurance. "Well, come along with you. I've no time to waste."

"You'd better put the bracelets on him," remarked one of the handcuffed young men, and the ramshackle woman, for apparently no reason, burst into tears.

"Good-by, Mr. Lindley," Eddy called out.

Lindley twisted his face into what he hoped looked like a cheerful smile, then, with a sick heart, turned homeward.

For a week after the trial Lindley was unable to work. He sat alone in his room brooding. Before his heavy eyes he saw enacted again one scene after another. That scene in the thick orange-colored moonlight by the lake . . . The night in Eddy's room . . . Miss Dove's funeral, with Mrs. Morton audibly weeping by the grave . . . The inquest . . . the trial, which came to seem more and more grotesque, so that when he thought of it he would hear himself laughing—that sliver of a boy and all those grown-up people—and he innocent!

Lindley's emotions were divided between love for the boy and hate for Mrs. Morton. In those days Eddy became a symbol to him of all he longed for. He wanted to possess Eddy's future, to invent him, as he might a character in his book. He wanted to go in strength and tear him from that house of correction. He wanted to take Mrs. Morton by force and throw her into such a one. He saw her, day by day, regaining her composure, beginning to look her old energetic self. She was very thoughtful in keeping out of his way. Once, however, she spoke to him in a warm sympathetic tone of the interruption of his work. "Little did I dream, Mr. Lindley, when I promised you perfect quiet for your writing, that such terrible things would happen. But now all will be different." She turned away and then added: "But he was a nice little boy, wasn't he?"

A nice little boy! But *was* he? And, in truth, *what* was he? A child from a strange past, cast up by the sea of chance on this distant shore. Yet how vividly were pictures of him woven into Lindley's mind—bathing in the lake with the neighbor's boys—washing dishes in the kitchen, his childish arms immersed in the soapy water—swaggering and threatening an imaginary opponent with his knife—clinging to his cot in his delirium.

The weather turned suddenly frosty. Lindley found it difficult to keep warm in his rooms. But the cold stimulated him, refreshed his weary mind. Again he threw himself into his work. So absorbed did he become, it seemed that a beneficent veil had been drawn between him and the disturbing events of the autumn. Winter came early with snow transforming the grounds to a thick white silence. The alighting of a bird on the cedar tree outside his window would loosen a fine spray of glittering snow. More and more Lindley turned his thoughts inward on himself and his book, by force of will pushing Eddy outside. It would have been easier for him had the boy not been lame. Still that young, halting step came to haunt him at times, making him turn his head, with a quickening of the heart, to make sure he was alone.

At Christmas Lindley was alone in

the house, for Mrs. Morton had been invited to spend a week with another widow, an old girlhood friend. She told him she had sent a little present to Eddy at the reformatory and written him a letter. She looked quite pleased with herself. When she left him Lindley was muttering beneath his breath: "Murderess." He was alarmed by the vehemence of his antagonism to her. He would find himself thinking of things he might say to her, like: "How do you feel about going off on a holiday while

that poor boy is spending his Christmas in a reformatory?"

Then he would picture her in a penitentiary or shut away in a madhouse and his heart would soften in compassion—but not for long. Soon the bitterness of what she and her sister had done to the boy's life would begin to ferment in him again, like a bitter yeast.

Yet when she was gone and he left alone, he felt desolate in that house. Suddenly it seemed full of sounds—

Eddy's step, the tapping of Miss Dove's stick, the playing of the piano. He tried to think of a Christmas present for Eddy and remembered how he had heard him wish for a toy airplane. The following day he took the bus into the small town and found a shop where stationery and toys were sold. The airplanes were rather shoddy, he thought, probably they would be put out of order in the first flight, but Eddy was not critical and the gift would show that he was remembered.

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But, when Lindley had it boxed and neatly wrapped, he found that he could not remember Eddy's surname. Of late his memory had been playing him tricks. Now, try as he would, he could not unearth that name. God knew, he had heard it uttered pompously enough in the court-room!

Then he recalled having seen Eddy carve it on the wall of the shed, after the work of cleaning was done. He hastened through the deep snow to the shed and found the name staring at him from the frost-grey wall—Edwin Lennard! It was like Eddy's hand stretched out to touch him.

He climbed the stairs from the kitchen to Eddy's room and stood looking down on the cot where he had watched over him and which was now only a bare mattress. The little room was bitterly cold. Probably Eddy was more comfortable in the reformatory. Lindley went back to his own room and his writing. He wondered what his life would have been if those people in the other half of the house had never entered it. He would never be the same again after those long months under that roof. He made up his mind then that, when his book was finished, he would go to the reformatory to see Eddy.

When his book was finished! He took the pile of manuscript from its drawer and weighed it in his hands, as though he might discover from its weight its value. Well—good or worthless—he had a feeling of pride in the sheer bulk of his principal achievement. The mere writing of five hundred pages of manuscript required a great deal of effort. If its yellowing pages ended in a forgotten cupboard, he would, at the least, have had one year of doing what he wanted to do. Perhaps it would make his name known, make him independent of the Civil Service. Bright visions would then float before his mind—of himself in foreign lands, and he would, for the time, forget all about the boy.

In truth, as the weeks went on, through the inexorable winter months, he thought less and less often of him. He thought of little but his book. He became afraid to go for a walk lest, in his absence, the house might be burned down and his manuscript destroyed.

When Mrs. Morton returned after Christmas she brought with her the friend she had been staying with, who was now going to make her home here. The friend was fat and cheerfully bustling, and, in spite of himself, Lindley found her presence comforting, though he told himself he hated both women. She had not been in the house a week when Mrs. Morton began again to play the piano in the evenings.

On the first occasion Lindley could scarcely credit what he thought of as her coarse-grained stupidity. He had been about to light his pipe but he let the match go out, and, with the bowl of the pipe in his hand, went to the dividing door. She was playing some chords and an exercise to limber her fingers. Then she broke into "The Skaters' Waltz" with almost girlish gaiety. Lindley pictured Lydia Dove languishing gracefully on the sofa, breathing the atmosphere of her beautiful young womanhood. But he knew that the fat newcomer was ensconced in the rocking-chair, rocking cheerfully in time to the waltz.

These two women appeared com-



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pletely happy. The friend had means, which meant that Mrs. Morton was now much more comfortable financially. She began once more to look the picture of health. But she still wore deep black, in mourning for her sister.

## CHAPTER XI

The day came when Lindley had finished his book. It was February and a blizzard was blowing. He could not go out for the exercise he needed but paced restlessly up and down the room, now uplifted on a wave of hope, now filled with an almost tremulous questioning of the future. He longed to speak to someone—someone who could, even remotely, understand his emotion. Again and again he took up the last page of the manuscript and read the final paragraph, and laid it down again.

He must tell someone.

He opened the outer door and was met by the blast of biting snowflakes. He turned up the collar of his jacket, and, slamming the door behind him, ran round to the kitchen. When he opened that door and appeared before Mrs. Morton she was frying two pork chops over the coal fire. Her cheeks were rosy from heat. She looked a little startled at his bursting in on her like this.

"Oh, Mrs. Morton," he got out, feeling suddenly rather shamefaced, "I've—finished my book!"

For a moment she looked blank, as though she had forgotten all about his book. Then she gave her wide genial smile. "Oh, how very nice for you, Mr. Lindley. You must be very happy." She had a long-bladed kitchen knife in her hand, with which she was to turn over the chops. He stood staring at the hand that held the knife—a strong, capable hand... She laid it down and held out both hands to him. "I am so pleased. Dear me, it seems a long time since you began it. The time has just flown."

He could not help himself. He took her hands and held them a moment. He could hear the creak of the rocking-chair in the dining room.

"And I suppose that now you will be leaving. I shall be sorry to lose you."

"Thank you," he muttered and withdrew his hands.

"You once spoke of wanting to travel. Perhaps you'll do that now."

"I can't afford it—yet. But I shall be giving up my rooms at the end of the month."

"But—Mr. Lindley, I think we arranged for a month's notice."

"True. I had forgotten. A month from today then."

She pressed her hand to her forehead. "How I dislike these business details."

"It was very stupid of me to forget."

Smoke began to rise from the sizzling chops.

Embarrassed, feeling rather foolish, Lindley apologized for his untimely visit. She scarcely heard him. The air was filled with blue smoke.

How hollow, how empty, seemed his apartment, now that the characters that lived for him had closed the door of creation in his face. Now they stood alone, independent of him. But he felt better for that brief excursion through the blizzard. He mixed himself a glass of whisky and water, lighted his pipe and began to make plans. An hour passed.

A tapping came on the door which





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divided the house. It was the first time this had happened since his coming. He strode to the door and apprehensively called out:

"Anything wrong?"

"Oh no, Mr. Lindley. But I'm wondering if—now your book's finished—you'd mind if I'd play the piano more often. My friend is fond of music and this sort of weather makes things pretty quiet."

"Please go ahead and play whenever you wish," Lindley called back. "It won't trouble me at all."

In a few minutes the sound of the piano came to him. With startling clarity he pictured Eddy, sitting on his hands, in the little chair by the kitchen door, listening enthralled, his attitude striking in its innocence and grace. Lindley stood transfixed, absorbing the vision, his compassion for the child welling up into an almost angry desire to see the boy—not at some vague date, but now. He would have liked to forget Eddy. He would be free of him, as he was now free of the characters in his book. But the urgency was there. He must see him once more, find out if there were anything he could do for him.

The following morning was bright and calm. Lindley wrapped his manuscript and took it into the town to a typist. It was like leaving a part of himself in the hands of an unfeeling stranger. On his return he began the task of tidying his papers, destroying unwanted notes, answering letters, so long neglected. He came upon Eddy's childish scrawl, thanking him for the plane. He had ended it with the words, "Love to all. Yours respectfully, Eddy."

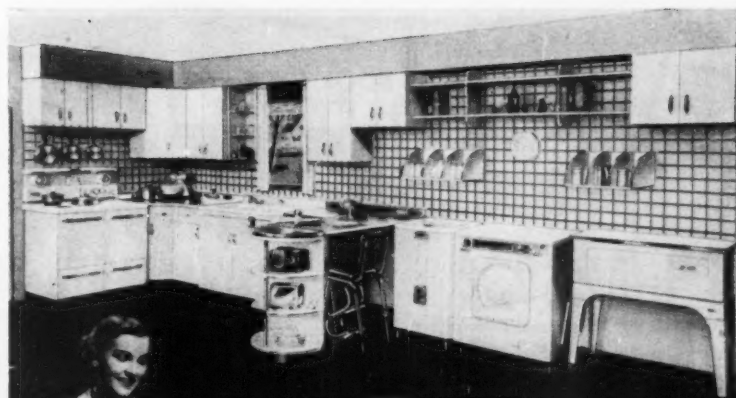
For the next month Lindley went each week to retrieve that portion of his manuscript which had been typed, along with the typescript. The wrestling with the polishing of this kept him busy.

In these days Mrs. Morton never met him without enquiring brightly how the work was progressing. But he had the feeling that she scarcely listened to his answer. She was full of plans for the spring, long-delayed repairs to the house to be made. She had let the apartment Lindley now occupied to a gentleman, "rather a mental case but so nice and quite harmless," and his male nurse, to double the rent paid by Lindley. Probably she would be glad to be rid of him and of the memories evoked by his presence.

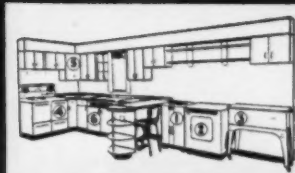
The day came when he posted his novel to a publisher, and, inside the hour, boarded a train to take him to the reformatory.

During the train journey he had a feeling of exhilaration. The burden, the long strain of his book, was lifted from him. He was on his way to see someone who, he realized with a flash of astonishment, meant more to him than any other human being. He had been singularly free of human ties and had cherished that freedom. Now he found himself eager to forge afresh the bond between himself and Eddy.

Yet Eddy was a prisoner and would be for more than four years longer. And at the end of that time what would the boy have become? Possibly a hardened young reprobate. As Lindley left the train and hired a taxi for the reformatory, he felt an increasing apprehension. Perhaps even these few months would have changed Eddy. Better perhaps to have kept the memory of what he had been.



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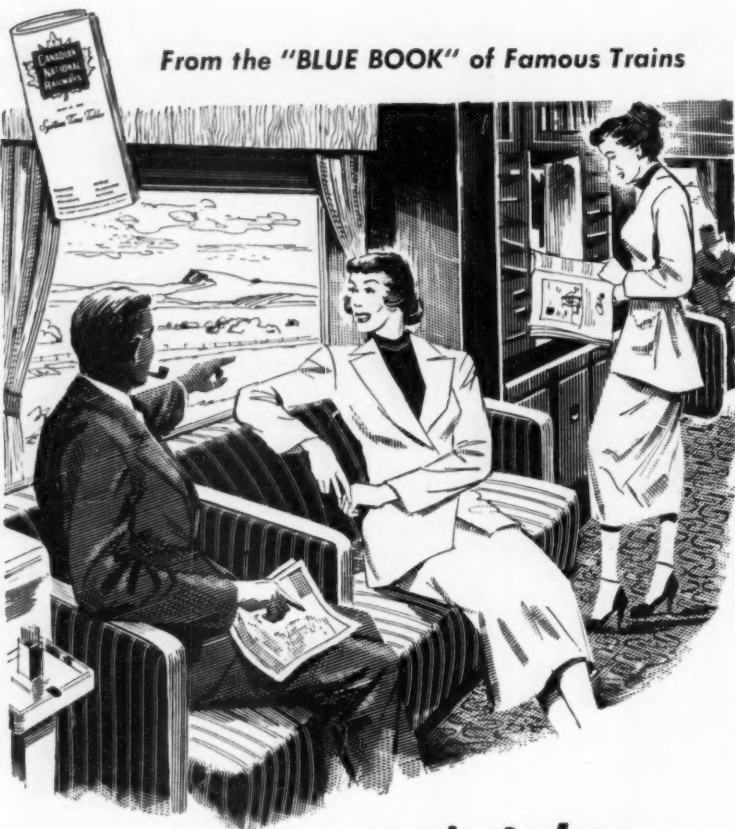
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He told the driver to wait for him and walked slowly toward the large bare building that stood at the end of a long, bare driveway. The building was not exactly grim, but so impersonal. The young trees which had been planted about it, had done nothing to alter this, but stood about it as though in youthful helplessness. Why were we planted here? they seemed to say—we can do nothing to change the character of this pile of bricks and mortar.

Lindley was shown into a hall with a linoleum-covered floor and the smell of disinfectant and many boys. He waited here for a little and then was taken to the superintendent's room. His geniality was as impersonal as the building. He looked up Eddy's name in a file, fluttering the leaves nervously with long grey fingers. When he read the notes on Eddy he compressed his lips and looked hard at Lindley.

"A very serious case," he said, in a flat voice.

"How is he getting on?"

"Very well, I believe. I don't have any complaints of his behavior. Not now. At first he was inclined to boast to the other boys of what he had done, but, when we found out, we put a stop to that."

"Oh." Lindley hesitated and then asked: "How do you put a stop to things?"

"Well, generally by cutting privileges. But sometimes—not often—we use the strap."

"I see." Lindley was picturing Eddy under the strap.

"He's a pretty well-behaved boy," went on the superintendent. "He has an unusually good singing voice. Best voice we've ever had here, the teacher says."

"I've noticed his speaking voice but I didn't know he could sing."

"Neither did he—not till we discovered it. That's what we do here. Find out the boys' capabilities."

"Perhaps there's a future for him in his voice." Lindley was eagerly thinking of how he might pay for singing lessons for Eddy; how he would become a great singer.

"Of course, his voice may be worth nothing after it breaks."

"Of course," agreed Lindley flatly,

the light suddenly gone out of his face.

The superintendent made no difficulty over Lindley's seeing the boy. With that same genial, yet detached air, he summoned a pimply-faced young man and told him to send Edwin Lennard to that room. He then returned with absorption to the reports he was studying. Lindley listened, with ears straining for the sound of that uneven footfall. He kept his eyes on the door, and all the anger and pain he had suffered for Eddy, now showed in his face. He was afraid to see what change might have taken place in him, for, in spite of his beginnings, Eddy had had a look of unsullied innocence in his face. Would not the very fact of being a prisoner have changed him? A prisoner. Even though they boasted of doors not locked, of boys who might run away if they chose, where could a child like Eddy run to? A little criminal—a little murderer—and I, thought Lindley, helped to bring him to this—because I did nothing. If a degraded Eddy comes in by that door I shall never feel the same again.

Suddenly the step was coming; eager, unaccompanied, it moved nearer. The door opened and he stood there.

"Come in and close the door after you."

The superintendent's voice was now genially authoritative. His order obeyed, the typed pages again claimed him.

Eddy's eyes and Lindley's met and, for an instant, each saw reflected that scene by the lake. It rose tangible and solid between them. Eddy was the first to be able to push its power and its terror away. He came a step closer and now Lindley saw him clearly.

He gave his wide, child's smile. "Oh, hello, Mr. Lindley." He appeared to be not at all abashed by the presence of the superintendent.

Lindley thought—"Why, he's grown"—then discovered that he looked taller chiefly because he was thinner. His head appeared smaller, as his thick, untidy light-brown hair had been cropped short. But it was the beauty of the luminous eyes in that small pale face which held Lindley. After a period of calm, almost of forgetfulness, a crisis of emotion again struck him. He could not speak, but forced his lips to a smile.

"It's mighty kind of you to come and

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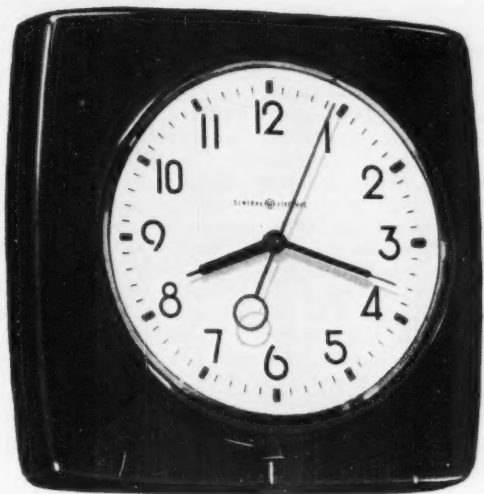
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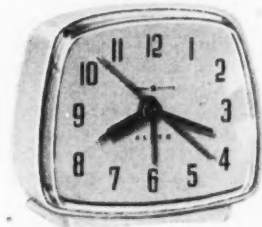


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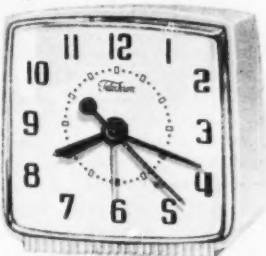


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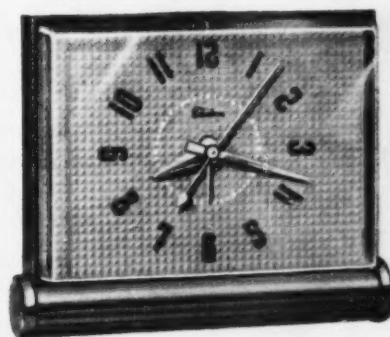
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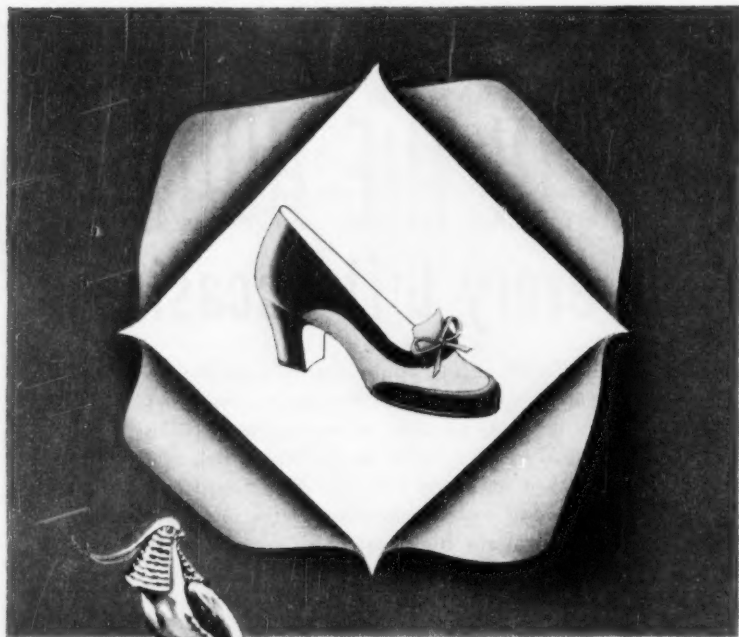


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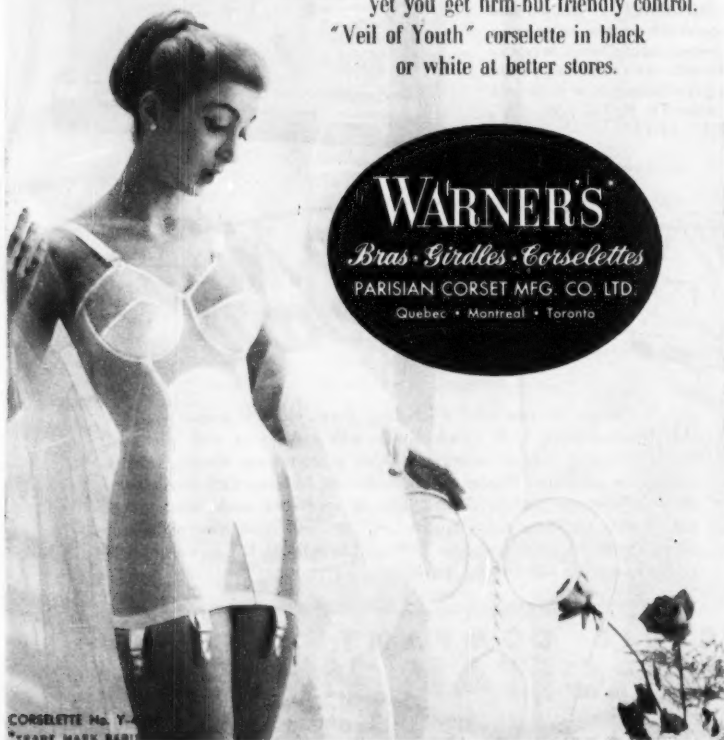
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see me," Eddy was saying. "It's like old times."

"We used to have good times, didn't we?" Eddy went on. "Do you remember how Mrs. Morton used to play the piano? Does she ever play now?"

"Yes, sometimes."

Eddy looked pleased. "And how glad Miss Dove was when I found the silver spoon in the old shed?"

Miss Dove! How could he utter that name? But he spoke it with no embarrassment and its gentle syllable fell like an explosion on the quiet air.

There was silence for a space. The man at the desk returned to his papers. Eddy gazed tranquilly at Lindley, who longed desperately to pick him up and run with him out of that building. All sounds echoed there, a sound of distant hammering beat through the passages and against the greenish drab of the walls. A knock echoed on the door. The same young man who had admitted Lindley now entered and went to the superintendent with an air of bearing momentous news. The two conferred in a whisper; then the superintendent rose. "I'm going to leave you with Eddy for a little," he said, showing his dark, strong teeth in a genial smile. "It's not usual, but you are an unusual visitor. I read in the papers that you are a writer."

"Yes."

"Books?"

"Well—I hope so."

The pimply faced young man began to hiccup quite violently. The Superintendent gave him a repressive look. The two then marched in step, to the music of hiccups, toward the door.

When it had closed behind them Eddy hugged himself in the way Lindley so well remembered. He gave his clear, high laugh.

"Sh—" exclaimed Lindley.

"Old Hiccups, we call him," chuckled Eddy. "Every time anything goes wrong he begins to hiccup."

"Tell me—what is it like here?"

"Not so bad, sir, when you get used to it. Not so bad as hanging, sir. I'm glad they didn't do that to me."

Color mounted to Lindley's forehead. How could the boy still harp on hanging? It was shocking. He sought for something to say which would change his thoughts, and stammered: "That airplane I sent you—did it fly all right?"

"It lasted through Christmas Day, sir."

After another silence Lindley said: "I'm told you sing in the choir."

Eddy put up his chest and the back of his neck stiffened. "I have the best voice what's ever been in the school, sir. And another thing." He came close and spoke low. "I'm the youngest murderer they've ever had, sir. There was one fellow—he was fifteen and he'd shot another boy. That was a long while ago. But I killed an old lady with a knife."

Lindley interrupted him harshly. "You didn't kill her, Eddy. Why lie about it to me?"

"If it wasn't for that, sir, I'd be nobody here. Just one of the kids. But they look up to me."

"You are here to be reformed, Eddy," Lindley said bitterly.

Eddy chuckled. "Reformed my eye!" Lindley caught him by the arm and looked sternly down into his eyes. "Do you mean you don't want to be good?"

The bravado faded from his face. Eddy's lips quivered. "Yes, I do want to be good, Mr. Lindley. Like I was

when you and Miss Dove and Mrs. Morton and me all lived together and you were writing your book. Did you get it finished?"

"Yes. If I make some money—in the coming four and a half years—I'd like to do something for you—have you taught."

Eddy stared. "But I'm being taught here, sir. I'm to learn a trade."

"I don't mean a trade. I mean—well, what would you say to music?"

Eddy brought his hands together in a clap of delight. "Could I be with you?"

What hopes was he putting into the boy's mind? After five years in this place what might he be? Probably a good-for-nothing—with no talent worth developing! The reasonable thing would be to let him learn his trade, with no expectations beyond it, but Lindley could not be reasonable when his emotions were stirred. He could not believe Eddy would ever be worthless.

He put his arm about the boy's shoulders. "Yes. You will be with me."

Eddy's eyes blazed with resolve.

"I will be good," he said. "I'll work hard and I'll not brag to the boys about being—you know what. My word, I wish that four years would hurry up."

Lindley, clinging to the years, said: "Not too fast. You will learn a trade and grow up in those years."

"Just the same I wish the time would pass. I'm awful lonely here—without you and Mrs. Morton and Miss Dove." His cockiness deserted him. A spasm crossed his face as though he were going to cry.

That would be terrible. To ward it off Lindley asked: "Is there anything I can send you? Are presents allowed?"

Eddy controlled himself. With the swiftness of a child's change of mood his face brightened. He thought a moment standing on one leg and gently swinging the lame one. Then he said: "What I'd like best is your book when it's printed. I never owned a book."

"You shall have it."

"And please sir, will you write in it? I saw books of Mrs. Morton's and Miss Dove's that were written in. Write—To Edwin Lennard, with kind regards, from Mr. Lindley." Will you do that?"

"I will," said Lindley, a little unsteadily.

The flat, hollow sound of footsteps was heard and the superintendent came into the room. He glanced at the clock.

"I'm afraid visiting time is up," he said, as though addressing the clock.

"I'll come again. I'll write," Lindley grasped Eddy's hand which felt surprisingly small and cold and rough. Now he wanted to leave as quickly as possible—to be free of this place.

A bell began to clang.

"It is the dinner-bell." The superintendent withdrew his eyes from the clock and fixed them on Eddy.

Lindley mumbled a good-day and was invited to come another time at a more convenient hour and see the boys at work. The superintendent went with him as far as the door. Lindley could hear Eddy's footsteps, hastening in a jog-trot, down the hall.

Now he was outside, in the free air. His taxi was waiting. The boys who were digging the drain had disappeared. The crows were settled on the freshly turned earth. A breath, a feeling, as of Lindley's own childhood came to him. He raised his face to the swiftly moving clouds and drank the wind and freedom. +





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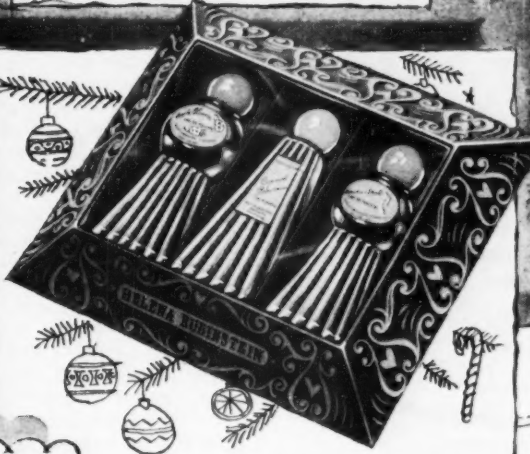
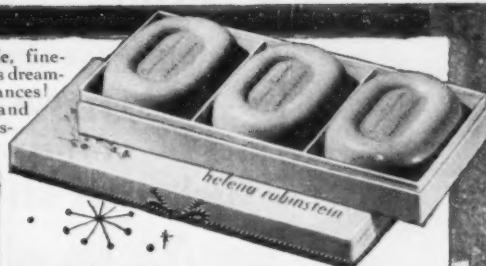
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can send Chatelaine)

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH

Continued from page 9

Prince Louis rose rapidly in the British Navy and when the Kaiser's war loomed on the horizon in July, 1914, the British Navy was under the control of two men: First Sea Lord and Commander-in-Chief—Prince Louis; and First Lord of the Admiralty (naval minister)—Winston Churchill.

In July when the all-powerful British Navy had held its summer manoeuvres and was due for dispersal, German-born Prince Louis said to Churchill: "I believe that Germany means war. Therefore I recommend that, despite what Parliament may say, the fleet remain mobilized for action."

Churchill agreed, and when war broke out on August 4, 1914, the British fleet held Germany in a land-locked grip which may well have been the deciding factor in the war.

But the London mob was out of hand, as were the mobs in the provinces. There was a universal cry of "Down with Battenberg!" "Dismiss the German!" Churchill was furious and told Prime Minister Asquith that if Battenberg went he, Churchill, would also go. But nothing could calm the angry clamor of the people. Under public pressure, Asquith persuaded Churchill to remain at his post of duty, and dismiss Battenberg. It was the bitterest decision Winston Churchill ever had to take, but he vowed that some day he would see that justice was done.

Prince Louis was sacrificed to public prejudice. He changed his German name

of Battenberg, and became the Marquis of Milford Haven with the family name of Mountbatten. In time he died, a lonely and forgotten man. His death rated little more than a paragraph in the newspapers, although it may well be that he was the man who prevented a swift overwhelming German victory.

His younger son, Lord Louis Mountbatten, was a hard-working junior officer in the Navy, a specialist on wireless communications. Mad about polo, he was extremely good looking, and not at all well off. He asked and expected nothing more than to spend his active life in the Navy and then retire.

But destiny had other plans for him. One of the leaders of the younger smart set in London was Edwina Ashley, granddaughter of the millionaire, Sir Ernest Cassells, who left a great fortune in trust for Edwina and her sister. Edwina was pretty, clever and strong-willed but seemed content to play the social game and not pitch her plans beyond Mayfair and the Riviera.

Then London began to hear that the handsome Lord Louis was paying her court. The engagement was announced. The wedding was a gorgeous affair, and the semi-regal pair began their married life in a fabulous penthouse in Park Lane.

### Philip Sensitive

They became leaders of the international set and made news wherever they went. Their dinner parties were more than just good food, good wine and bad conversation. Edwina who had inherited the quick intelligence of her grandfather, became increasingly



### GUEST TOWELS IN SWEDISH WEAVING

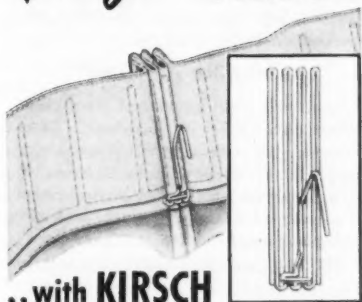
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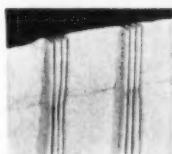
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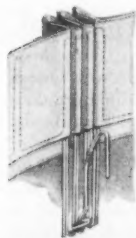
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fascinated by the political and diplomatic developments in the twilight twenties. She was particularly sympathetic to the growing cult of Socialism.

In the meantime Lord Louis had brought his small nephew, Prince Philip, to be educated in England. The boy was lonely and he looked up to his uncle almost as a god. It was not only natural but inevitable that he should want to join the Navy in which his uncle served, and which had once been commanded by his grandfather, Prince Louis of Battenberg.

Philip was a brilliant cadet and in good time entered service as a midshipman. But young as he was, he was troubled by disturbing thoughts. His grandfather had been dismissed because he was of German blood and was therefore not to be trusted — yet Philip and his uncle Lord Louis were of the same blood and allowed to serve the British. Although Philip had become a naturalized Briton he was well aware that this was not the same thing as being born British—as some of his young navy companions bluntly pointed out. This background naturally made him sensitive and swift to suspect a slur.

The Mountbatten drama took on a new turn with the advent of the Hitler war. In 1939 Winston Churchill became First Lord of the Admiralty once again, holding the same office and fighting the same enemy as in 1914. And in the Navy was the son of the First Sea Lord who had been so monstrously treated in 1914. With his well-known sense of the dramatic Churchill's mind began to toy with the idea of bringing along Lord Louis Mountbatten.

Edwina, who was also doing a lot of thinking, threw herself into war work with characteristic energy. As the Mountbatten star rose so did the star of Socialism—and more and more Edwina cultivated the society of the principal figures in the British Labor Party.

Promotion after promotion came to Mountbatten until, in Burma, he was made an Admiral, an Air Marshal and a General. His wartime code name of "Supremo" fitted admirably.

When the war was over he was sent by Mr. Attlee as Viceroy to India, to handle the momentous partition and independence of this great subcontinent. Not unnaturally there was a mounting resentment against Mountbatten in Tory circles.

### Speaks Off the Cuff

Back in London Louis and his wife had become so powerful that the wits began to speak of "The Mountbatten Dynasty." About this time news came that the handsome Lt.-Commander Prince Philip was paying court to Princess Elizabeth. It is said, and largely believed, that Louis and Edwina conceived the idea of Philip as a suitable husband for the heir to the throne. At any rate, it came about and we all applauded the great wedding of two good-looking children of destiny.

Lord Louis, now created Earl Mountbatten, might well have gone to his father's grave and said: "You were crucified by the mob, but we have atoned."

Prince Philip had captured the imagination of the British people who were charmed by his good looks, his passion for sport and dancing, his zest for living. But they were worried by



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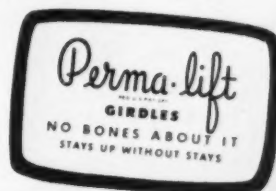
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his craze for speed. He loved driving fast cars, and once had crashed into a two-seater.

Soon he began to cause despondency and alarm among the officials at Buckingham Palace by refusing to allow them to write his public speeches.

Prince Philip not only insisted on speaking for himself but on thinking for himself. In spite of his wit and charm, he had one bad failing for a member of royalty—he did not suffer bores very well. He had even been known to cut short one bore's best story, which had lasted the old fellow for years.

Above all Philip hated incompetence and inefficiency and showed it.

But what he resented most was the whispering campaign against "The Mountbatten Dynasty." The Edwina-baiters were becoming more vocal all the time, and it was said that her husband saw himself as a king-maker.

The sudden death of King George brought this feeling to a head. As the foreign royalties arrived by air for the funeral they were nearly all met by Earl Mountbatten, either alone or with his wife. But when the exiled King Peter of Serbia arrived a columnist wrote "No one met Peter—not even Mountbatten."

Then came the secret discussions as to what the Royal House should be called. The heir to the throne had been christened Prince Charles of Mountbatten.

It is believed in London that old Queen Mary was the deciding voice in the discussion. When the result was made known, "Mountbatten" had been routed and "Windsor" had carried the field. The wits said, "Edwina won every battle but the last one."

One does not need to peep through the keyhole to know how all this must have put a heavy strain on Philip. He is sensitive and his love for his uncle almost reaches adoration. No wonder he sought relief in the flurry and dash of polo, in sailing his small racing yacht, and in plunging into his new royal responsibilities with vigor.

He made new headlines recently when he challenged traditionalism at its very source, suddenly announcing that he was going to investigate the staff arrangements of Buckingham Palace with the intention of cutting costs, promoting efficiency and limiting, as much as possible, calls upon the Queen.

In view of the fact that before his marriage Philip had shared a "coldwater flat" in Kensington Palace with David Milford Haven and could know nothing of the running of a tremendous undertaking like Buckingham Palace, this announcement had the same effect on palace officials as if a country priest decided to overhaul the Vatican.

But the murmurings that Philip was overplaying his hand ended when it was announced that he had been made a member of the select—the very select—committee to organize the Coronation arrangements. This indirectly conferred upon him an authority which would be hard to challenge.

He has on his side the precedent of King George V who periodically demanded economies in the administration of the Royal Palaces. (As a matter of fact, although it was never published, George V was very tight with his money. At Sandringham the dining-room carpet was so ragged that Queen Mary was always fearful that some guest would put his foot into one of the holes and be thrown on his head.)

## No "Albert the Good"

It must also be remembered that when the Duke of Edinburgh commanded his own ship he knew every man's job from commander to cook. It is well known that at sea he demanded a degree of efficiency which won for him more respect than popularity.

Philip is particularly anxious to reduce the intolerable burden which tradition places upon the ruling sovereign. The reading of parliamentary papers, the interviews with secretaries of state, the endless receptions and public appearances—and throughout it all the strain of always having to be pleasant, smiling and perfectly dressed! The crown is indeed heavy for such a young and pretty head.

And however you look at it, the task that stretches before Philip himself is scarcely less difficult, or less heavy than that which faces his Queen. There used to be a saying "Some day he'll get tired of driving with his back to the hordes"; and that homely phrase might well apply to prince consorts.

But fortunately there is royal blood in Philip's veins. He understands the discipline of royalty and he accepted it with his eyes open. He longed to remain in the Navy but gave it up for higher duties. The truth is that he has great strength of character and strong sense of purpose.

The trouble will come if the British try to make him into another Albert the Good. That worthy Prince toiled at his job so conscientiously that he killed himself with overwork, yet he was lampooned and caricatured throughout the whole period of his life with Queen Victoria. The Duke of Edinburgh does not supply a similar target for ridicule, but he hotly resents the criticism of what he does in his own time. To him physical fitness is almost a religion and one of his keenest pleasures in life is when he is pitting his skill in games against the other side.

My own opinion is that the much-misunderstood Duke will continue to rouse controversy from time to time and come under the castigation of the Pecksniffs, the Chadbands and the Stigginses—but that he will do a fine job for the throne and the Empire.

However, he should be allowed his head and his youth, and he should not be harassed. He has great qualities and his defects are those of temperament, not of character. If it was Aunt Edwina who first conceived the idea of his marriage to Elizabeth then she did well. +

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## ONE WOMAN'S FIGHT

Continued from page 7

Celia's marriage came out of bitter war to healing peace because she discovered the way for herself. She was no stronger or wiser than the rest of us, but she had an overwhelming compulsion to see her marriage survive and to keep her home together.

She herself had come from a broken home at the poverty level, and had grown up in children's shelters and cheap boardinghouses. She knew first-hand all the miserable experiences that happen to little girls without a home, particularly without a father. She didn't want this to happen to her own two little girls, or her son.

Celia's marriage had begun with great love and admiration. Mark had been so protective and devoted that after the long years of loneliness and shabby times in other people's houses she felt she had reached the end of the rainbow. When his strangeness began—his brooding silences, his long absences from home, his harsh criticisms of her house-keeping, her manner with the children, her handling of money—and later of her appearance, her behavior, her very breathing—she could not believe it.

As in so many of our marriages today, the war had intervened. The man who hated to be away from his wife for a day had been away for years. He had been a boy when they married. He had known no other woman and had never dreamed of comparing Celia with anyone. She had been incomparable. But, away from her, lonely and in a strange country with

time on his hands, and under the anonymity of khaki, he found that there were lots of lonely girls and women willing to offer themselves.

By the time he came home from the war, he had made a number of alliances, and in each one he had found something pleasant that did not carry the weight of responsibility which marriage and fatherhood entailed.

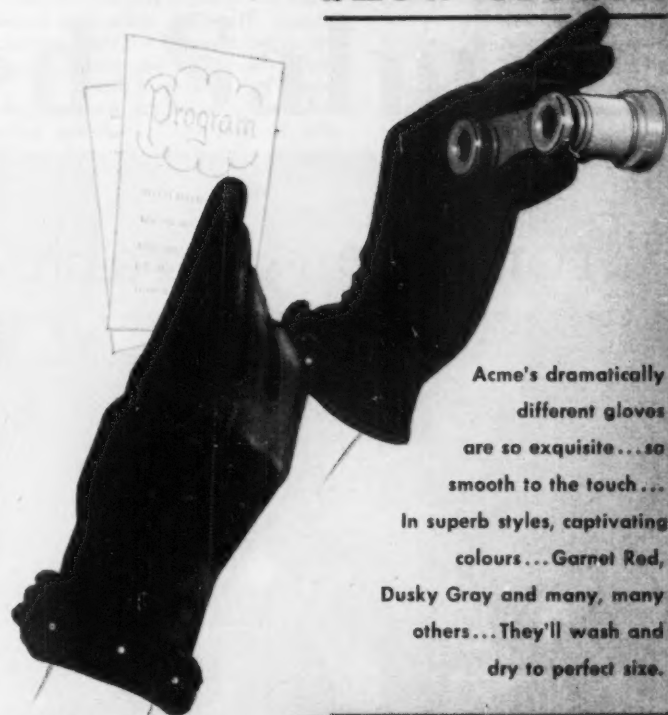
It is the old familiar story. Homecoming was very difficult, and Celia was not prepared. Anxious to lay down the burden of making all the decisions for the children and the home, she was too quickly demanding. The children were small and she had been lonely. She had been carrying a double load and she hadn't had any fun. She had no idea that her husband had been unfaithful to her. That sort of thing might happen to other men, but not Mark.

As for Mark, he compared his tired, demanding wife with his wartime companions who had always been eager to see him, dressed in their best, demanding nothing from him, meeting his moods.

There is no need to detail the tragedy of the marriage. Many women have had at least part of it to face. It was particularly dark for Celia because for her there was no way out. She was blindly determined not to break up her home. Perhaps at the beginning if she had been able to run home to mother, Mark might have stopped short and taken stock of what he really wanted. But she had no mother to run to.

But the more she clung, the more determined Mark was to show that she meant nothing to him and that he was free. He would not listen to reason, and her tears infuriated him. She began to

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lose self-respect, because of his strong, bitter, constant accusations; and as she did, his criticisms deepened.

"If you don't pull yourself together," he told her regularly, "I will find somebody else to be in love with." And he wasted no opportunities.

This incredible situation persisted literally for years.

At last, the last step in the breakup of the marriage was taken and at last, one woman was brought out into the open. By this time Mark's guilt was

more than he could bear. He spent all his time attempting to prove to his wife in every way possible, by neglect, by words, by deeds, that she was responsible for everything he had done, that she had forced him to fall in love with the other woman. His black callousness in the face of her misery, his brutal taunting, finally broke her and her nervous collapse seemed just a matter of time.

Now, how could this marriage possibly be repaired? It looked quite hopeless. For Celia, who had been a

woman of some stature, it was shamefully humiliating.

Her close friends stepped in. I was one of them. We said, "There is no use any longer. You must leave him. He is destroying you."

She was a talented woman, still able to make a fine living in the world of radio, as she previously had. Mark was a successful businessman. Under pressure, Celia went at last to a lawyer, who repeated her friends' advice. She was entitled to the house and furnishings,

half Mark's salary, and various other settlements. She would be able to keep her home going and educate the youngsters. From everybody's point of view, except hers, this was good.

She tried psychiatrists, groping dimly toward a deeper understanding, a possible solution. One doctor, a man, said, "The trouble is, you simply will not admit defeat. Your marriage is gone, but you are too vain to admit it."

The woman doctor said, "Retire from argument. He says he doesn't want to marry the other woman. He doesn't want divorce. He has told you he wouldn't be true to any other woman. He doesn't want to give up the children. All he wants is to have his cake and eat it, too. Well, let him. He'll get over this period. They all do. Spruce yourself up, keep quiet, take care of things—and wait. He'll come back when he's had his fling. This is the way wise women handle your problem. More are doing it than you will ever know."

But Celia was not satisfied. First, there had for years been such deep and passionate love between her and her husband that she felt it could not have died naturally. He was sick, she told herself.

Many of us felt that Celia was simple in the head—so abjectly in love with the man that she couldn't be anything but an idiot where he was concerned.

At this point, what would you have done?

I know I should have run away.

Celia said no, no—until the other woman was openly admitted and flaunted. Then, temporarily defeated, she did run away, in a sense. She gave up. She stopped fighting.

All through the trouble she had been listening for the Word, somehow sure that it would come. Now and again, anxious to help, people said things to her which seemed part of the word.

One of Mark's close friends said to "Let him go, Celia, let him go!" She did not understand, because there seemed nowhere for Mark to go, but the words stuck.

A woman with a ravaged face said to her, "Whatever you do, bang on. Never let him go." That stuck, too, and at last the beginning of understanding came.

It came about through the insistent memory of one of the phrases which her husband had used to her over and over, "Stop defending yourself," he had said—and was still saying it.

But she had to defend herself. For she was right. She had to defend herself against believing all the dreadful things he said against her, or she would be completely destroyed, bereft of all belief in herself, all hope, all courage.

Let him go . . . Never let him go . . . Stop defending yourself . . .

The three thoughts wove themselves into a pattern in her mind.

After a deep searching of her heart, she said on her knees, "Very well, I am through. I will let him go . . . from my hands. I will never let him go . . . from my heart. And I will stop defending myself."

She went away for a while. It was a little like going up on a mountain alone. She took with her a thick pad of paper with blank sheets. She began to write down on it all the things her husband had said about her. She began to pay attention, for the first time, to what he had said. All the accusations against which she had defended herself were

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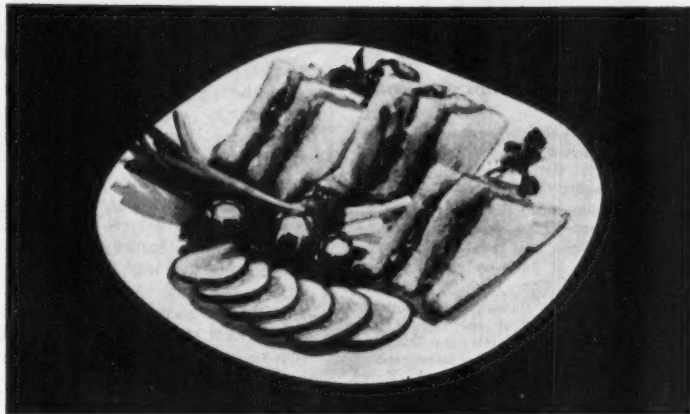
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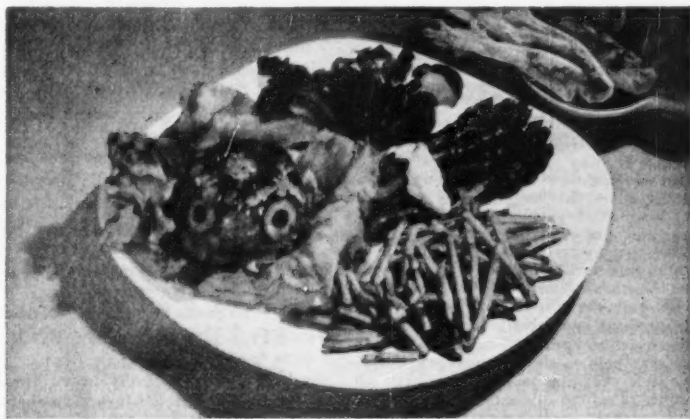
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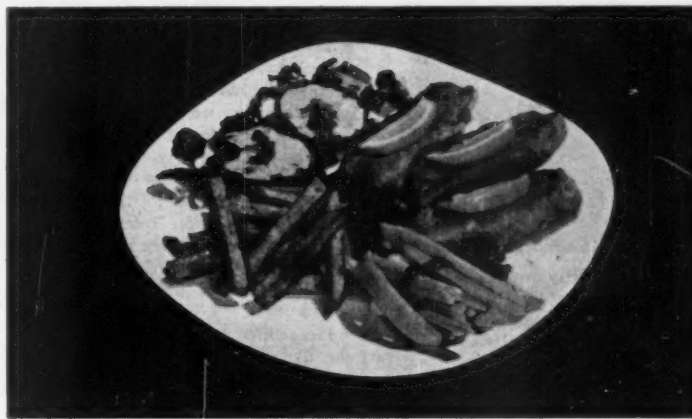
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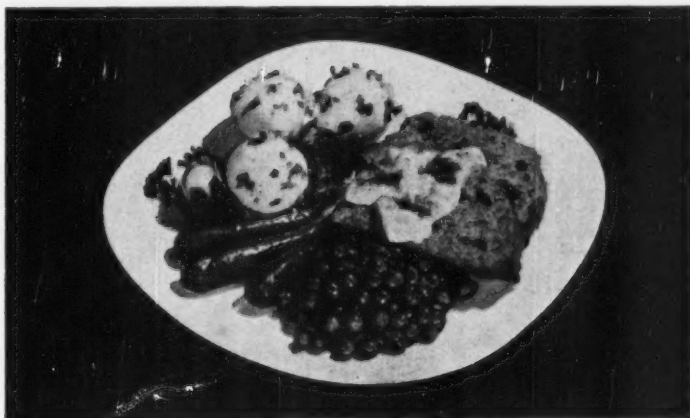
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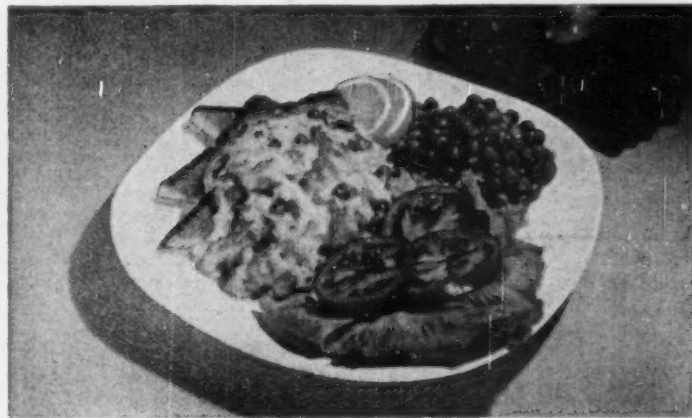
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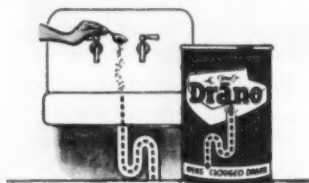
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me time to prove I can be different, that I understand and mean what I say."

It hurt terribly to beg. But her humility was sincere. It was not a pose. She knew she had failed him, and she knew that she had to show him where and how she had failed so that his own guilt might change to self-respect. She had to restore to him the strength she had robbed him of.

He was difficult, unbelieving, scornful. It was as if her humility, her real acceptance of his burden had loosed in him all his bitterness toward her, and he poured it out over her unsparingly.

Celia persisted. And she did not defend herself.

A month passed and he told her angrily one day, "I've given up the other woman. She was nothing. I didn't want her anyway. I'm relieved."

In three months—three long, aching, painful months, in which he watched every move she made, stood ready to pounce upon the least deviation in the pattern she said she had chosen—he said, "I have given up all other women. I don't want that kind of life any more."

In six months he said cautiously, "I think I may love you."

In a year he began to be free. When she said she would be the wife he needed, he believed her. He began to trust her. He saw that she truly understood his problem and was meeting it. His work began to improve. His whole attitude toward life was more open, relaxed, less guarded and belligerent.

I don't think I could do what Celia did. I get indignant when I think of her humbling herself so completely, taking the whole fault on herself. Why didn't Mark do it—or why not a fifty-fifty sharing of the blame?

But Celia says, "Who are you to judge? If Mark was that way, then someone failed him, or at least life failed him. The fact that he needed a scapegoat only proved that he didn't feel right in what he was doing. He was basically an innocent and a good man. I had the power to take the load of his guilt from him, to accept it myself and so to free him."

But to me the really important fact is that Celia loved Mark enough to do anything for him.

She tries herself out each day by the absolute standards of love, unselfishness, purity and honesty. She lives by them and tries to help her children see them too. She says that a woman who does not set these standards for her husband fails him utterly. He may not have had them when she married him; all the more reason why she must build them into him.

In life, man is the urgent thrusting explorer, the torch bearer, the horizon breaker, the one who carries from generation to generation the vital spark. But woman must guard the flame.

Divorce? A marriage with someone else? Celia said, "I'd be the same person. What you do to one man, you do to another. No."

Whatever the measure of personal happiness, I know for Celia and her family out of this nettle, danger, has come the flower of safety.

After all, we call ourselves Christians. The Man of Galilee took upon himself the shame, the guilt, the evil of all His brothers. It may be that each of us could try to take with true humility the load of just one person whom we love.

Dare to be a Celia? +





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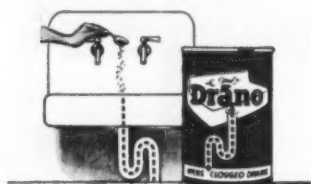
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In six months he said cautiously, "I think I may love you."

In a year he began to be free. When she said she would be the wife he needed, he believed her. He began to trust her. He saw that she truly understood his problem and was meeting it. His work began to improve. His whole attitude toward life was more open, relaxed, less guarded and belligerent.

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Dare to be a Celia? +





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## WINDEX Spray

there. Little things . . . big things. The pencil broke sometimes, but she sharpened it again and went on writing.

*I am not a tidy housekeeper.* (Never mind adding, I've had too much else to do. Never mind saying that I've often neglected my house to do other things you asked of me. Just write . . . I am not a tidy housekeeper.)

*I do insist on being the centre of attraction.* (When I am honest I can see myself doing it.)

*I do make decisions for the whole family.* (I insist on my own ideas about everything. I tell Mark what he can and can't eat. I tell him when he should or shouldn't get the car washed.)

*I run our house—for myself.*

The paper filled up fast.

Mark had said, "The thing I like about this other woman is that she is honest. You are a liar."

She wrote, "I am a liar. I don't tell how much I pay for things. I juggle the money around so I can get what I want without telling. I polish the surface of life and sometimes the corners are pretty sketchy."

How can I let you know how very painful Celia's task was? I wouldn't want to face doing what she did.

The little faults, the small easy sins went down first on Celia's paper, but there was much worse to come. She was so bitter at Mark because of his sexual wanderings, but what about her own flirtations at parties? What about the ensuing telephone calls from men who found her charming and wanted to do something about it? What about that side of her life? She had, many times, been the "other woman" in spirit.

Her behavior wasn't innocent. If she had had a chance at the free life her husband had led overseas, endowed with the natural instincts of the male, the temptations, the ease of approach, the need for relaxation from the awful tumult of war, would she have been any better than he had been?

Celia wrote, "I think I would have been worse."

Her rebirth was a long process. When she had finished, it was a long time before she could summon up courage to do what had to come next.

She went back to Mark. He had not mended his ways during her absence. He had, if anything, become worse.

She said, "Mark, you were right about me. I was wrong. I'm sorry."

Perhaps she hoped for kindness. Instead she got further vilification. He said, "I told you so. Why didn't you listen to me?"

But she persisted. She showed him exactly where he had been right. She admitted to him she was not honest, nor even innocent of dark sins. She gave him chapter and verse. She laid her whole life as his wife down in front of him. She said, "I have always failed you. Whatever you did, I caused you to do. It has been my fault. I have not been the woman a good man has a right to expect as his wife."

He retorted angrily, "Certainly you failed me! Do you think I wanted to act as I did? Do you think any man really wants that sort of dishonest life?"

He was right. He was absolutely, utterly right.

Celia kept saying so to herself—she went to work on the other details of her life. She begged him, "Give me a little time and try to be kind. If you want us to separate, we'll have to do it. But give



**QUICKLY SELLS TO FOUR PUBLICATIONS**  
"I received a cheque from the Wheeler Syndicate, Montreal, for a short story. Also, lately, the Farmer's Advocate (London, Ont.), the Family Herald (Montreal) accepted articles on women's activities, and I have contributed a number of articles on farming activities in *Algonia* to the Farmer's Magazine (Toronto)." —Mrs. Albert E. Caulfield, Hilton Beach, St. Joseph Island, Ontario, Canada.

## Why Can't You Write?

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## NEW FUTURES FOR THREE WOMEN

### Patsy's Problem *Continued from page 12*



make-up that cancelled out her best features instead of accentuating them, and too much tummy.

That was when Patsy applied to Chatelaine—with

results shown in photograph.

The tummy-removal project came first and when we discovered that Patsy was leaving for a short visit to the Bahamas, her homeland, we gave her an exercise schedule to tuck in with her suntan oil.

"It's a morning and night grind, so brace yourself," runs her report.

"First, lie flat on your back, knees flexed, feet together, arms up and forward. Grit your teeth and rise till you're sitting up, and then, without even moving your little finger, drop back again to the floor.

"Do this ten times," says Patsy, "then 'take ten' for a breather. I had to, and so will you!

"Next, on your back again, arms at your sides, palms down, legs and feet together. Bend the knees and draw them back toward your chest. Up, up and up, until the hips are 'way off the floor and knees touch the chin. Keep your feet together—no cheating. Now lower away. Do this ten times."

Then, came the problem of a new make-up. We took our protégé to see the girl who will soon be "making her up" professionally, Irene Kent, CBLT's make-up director.

Miss Kent put our "problem child" (fast becoming no problem at all) into a comfortable relax-chair before a light-encircled mirror and began outlining

Patsy's major facial camera faults—deepset eyes, and a too-long (for the camera, that is) nose.

As Miss Kent swished on the bases and powders, she explained that although it was primarily TV make-up she was using, the principles by which she would apply it to satisfy the cameras, were fundamental to good looks anywhere.

To shade away Patsy's wide jawlines, Miss Kent used a pancake two tones darker than the all-over shade she had already applied as a base, and blended it over the outer and lower jaw areas. To create a straight, slim nose, she used this same darker hue down the sides and over the tip—this last to foreshorten, counteracting the camera's tendency to make the nose look longer. Bringing deepset eyes "out" called for the same dark base over three quarters of the outer area under the eyebrow plus an almost neutral shade over the shadows in the eye-corners as well as near the nose and underneath the eyes. A small neutral line along the upper lid and a black "liner," or pencil-like line around the upper lashes sharpened Patsy's eyes and made them appealingly wide.

Her mouth was made up just a tiny bit oversize to match the wide-eyed illusion.

Then we hustled Patsy off to dress designer Sam Sherkin to pick up the new soft-silhouette dress shown.

We took this "after" photograph a short while later on the CBC studio set where the newly coiffured, newly made-up and "newly trimmed" Patsy sat smiling and confident—all primed to challenge the eagle-eye of the TV cameras . . . and that glittering future. +

### Blanche's Problem *Continued from page 13*



but I could never wear them—they're too . . . well, fancy! They don't match me."

But glasses today are designed to improve appearance as well as

vision. There are styles to suit every face type, and the new ones we chose for Blanche, with the sweeping curve across her face in black and the neutral rims below made her eyes seem wider spaced and thus gave her face the breadth it needed. The tiny rhinestone crowns at the outer tips add a flattering sparkle.

Actually, Blanche's greenish eyes are her prettiest asset, but without make-up they literally vanished behind the dark frames. Undaunted, we rushed to the rescue with mascara for the lashes, pencilled brows and a tiny eyelid "liner." We used a creamy bright red lipstick to harmonize with the definitive black of the frames.

We pointed out that the girl who wears glasses should avoid anything that will "clutter" her face. This includes overlarge or dangly earrings as well as too-elaborate hair styles.

Parting with so much of her hair in favor of the new short-short style was a major decision, but she finally agreed to shed the old permanent. The part

changed sides and the bang was swept off her face. The results, we think, speak for themselves. The whole idea is to give an attractive pair of glasses full play. They can enhance your entire appearance.

The final step was clothes. Blanche knows now that prints are not for her, that they accentuated and exaggerated her broad shoulders and slim boyish contours, and that she looks more attractive and younger in solid shades and more youthful styles like the Glanayr "Kitten" she's wearing in the restaurant picture.

The beading on the sweater—it could be a big posy, a bit of chiffon against flannel or velvet on taffeta—adds glamour and softens the area near the face without overadorned the whole picture.

The metamorphosis of Blanche has really only just begun. A changed outward appearance will give her confidence and poise. But now she will go on experimenting with a new and younger selection of clothes and never-used-before cosmetics, and as time passes, attractiveness will beckon to inner personality and a new Blanche will emerge with an identity to set her apart as an individual.

These new weapons will arm her for a front-line attack on a more exciting, fun-filled future. +



## Mildred's Problem *Continued from page 13*



starvation schedule, but a sensible, gradual change-over of Mrs. Bennett's eating habits.

"I didn't have to eat like a bird, either," says Mildred. "I eat plenty, but now I have learned to eat the right things. For example, my breakfast is usually half a cup of bran, half of a fresh grapefruit, coffee with a little cream, and a slice of toast spread with margarine."

"For lunch I usually have a soft-boiled egg, a thin slice of bread with corn syrup for energy, and coffee. Then, for dinner, I splurge a little. I have lean meat, one baked potato, two vegetables, always raw if possible, and perhaps some jelly for dessert. If I'm hungry between meals I have a little snack of something non-fattening, sometimes just an apple, or a little plate of lettuce and crackers. Any diet schedule lists non-fattening foods. I use them just to take the edge off hunger pangs, but you have to learn to stop long before you feel full."

Losing weight was only the first step, and sometime later, we looked on while a clever hairdresser made scissor-passes at Mildred's head. He sheared off all of the old permanent, applied a silver-blue rinse and brushed the slightly curled ends up and up all around her head into a very soft, smooth coiffure.

The make-up we selected was a light rose-tinted base and matching powder, true red lipstick, black mascara and

greenish eye shadow. This color theme is flattering for the silver-grey matron.

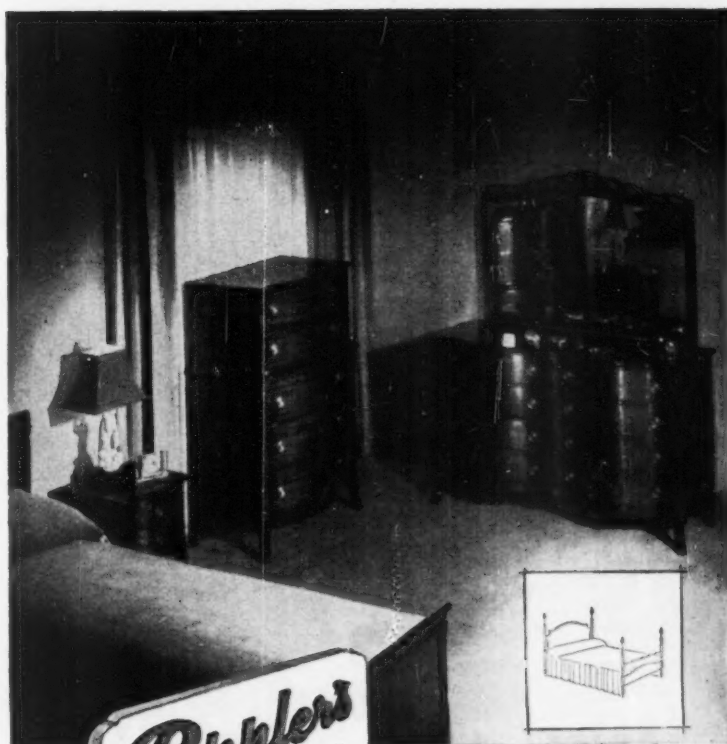
Then, the hunt for jobs began. We manoeuvred her into a few smaller shows for trial runs before we let her try her wings in the bigger shows.

It was shortly after one of these smaller shows that fate turned up an ace. One of the matron models in a big-event show was called out of town and Mildred stepped in to take her place. The sea of dimly lit faces spreading out on all sides of the runway made her nervous at the beginning of the show, but she finished like a veteran.

Probably few older women who decide to return to the working ranks will reach for the field of fashion modeling as Mildred did. But you will all, no matter where you go, meet with many of the same problems.

And on the clothes line, Mildred says, "No more of those grandmotherish things for me!" This, despite the fact that she is a grandmother. "I actually feel better in the new smooth suits and tailored dresses well accessorized with big pins or colorful scarves. The new styles are wonderful. They haven't forgotten the older woman, either . . . they've just made her clothes younger!"

Mildred compares herself (in a small way, she says) to her favorite personality, Gloria Swanson, whose career she has followed since they were both young women. "When Gloria made her big comeback," says Mildred, "I was glad, yet I never dreamed I could do anything like it—like this. But now I feel like a grey-haired Cinderella!" +



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## WHAT ABOUT LOVE

Continued from page 11

off a mop of bright hair you'd brushed and cherished ever since you could remember.

Her embroidered peasant blouse was still fresh—she changed it every day, even when she had to wash and iron it the night before—but perhaps the full skirt and flat slippers weren't right for the inner office. It was what she'd worn in the factory and the big main office but now, if only for two weeks, she was a secretary, one of the proud ones, the office aristocracy.

She went back to her desk and flipped paper into her typewriter, her thoughts running on ahead. This was pay day. If she hurried, she could type up the afternoon's dictation and still have thirty minutes before the stores closed.

She rang Neil Morrison's bell at seven-thirty, and she wore a smooth grey skirt that ended properly not too far below the knees, a new white blouse with sleeves and a small, determined face bare of make-up.

Neil stared. "Good Lord," he said ungratefully, "what happened to you? You sick, too?"

Stacey's Irish temper flared. "You said take it off!"

Neil's lips twitched. "I assume you're referring to that red stuff on your lips—the red stuff that was on your lips. But I didn't mean you had to go around looking anaemic."

Stacey took out her compact. "The trick," Neil told her, "is to blot it afterward. Then you don't come off on innocent passers-by. You take a piece of tissue—I've seen my mother—" You didn't learn that from your mother, Stacey said silently. "She's a fine-looking woman," he added as if he'd heard Stacey thinking.

"I'm sure you take after her," Stacey said politely.

Neil, who had a crew cut, furrowed brow and frequently angry blue eyes, was no beauty and knew it. He grinned.

"That's one for you," he admitted. "And I had it coming to me. Here, let me take your coat. And before you get that little pink mouth all painted up again—"

He slipped the red jacket from Stacey's shoulders and then he put his big thin hands on them and turned her around and kissed Stacey's soft pink lips.

He said in surprise, like a man who had made a happy discovery. "Why, Stacey! You're as soft and smooth and silky as a kitten. And you smell wonderful—like an armful of lilacs."

He touched the soft brown hair Stacey had just thirty minutes ago cut short enough to show a little drake's tail where it cleared her slender neck with the childish hollow in the back.

Stacey disengaged herself and spoke with dignity, she hoped.

"Mr. Morrison," she said, "I am not going to slap you, nor stamp out of here, nor quit my job. But I came up here to work, however it may look. Do you have letters to write or don't you?"

But oh, she mourned, it's gone all wrong. I break my neck to get promoted into his office and some day he'll really see me, I'm thinking, and decide I'm indispensable. That's how I was going to be. Doggone it, anyhow!

Mr. Morrison went through the mail like the Wabash Cannonball, his father's mail as well as his own since the senior Morrison was in the east for the kitchen tools convention and would not be returning until Monday. Once he stopped and went into the kitchenette and mixed himself a drink.

"What'll you have?" he called back into the living room.

Stacey said she'd have root beer if he pleased.

"Now what would I be doing with—?" He brought her a glass of milk.

"Mr. Morrison," Stacey asked when he came back the second time swishing whisky and soda in a glass, "does your stomach still hurt?"

He stared. "Sure, it always hurts."

"Well"—Stacey hesitated, then put her head down and rushed ahead—"my father had an ulcer and the only thing that seemed to help it was hot milk. Things like that—you know, bland food."

"Of course I know. A revolting idea. I'd rather have my ulcer."

"Was it in the Army you got it?"

Neil sat on a corner of the furnished-apartment desk and swung one leg while he considered.

"In the Army I felt fine," he recollected. "I got it after I got back, doing a job I don't like and being irritated and out of step with my family—through no fault of theirs, I suppose."

Stacey didn't ask him why he'd gone to work in his father's factory. Everyone knew Neil Morrison had taken over for his older brother Rob, the one who hadn't come back, to make up to his father for the loss of his right-hand man. Rob had liked the factory and started there as his father's assistant when he was eighteen—Neil was the one who went away to college, and hated pots and pans. There were few secrets in Glenville—everyone knew about the Morrisons.

Stacey said, "Excuse me."

She got up and went out to the kitchenette. She looked in the barren cupboards and found a can of tomato soup, thinned it with milk and heated it, put it in a bowl and found some crackers.

"I've fixed it many a time for my dad," she told Neil, "and many a time he'd feel better for it. Of course, he'd still say that if he had his druthers, he'd rather have a new stomach."

Neil spooned up some of the soup and ate, eyeing Stacey thoughtfully. "Your father... wasn't he...?"

"Yes. Shawn Devlin who fell downstairs and broke his neck." She didn't say it defiantly. She just said it.

She wasn't ashamed of Shawn for being the town drunk, and she had loved him, but for all his charm and the books he'd read Shawn Devlin hadn't been much good, to himself or anyone else.

"Yes." Neil's voice was gentle. "I remember." He ate the soup, tipping the dish to get all of it. "Stacey," he sighed, "you're a wonder. Now where's your coat, I'll take you home."

They drove up in front of the little frame house where Stacey lived with her married cousin Kathleen, and Neil put his hand on the door of the car but didn't open it for a moment.

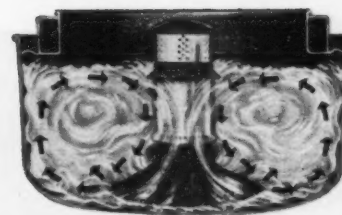
"Stacey," he asked curiously, "if you had your druthers, what would you druther do?"

It didn't seem an odd question to Stacey. It was something she'd thought about quite a lot.



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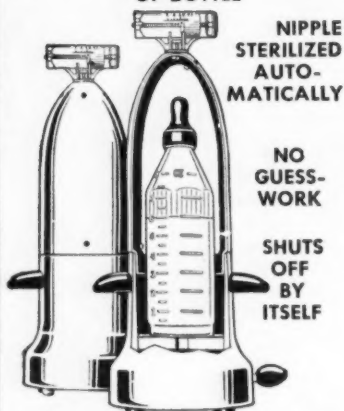
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"I'd marry a rich man and have a big house and a garden and dogs and five children," she said promptly. "What would you druther?"

Neil seemed to have given this some thought, too.

"I'd live in a sleepy little house in a sleepy little college town, and teach history to wide-awake boys and girls," he said. "If they weren't wide awake to begin with, they would be when I got through with them. I'd teach the truth. Real things as they really happened. Ah, well"—he opened the door and let Stacey out—"here you are. You were right about the soup—the war going on in my middle all day seems to have declared a truce."

The motor idled as he watched Stacey walk up the cinder path and put her key in the door. Then she turned back.

"Everyone knows college professors don't make any money, and you certainly don't have much fun without money," she told him. "But," she said severely, "if you know what you want and you want it so bad, why don't you go after it? That's what I'd do."

Neil went out of town Monday without coming into the office at all, Morrison Senior returned from his convention, and Stacey went back to the outer office. After a couple of weeks Neil was back. Stacey saw him once or twice from a distance, hurrying down the long hall with his rapid angry walk.

Then one day he came out of his office and went down to the filing room and on the way back he passed Stacey's desk. Stacey's flying fingers never left the typewriter keys but her eyes grew enormous, charmed, when he stopped.

"Stacey Devlin!" Sounding pleased and surprised as if she were an old friend whom he hadn't expected to see. "Stacey, have dinner with me tonight. No dietation, just dinner."

Right out before all the other girls he said it. That was Neil Morrison for you, Stacey thought proudly, but all she could find to say was, "Yes!"

She would hurry home and put on the new spring suit for which she'd spent her vacation money, and the hat with the flower chignon in back, and borrow Kathleen's purple scarf. But Neil was waiting at the front entrance when she came out and what could she do but get in, with a carbon smudge on her nose because she had been in such a hurry she hadn't even looked in a mirror.

"This is good," Neil said. He pushed a button and the top of the roadster fell back. "This is fine. I wanted something and didn't know what, and this is it. Do you like lobster, Stacey?" They were leaving the town behind them. "There's a little place out on the river road that flies them in."

"I love them." She had never eaten them, and they looked terrible, but it was no time to be remembering that.

Lobster probably wouldn't do Neil's ulcer any good, either, but a woman can ride herd on a man's eating just so far, Shawn Devlin used to say.

Neil's inner warfare must have been of the psychological variety since neither the cocktails, the lobster nor the apple pie and black coffee set it off. Later they danced, their steps matching as if they'd rehearsed it.

"What is it you do to me, Stacey?" Neil enquired when they had gone out onto the moonlit road and got into the

roadster. "I'm at peace. I'm not mad at anything. Stacey, I want to kiss you!"

He tipped her face into the moonlight and kissed her long and well. Stacey kissed back.

I'll have this much to remember, she thought dizzily. If I never see him again, I'll have had this. If he thinks I'm easy to kiss, well, it's true. I am, for him. I've thought he was the most wonderful thing in the world ever since I was in the Seventh Grade. I've always gone around loving him and I always will.

"I thought so," Neil said contentedly. He sat back and looked at her. "It's just like I remembered."

They did it again on Saturday—the dinner, the dancing, the kiss—only this time they drove into the city and had steaks and soft-footed waiters and music from an orchestra in white dinner jackets with blue monograms. On the next day, on Sunday, they drove to the shore and found a quiet place to swim and sit in the sun, and then Neil said the incredible thing.

"Stacey," he said, "you're good for me. You're what I need. Stacey dear, will you please marry me?"

Stacey took off her sun glasses to see him better. "You're joking, is that it?"

Neil shook his head. "No joke."

"You're the boss' son and I live down on Birnie Street. My father was the—"

"Has nothing to do with it. Stacey, will you marry me or won't you?"

"Yes," she cried. "I would dearly love to marry you." She put her hands on his chest and held him away for a moment. "And not just because you're the boss' son," she told him. "I'm in love with you and always have been, and don't you be forgetting it."

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As they drove up to the cottage in Birnie Street, "What about your father and mother," Stacey asked, rightly worried. "What will they say?"

"What difference does it make?" "Well, it makes a lot of difference. I want them to like me. You don't want to get married without telling them, do you?"

"Of course not. We'll tell them afterward."

"But that's no way to do," Stacey argued. "We want them on our side, we want them happy about this. Even if it didn't matter for ourselves, we'll have children—we will, won't we?"

"We certainly will."

"And children need all the family they can get, especially grandparents. Believe me, I know—me with nobody in the world but my cousin Kathleen. Neil, take me to meet your father and mother."

"I'll take you next Sunday. But you won't enjoy it," he warned her. "My father has two interests in life—the factory and his stamp collection. My mother's got one—her garden. Herbs fascinate her. She collects iris bulbs the way my father collects stamps. Do you still want to go?"

Stacey sighed. "No. But I've still got to."

Neil came in and met Kathleen and Kathleen's husband and three children. They liked Neil and he liked them . . . it turned out they all had a passion for a game called Twenty Questions.

Then Neil was called away for three days which was just as well for Stacey was a very busy girl. Stacey had business over at the library. On Sunday he took her out to the accumulation of turrets, towers and cupolas erected by his grandfather in the late eighties.

An elderly maid in a white cap and apron opened the door before they could ring. "I was watching for you," she told Neil. "And this is your young lady. I'm happy to see you in this house, Miss Devlin."

"You know all about us, don't you, Maudie?" Neil put one arm around her and one around Stacey. "Stacey, this is Maude. She helped raise me. She used to shake me out of apple trees, and mend my sprains and cuts."

Stacey had a rapid glimpse of big dark rooms filled with heavy-legged furniture on either side of a wide hall as they went to join the elder Morrises in the library, where the one bright note was the light fire burning in the grate. Maude's welcome had given her confidence. She knew she looked right in the new blue suit with the violets Neil had brought her—she hoped she'd do all right.

Neil's mother was softly middle-aged in a printed silk dress and beautifully waved grey hair, and Neil was right; she was a very pretty woman. He certainly didn't take after her. She pressed so many sandwiches and cakes on Stacey, and talked so fast about so little that suddenly Stacey thought, Why, she's nervous, too. I don't need to be afraid of her.

"I've heard so much about your iris, Mrs. Morrison," she dashed into the conversation, "I hope you will let me go out and see them before we go."

Mrs. Morrison's cheeks pinked happily. "Oh, yes, my dear, you must! I'm experimenting with red this year. I've set out Cameo and Chantilly—"

"And there's that lovely Red Douglas, and Christabel and Red Valor," Stacey hurried to get in. "And you raise herbs! Rosemary, coriander, chervil," she recited, "borage, dill, and basil—"

"But you're a gardener, too!" Mrs. Morrison rejoiced. Neil stood by the fire, his surprised and speculative eyes on Stacey's face.

"Isn't it lovely, we'll have another gardener in the family," his mother went on happily. "You know, children, we were talking about a place for you to live just before you came. We know young people should have a place of their own, but we don't want you too far away—we're going to build a place for you and Stacey, Neil. On that little knoll across the road—Neil dear, you haven't eaten a thing."

She held the plate of rich frosted cakes up to Neil, who shook his head.

"Aren't you going to show Stacey your stamp collection, dad?" he murmured. "Stacey's versatile—it wouldn't surprise me if she collected stamps, too."

Mr. Morrison's clipped mustaches quivered with pleasure and surprise. "You know anything about stamps, Miss Devlin?"

"A little," Stacey stammered, trying not to look at Neil and trying not to guess what he was thinking. "My father—he sold the most of them, but I still have an Isabella and Columbus. He always said it was my dowry, all he had to leave me . . ."

"Yes, yes," eagerly. "Dated 1893, eighty dollars mint value—"

Mrs. Morrison broke in. "Now, Bert, you can show Stacey your stamps some other time. I want Neil to show her over the house now, and then we'll just slip out and have a peek at the gardens."

Neil threw his cigarette in the fire. "You don't want to inspect this mausoleum," he said when they had climbed the stairs. "Here, let's sit in the window seat."

Stacey did want to see the house. She loved it, the warmth and comfort and security of it. She'd have liked living in it although of course Neil's mother was right about young people living by themselves.

Neil said, "Right across the road there is where they would build us a house." Stacey peered through the leaded panes. It was a pretty spot, with trees, and below it a small stream and woods. "You meant it, didn't you, Stacey?" he said abruptly. "You want a rich husband, a big house. Your 'druthers.'"

"What girl wouldn't? What's wrong with it?"

The look Neil bent on her was compassionate, but it was not yielding.

"There's nothing wrong with it," he told her, "except that you've got the wrong man. I had an announcement to make downstairs there, but there didn't seem to be a place for it. Stacey, while I was away I went to see an old friend and was offered an instructorship in a little new college. I sent off a wire yesterday accepting the offer. I report out there in September."

Stacey was looking out the window, her eyes intent on some far hill. "With or without me . . . is that it?" she murmured.

"Stacey, a man isn't worth a damn if he isn't living his own life. I had enough sense to know that, but I didn't have enough sense to do anything about it

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until your cousin Kathleen told me something the other day—"

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"It was about your father. Stacey, all Shawn ever wanted was to stay in his little cottage in Ballyshannon, with his books and his little job in the post-office, to raise chickens and hunt a little in fall and fish in spring. But your mother, Stacey—and she was beautiful, and good, and loved him to the day she died—your mother wanted him to 'have ambition,' to 'make something of himself.' She wanted him to come over here and get rich. It didn't work. It seldom does, not with someone else's life."

"What about love? Is it that a man's work comes first you're trying to say? Before his love?"

"It should. If it doesn't, he'll not be much of a man. And not much of a husband, Stacey. He's a pet, with a ring in his nose. I've been led around by pity, affection, habit... and I haven't been much good at it. Now I'm not going to be led around by love."

"You mean," Stacey said carefully, "you don't want to marry me after all?"

"But that's the devil of it!" Neil sounded surprised. "I do! I think we could have a wonderful life together."

"And what," Stacey enquired, "would make you think I could ever fit into a college professor's life, me from my small-town high school...?"

Neil grinned. "You and that greased lightning mind of yours—you'd probably start taking classes and wind up with a Ph.D., which is more than I ever expect to myself."

"I thank you kindly for the compliment. Well"—Stacey stood up and smoothed the blue suit and straightened her hat, not looking at Neil—"don't you think we'd better go down and tell them they can tear up their plans for that house across the road?"

They went down and Neil told them. They heard him through in stunned silence, and Mrs. Morrison wept a little and Mr. Morrison turned an angry red face on Stacey.

"Well, Miss Devlin," he enquired, "was this your idea?"

"Stacey had nothing to do with it," Neil said sharply. "I don't even know if she'll marry me now. She thinks you're right. She wants to stay here and live across the road and join the garden club. She wants me to get rich and be important and have a pot belly like you!"

Mr. Morrison's face turned from turkey red to vermilion. "Well, I should hope so! I mean of course you're going to stay at Kitchen Products. Why do you think I've worked like a dog all my life if it wasn't for you? Now when I could retire and take it easy, you want to run out on me—an old man—"

"Nuts!" Neil said wearily. "Dad, you're good for another twenty years at Morrison Kitchen Products, and nothing short of nuclear fission could keep you away from there. It took a long time, but I'm on to you."

"Mr. Morrison," Stacey said softly from where she sat, with Mrs. Morrison, on the sofa, "Neil really isn't much use down there."

Neil turned and stared at Stacey. "Well, thanks... I think!"

"And we'd have our summers free to come back and visit, with the children," Stacey went on, ignoring Neil. "We

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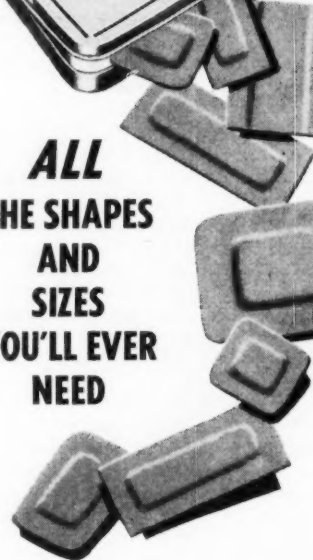
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want a big family, you know—there might even be a businessman or two among them. If he happened to like business!"

"Young man," Neil's father abandoned one front and took up another, one where he stood a chance of winning, "you can throw away your chances, but if you let this young woman get away from you I wash my hands of you. Wash my hands!"

Neil pulled Stacey up to stand beside him.

"Don't worry," he advised his father. He bent to kiss his mother's cheek. "We'll be out to see you. Soon," he told her. "We might even let you give us a wedding. In the garden."

"Stacey . . ." It was late, with only a few faint stars showing when they drove up before the house on Birnie Street. Neil opened the door of the roadster and they got out and stood there, beside it for a moment in the light spring air.

"Stacey, you sounded very convincing—and convinced—but what about the big house . . . the gardens . . . the dogs?"

"Who was ever too poor to have dogs?" Stacey scoffed. "And what would I be doing with a big house, me that never lived in more than five rooms in my life."

"You wouldn't care for it at all," Neil agreed.

"I would so. But I can do without it. And don't forget about all our children and them coming home to visit their grandparents—I'll be coming with them. I'll have my whirl at luxury—every summer!"

"That reminds me!" Neil grinned. "Where did you learn so much about herb gardens?"

"Where but at the public library?"

"And the—what was it?—the Isabella and Columbus stamp?"

"That was for real." She slid her hand into her purse and withdrew the cellophane folder with the little pinkish-red stamp. "And I'm going to give it to your father. It's my wedding gift to him. I told you I was going to have your people like me. Neil, what's wrong with wanting them to like me?"

"Nothing," he said. "Stacey dear, not one thing. You're right . . . you're always right." He contemplated her with wonder, shaking his head as if he didn't quite believe what he saw. "One more question and I'll let you go in and get a couple of hours' sleep before coming down to slave at Kitchen Products tomorrow—Stacey, what made you change your mind? Praise God you did, but why?"

"Who changed their mind?" Stacey scoffed. "Who do you think put Kathleen up to telling you about my poor Shawn and the little cottage in Ballyshannon? When I have to choose between you and a house, I choose you—and I druther have you without ulcers and a nasty disposition!"

Neil sat down on the curbstone and put his head between his hands and laughed.

"Stacey," he said after a while, "I guess you've really got your druthers, after all. Some people think they weren't much, but you've got 'em! And my darling," he pulled Stacey down beside him so that he could kiss her comfortably, "I've got mine, too. I druther have you than anything else I know!"



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# Chatelaine

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